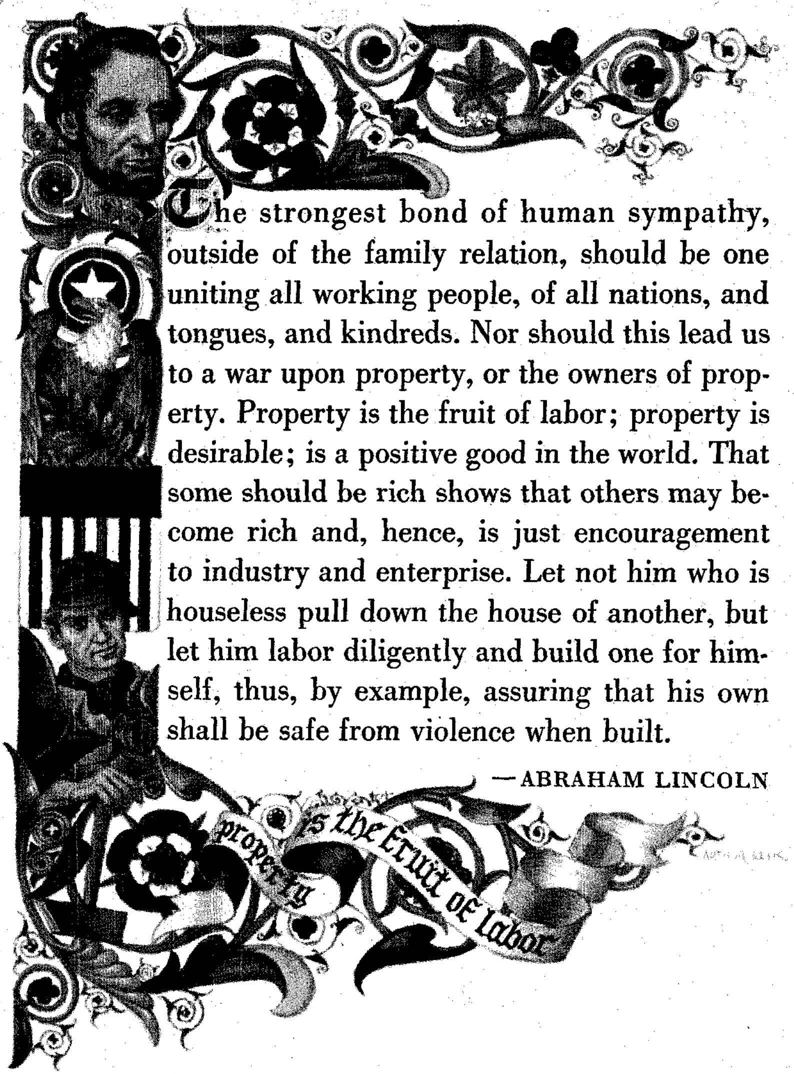
OCTOBER 25c

Coronet

CARNEGIE HALL
COMING

One Year Later . . . **A NEW REPORT ON SEX CRIMES—**

Read what happened when America was shocked into action!


property is the Fruit of Labor

The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, and tongues, and kindreds. Nor should this lead us to a war upon property, or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich and, hence, is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus, by example, assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The head of Abraham Lincoln dominates this striking illumination by Arthur Szyk of a Lincoln quotation that is still timely today. The eagle and shield represent American freedom of opportunity, and the workingman is a composite of workingmen the world over. This is another in Coronet's series of illustrated proverbs and quotations suitable for framing.

Vol. 22, No. 6 October, 1947
Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

A New Report on SEX CRIMES

THE CHURCH OF THE [illegible]
[illegible]ROWNSVILLE

by CHARLES HARRIS

INSIDE THE MASSACHUSETTS State House, aroused legislators were already preparing to revise laws and procedures that lagged 50 years behind the times. Outside, a funeral cortege drew to a halt, an ominous 60-second reminder that, this time, the legislators must do their duty.

It had been just 108 hours since 11-year-old Jacqueline Maxwell had left her Malden neighborhood movie and started for home in the darkness. They found her next morning, face down in a field near her house—her body hastily covered with old boards. And the story that unfolded in subsequent reports was so gruesome that even hardened police officers could scarcely believe it.

Jacqueline Maxwell had been sexually attacked and murdered.

A 17-year-old boy, Robert Coombes, had been turned over to the police *by his mother*, and had confessed the crime.

Twice previously the boy had attacked young girls. Three times committed to institutions, he had been paroled again only a month before.

Lastly, Robert Coombes had been paroled *over the protests of his mother*, who feared the consequences of his release!

The tragedy was beyond the comprehension of ordinary citizens. How many little girls like Jacqueline Maxwell, they asked, must be sacrificed before legislation, law enforcement, education and public understanding would take cognizance of what medical authorities had been declaiming for years:

Sex crimes are not ordinary crimes, nor are sex criminals ordinary criminals with ordinary motives. Sex-crime prevention is a special problem, requiring special handling under the most modern and enlightened methods.

The legislature of one state—

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Massachusetts—had been shocked into action. Would we need 47 equally shocking reports from 47 other states to stir the nation as a whole into action?

SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE the murder of Jacqueline Maxwell, a Coronet article on sex crimes* had attracted national attention—an article based upon painstaking research, plus the eager cooperation of experts who had studied the problem for years. In the face of the startling fact that 40,000 sex crimes were committed annually, Coronet had offered a program for action, and authorities had agreed that persevering observance of its suggestions could bring progress in the fight to conquer an age-old evil.

What progress, then, had been recorded in the seven months between publication of Coronet's frank appraisal and the tragedy last March in Massachusetts? Statistically speaking, there was little good news to report.

Rape was still occurring every 45 minutes of every day in the United States. In Los Angeles during 1946, there had been 24 sex murders. In Chicago 157 cases of "indecent liberties" had been reported. In Washington, D. C., sex crimes continued at the rate of one a day. In New Jersey, five rapes were reported every week. And since Robert Coombes killed the Maxwell girl, the rate of sex-crime incidence has not decreased. New cases are reported daily from every part of the country—each shocking, each horrible.

In light of all this, it would seem that only wishful thinkers could reconcile a record high in sex crimes with the hopeful belief that more sex criminals are being apprehended—that more victims are daring to tell their stories to police, rather than keeping silent in fear of unpleasant publicity. And yet, comparing today's findings with those of a little more than a year ago, specific progress *has* been made.

The frankness of Coronet's article in 1946 stirred an immediate response, from the public and officialdom alike. Doctors, lawyers and professors offered help, gratis, to anyone engaged in fighting sex crimes. In Los Angeles, three ministers delivered sermons on the sex-crime problem. In New York City, a radio station remained on the air an extra quarter hour in order to broadcast a frank, adult discussion of the article, featuring Dr. Ralph S. Banay of Columbia University, authority on sex problems.

At the University of Southern California, the article was made "recommended reading" for a teacher-training course. In all, more than 100,000 reprints were distributed throughout the country.

There was recognition from official sources, too—from governors, mayors, chiefs of police and law-enforcement agencies. Governor Green of Illinois hailed a public service which "may well lead to more enlightened legislation for dealing with sex criminals." Governor Martin of Pennsylvania agreed that "the general public must be shaken out of its apathy." And in the months that followed, there were even more tangible results.

One state launched an all-out drive against sex crimes, showing the way toward a pattern of official

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**Sex Crimes: Their Cause and Cure,* Coronet, August, 1946.

alertness and diligent prosecution of the most minor offenses. One group, financed by private funds, was emphasizing that sex perverts can, if caught in time, be cured and restored to a normal life. And finally, in respect to general public reaction, there were signs of an abandonment of old-fashioned notions about sex and sex criminals, and of a new willingness to talk—and do something—about a sinister national problem.

During the past year few states have found themselves more unpleasantly in the limelight of sex crimes than California. In about a 50-day period in Los Angeles alone, four women were assaulted, beaten and, in two cases, horribly mutilated by sex-mad slayers. One of these cases, the famous "Black Dahlia" murder, set off a wave of assaults and attempted assaults. Dozens of young men "confessed" the slaying to the police, and some of these, while obviously innocent of the crime, were nevertheless dangerously deranged.

A high-school girl foolishly accepted a ride from a stranger. Once in the car, she was attacked at the point of a knife. Fighting desperately, the girl luckily fell from the car and ran for her life.

Elsewhere in California, a nine-year-old girl was seized by a pervert as she walked to school and dragged into a culvert, where she was murdered and mutilated. Police found the ground near her body strewn with pornographic photographs.

In still another case, a five-year-old girl was slashed with a knife when she fought a youth who molested her.

So grave did the situation become that on the night of March 15, Los Angeles police conducted an all-out raid, blockading seven major intersections and stopping all cars. For six hours they questioned everyone, and some 60 arrests resulted. Innocent citizens did not protest the inconvenience. An aroused public had asked action—and they got it.

Attorney General Robert Kenny sent a blunt memorandum to every district attorney, sheriff and police chief in the state, accompanied by a reprint of the Coronet article. Arrests and convictions were not in themselves a solution to the problem, he stated. Protection from unpleasant publicity must be offered all who complain of sex offenders, however trivial the instance may be. Officers must sign the complaints, rather than the parents involved. Newspapers must be asked to cooperate by withholding names whenever possible.

As far as the criminals themselves were concerned, Kenny ruled out "bargain" sentences (agreements whereby sex criminals are allowed to plead guilty to lesser offenses for the sake of easy, economical trials). Detailed records for future reference should be maintained, and even the most minor infractions reported to proper authorities. The State Department of Justice would stand by to help in any case, when called in by local officials.

Finally, the Attorney General urged California police to appear before parent-teacher associations, women's clubs and other civic groups to let the people know how they can help—by withholding no information by publicizing the potential threat to children and by helping to prosecute each offender.

Yet all this was only a beginning for California, where, as early as 1937, the Los Angeles Sex Offense Bureau was founded by Dr. J. Paul De River. It had been used subsequently as a model by Tampa, Florida, and had received queries from St. Paul, Cleveland and other cities. Now it was instrumental in securing an administrative plan providing psychiatric examination for sex offenders and an opportunity for treatment.

A Delinquency Control Institute was founded at the University of Southern California, where 16 law officers a season could study, on scholarships, a course on all phases of the problem. A Juvenile Night Patrol was formed in Los Angeles for the sole purpose of keeping watch on youngsters, particularly around motels, bars and other trouble spots. In all, 176 affiliated social agencies in Los Angeles were preoccupied with the task of finding a real and permanent solution to sex crimes.

California, knowing the horror of a sex-crime "wave" and realizing the inadequacy of half-measures, meant business.

But there were other areas in the country which acted with vigor, too. In Illinois, a rarely invoked Criminal Sexual Psychopath law was dusted off and used—in recognition of the fact that sending a man to jail for a sexual offense may discharge his obligation to society, but may also release him uncured to repeat his offense. In Washington, D. C., the Parole Board now sends all parolees with any indication of sex perversion to psychopathic clinics for treatment, before considering a final release.

These were effective steps to prevent sex crimes, to apprehend sex criminals and to provide for adequate care of prisoners. These were steps, also, away from foolish ideas of the past: the silly notion that sex criminals can't help themselves and should be forgiven; or the more bloodthirsty but equally silly cry for castration of all sex criminals—a practice which could only develop more warped and dangerous traits. Finally, these were steps based on the knowledge, acquired through experiment and experience, that sex offenders are sick people who can be treated and perhaps cured.

Now, from a group of experts in a New York City Quaker Meeting House, came further news of progress in the treatment of perverts. Backed by New York's Quaker Emergency Service, a team of eminent psychiatrists had completed their first year's work. Handling more than 400 cases, including men from 15 to almost 80, they had met with only six failures!

There is no magic or mystery about the Quaker clinic. To each pervert, the group points out bluntly that it has nothing to offer but the restoration of the patient's own self-respect. They then probe the cause of the maladjustment—to find out whether it stems back to childhood and parental associations (as is frequently the case) or to something more immediate.

The important fact for the present about the Quaker experiment is that it is working. The important fact for the future is that a series of clinics, following the New York example, may achieve wonders in a relatively short period. By offering for the first time to men who sorely need it a way back to normalcy and self-respect—without shame or pain—they may open the door to an ultimate solution.

THE STORY OF A successful fight against sex crimes, however, will never be completed until it can be reported that the average citizen and the average parent are doing their share. Probably the chief factor in responsibility for sex crimes—both in respect to the criminal and the victim—is lack of parental understanding and the withholding of information from children. Parents either want to avoid embarrassment, or hope to keep alive in the child's mind the foolish idea that the world is all sweetness and light.

Consider these facts:

Using candy as bait, a sadist janitor lured a six-year-old girl into a basement where he manhandled and tortured her.

A well-dressed woman asked a 14-year-old girl for directions to a street address, then persuaded the girl to show her the way. At the address the girl was invited in—to be criminally assaulted by a man waiting there.

"Want to watch me fix a bicycle, son?" "Want to earn a quarter?" "Want a box of candy, little girl?"

These are some of the standard lures. In New York's Central Park a man paraded a pet monkey, inviting children to his home so they could feed it. An ex-GI displayed some war souvenirs—then asked boys to his apartment to see the rest of the collection.

One singular case involved a banker's chauffeur, who drove his limousine into poor neighborhoods where the machine would attract attention from children. One complaint about the man led to the startling discovery that he had enticed a dozen girls into the car and molested them.

Such cases, all of which swell the huge annual total, are a direct result of parental negligence in teaching children *never* to accept favors, rides or invitations from strangers. Likewise, parents too long have failed to file complaints in fear of unpleasant court appearances and publicity.

On the day that Jacqueline Maxwell's funeral cortege halted before the Massachusetts State House, a woman in Chicago refused to prosecute a man for molesting her little girl. Fearing notoriety, she had decided against bringing the child to court—the only way in which the man could have been detained.

Sometimes the sex offender is excused as being "merely an exhibitionist" or "just a moron." Such alibis are as dangerous as they are silly. Robert Coombes was "just different"—until he became a rapist and murderer. William Heirens was "merely queer"—until he killed little Suzanne Degnan in Chicago. Court files abound in cases of men with long records of petty offenses, culminating in a vicious slaying.

Parental neglect can develop a sex criminal as well as a victim. Speaking of Heirens' parents, Dr. Foster Kennedy of Bellevue Hospital, one of a board named by the State of Illinois to investigate the notorious case, said:

"His mother gave the boy his entire sex education in one sentence:

'All sex is dirty; if you touch anyone, you get a disease.' "

Again and again, parents of sex delinquents voice shock and surprise. Their son was always such a good boy. Why, he had never even been allowed to associate with girls.

No child should be deprived of the fundamental sex knowledge whereby he can grow and develop normally, whereby he can learn to be cautious in contacts with outsiders. Only adult knowledge and understanding can fill the need. And the same kind of public understanding, needless to say, is required to implement any practical program of nation-wide significance.

ONE OF THE TRAGIC commentaries on sex crimes concerns the invariable reluctance of citizens and officials alike to take direct action until a particularly shocking tragedy startles them out of apathy. Such was the case when Jacqueline Maxwell was murdered in Malden.

For all of the "right steps" taken in the "right directions," another little girl had been murdered by a sexually unbalanced boy—a boy free to commit crime in spite of two prior sex offenses. One of his previous victims had been indecently assaulted in the same field where Jacqueline's body was found! And the boy had been paroled over his own mother's protest!

Seldom has there been such an outcry of public indignation. In letters and telegrams, in newspapers and radio discussions, citizens demanded to know what would be done. Well, what *has* been done?

First, the Massachusetts Legislature authorized a commission to make an exhaustive state investigation of both cause and prevention of sex crimes, as well as the best ways of handling persons with abnormal sex tendencies. Four members of the Legislature were chosen to conduct the study, with the aid of three outside experts.

Secondly, out of an avalanche of bills introduced in the Legislature, one was passed immediately to provide for extended supervision of all sex criminals upon their release from confinement. Another bill, patterned after the successful Minnesota law, would make sexual psychopaths subject to proceedings similar to lunacy hearings, and provide medical treatment in special institutions established for their care.

Thirdly, law-enforcement officers of Massachusetts will continue a program which, it should be pointed out, was already under way before the Malden tragedy high-lighted weaknesses in the state laws. Almost a year previously, the state's Attorney General had called a series of meetings of police heads to discuss the national increase in sex crimes. At one meeting, Chief of Police Raymond P. Gallagher of Springfield had presented an enlightening report, based in large part, as he told his hearers, on Coronet's article.

In essence, the Gallagher program, already adapted by many Massachusetts communities, calls for training programs for police, prosecution of adults responsible for delinquency, and wider use of foot patrolmen and scout cars in campaigning against promiscuity. In addition, he urges education of school authorities, social agencies and the public by every possible means; cooperation of newspapers in suppressing names of victims; outlawing of "bargain sentences"; and establishment of sex bureaus, keeping of detailed records on offenders, and formation of youth-counseling bureaus to guide youngsters arrested but freed through legal loopholes.

Admittedly, Massachusetts had lagged behind the times, but Jacqueline Maxwell's murder has acted as a spur to establish new laws and new methods. Yet it must be remembered that Massachusetts laws relating to sex crimes were never especially outmoded in comparison with legislation in force in other states. Today, many states have far less effective laws; few have any better. Here is a challenge that calls for concerted action by public, parents and educators everywhere.

Among the thousands of letters received by Governor Bradford of Massachusetts following the Malden murder, two deserve mention here. One said in effect:

"You know of the tragic death of our daughter Jacqueline. . . . Please don't let people release sex criminals to do what was done to our little girl."

The other said: "As parents of a son we love but still could not feel right in protecting . . . we ask you to do something so this may not happen to other parents. Our son was let out . . . over our protest. With all our hearts we beg you to get a law to prevent this sort of thing from happening again."

Surely no effort to solve the sex-crime problem is too great for us to undertake—if, in the process, we could avoid the possibility of ever having to sign our own names to such pathetic letters as these!

Where Was Thy Sting?

When a Seattle man named Smith decided to end his life, he left nothing to chance. A loaded revolver wasn't enough for him—a bottle of poison and a coil of rope had to be added just to make sure.

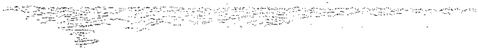
Then Smith proceeded to a secluded spot along the waterfront. Selecting a tree overhanging the water, he tied one end of the rope around a branch and secured the other around his neck. After taking a sizable swig of poison, he placed the muzzle of the gun firmly against his right temple.

Then he jumped. The revolver went off. He hit the water.

The shot went wild, severing the rope above Smith's head. Fear, assisted by several mouthfuls of salt water, got rid of the poison.

If Smith hadn't been an excellent swimmer, he would have drowned.

—Edwin V. Johnson



by MADELYN WOOD

CAN SCIENCE TURN NIGHT INTO DAY?

By copying Nature and re-creating some of her miracles, man may yet succeed in banishing darkness from the earth

DARKNESS IS THE GRIM accomplice of death and disaster. From the time frightened cave men crouched behind barriers of flame at the entrance to their caves, mankind has been devising ingenious ways to escape the encircling menace of the night.

So far, we have progressed from fires to torches to lanterns to electric lights. But there is still another step—a step so bold that it seems an aberration from the unbalanced minds of visionaries.

Why not do away with the earth's darkness entirely? Why not turn night into day?

Impossible? Not at all. Today, sober scientists say that, within a few years, it may be possible to turn the night sky into a vast bowl of lumination—like that of full moonlight—that will spread light across entire cities.

How does science hope to achieve this miracle? To start with, there is a natural phenomenon that bears the high-sounding title of electroluminescence—the phenomenon that occurs inside a neon tube. This is what scientists intend to use in creating light in the night sky.

In simple terms, they will hurl certain rays into the atmosphere where they will collide with certain tiny particles which swarm in the upper atmosphere. The collisions will cause countless billions of particles to glow.

Will it work? Nature herself has answered this question in a startling demonstration of the same principle. At one time or another you have probably seen the brilliantly colored aerial display of the Northern Lights or *aurora borealis*. (It's *aurora australis* in the Southern Hemisphere.) Scientists prefer to call them simply "the polar aurora," although it has been proved that they really have nothing to do with the Poles, for the lights have been seen in almost every spot on the globe.

In 1870, a spectacular display was witnessed in Egypt and India. In 1909, Australians were amazed by the strange heavenly lights. In this country, they have been reported as far south as Florida. Yet their favorite area is the Far North, where the giant streamers weave across the sky an average of one night in three.

Speculation as to what causes the varicolored beams has gone on for centuries. The early Norsemen thought that they were the Valkyries riding through the sky. Later they came up with the theory that the lights were reflections of the sun shining on ice, a false notion still entertained by many people.

Actually, the polar lights are an electrical phenomenon brought about by the sun's activity. When vast solar explosions take place, visible to us in the form of sun spots, swarms of electrons are released. These rush through the 90,000,000 miles of space between the sun and the earth and crash into the atmosphere.

When the electron hits a molecule or atom of one of the atmospheric gases, the molecule or atom is ionized and the gas glows, just as it does in a fluorescent light tube. And there you have the germ of the idea that may prove to be one of the great scientific developments of our times.

IN THE 1930s, it was Etienne Vassy, a young French scientist, who posed the question: could man make an aurora of his own? The question was still hammering in his mind when war came to France and the German invaders overran the country. But Vassy and his wife risked their lives to continue experimenting under the noses of the watchful Nazis.

Before the war, the Vassys had journeyed to the Arctic, where the *aurora borealis* blazes, and to North Africa, where they made accurate observations of the heavens. Vassy had the idea that somewhere in the upper atmosphere — maybe 100 miles up, maybe 1,000—there were tiny particles of matter made luminous by the sun.

With a device called an electron multiplier, he set out to locate these strata. Finally he concluded that there was one at 50 miles, and a much brighter one at 700. He reasoned that if those particles could be made luminous by solar radiations, why couldn't some type of radiation be projected upward from the earth to make them luminous at night, as well?

The war stopped his research, for most of his equipment was at the observatory at Trappes, which had been seized by the enemy. For a time, Vassy went quietly about his business as a teacher at the Sorbonne in Paris, but finally the urge to continue his work became overwhelming. Yet how to get that equipment from the Nazis?

At last he threw caution to the winds and boldly appeared before the officer in charge of the observatory. Suspiciously the German listened to the professor's plea that he be allowed to remove an inconspicuous device.

"I need it for teaching," the scientist explained. "We have so little equipment."

"What does this thing do?" the officer asked.

"It is used to measure the water content of the air," Vassy answered truthfully.

The Nazi examined the tiny

metal-and-glass apparatus. It seemed harmless enough. He grunted, "All right, take it."

Joyfully, Vassy rushed back to the Sorbonne with his precious possession. Now he would be able to find out some of the information he still lacked about the obstacles that would stop radiation on its way from the earth to the upper atmosphere. Similar expeditions later enabled him to assemble a considerable amount of valuable equipment.

Throughout the war years, he and his wife continued their experiments, then accelerated them when the war ended. Now they have a mass of figures to show where the particle-filled zones are located. And they have the broad outline of a plan for turning the night sky into a source of light.

WHILE THE VASSYS have been exploring the upper atmosphere by their own methods, a noted American scientist, Dr. Joseph Kaplan, has been tackling the problem another way. He is doing a highly successful job of bringing the stratosphere down to earth.

Walk into his laboratories at the University of California at Los Angeles, and you will see a weird array of tubes. When Dr. Kaplan turns out the electric lights, these tubes commence glowing, some with yellowish light, some with greenish hue. You may not realize the fact, but here is a preview, in miniature, of the man-made radiance that may some day light our nation at night.

Dr. Kaplan is ascertaining how much of an electrical bombardment, and what kind, is needed to make particles glow. You take a certain kind of atmosphere, so much oxygen, so much nitrogen, compress it or rarefy it to a certain density, pass an electrical current through it and you get a certain kind of glow.

Study the glow with a spectroscope, an instrument that reveals which elements are emitting the light, and you get a fairly accurate idea of what is happening to the various gases in the tube. And, of course, a fairly accurate idea of what would happen to those same gases in the upper atmosphere if they were bombarded with the right type of electrical discharge.

In his studies of the sky itself, Dr. Kaplan has not paid much attention to the polar lights. He has been working on another kind of light that most people do not even know exists—the light of the night sky or the non-polar aurora—which is present every night of the year.

For instance, on nights that the moon is not shining, the sky may still seem bright. This is caused by the non-polar aurora. Dr. Kaplan believes that this curious phenomenon contains the clue to lighting the heavens at night. In fact, he duplicates nature's effect by bombarding oxygen in his laboratory tubes at UCLA.

How can scientists be sure that the upper atmosphere is precisely what they think it is? They cannot —and that is where the U.S. Army enters this bold scheme to turn night into day. The instrument-laden rockets that the Army is hurling toward the utter cold of outer space come back with information that has previously represented a combination of intricate mathematical calculations and sheer guesswork. Such information means much to men like Kaplan and Vassy.

They know already that in the ionosphere, the curious electrically charged region that lies just above the stratosphere, all sorts of weird activity is going on. The swarming atoms and molecules of the ionosphere take a continual bombardment from outer space. Cosmic rays, X rays, ultraviolet rays, all smash into that rarefied zone.

Fortunately, the rays don't get through to the earth, because if they did we would not be here. The ionosphere acts as a gigantic insulator to protect us from those merciless solar radiations. Yet military men foresee a day when it will be possible to tear aside a portion of this protective zone and let those deadly radiations through to destroy whole populations.

Projecting man-made radiations upward from the earth to make particles luminescent is reasonably easy when compared to the sun's job of forcing rays through the ionosphere. Vassy and Kaplan visualize doing it with gigantic transmitters, somewhat like those used for television stations. But will the radiations be X rays, ultraviolet or the gamma type?

The scientists do not know exactly, but their laboratory experiments, combined with the information brought back by the Army's rockets, should tell them. Then the big practical problem will be power, for no matter what type of ray is used, the power requirements will be tremendous.

Dr. Vassy says calmly that any single transmitter will need "several million kilowatts of power," which is a gigantic amount in any language. However, the cost in dollars and cents should be worth while, since one transmitter could probably serve a huge area—perhaps half a nation.

Dr. Vassy even envisages the possibility of directing power across the Atlantic, so that a transmitter in the United States could light an area over Europe.

IN CASE YOU ARE puzzled about how all this night light will interfere with sleep, you can forget your worries. In the first place, the brilliance will never equal that of broad daylight. And in the second place, the system will be highly controllable. Different degrees of light will likely be selected for different hours of the night—brighter in the early part, dimmer after midnight. The radiation will also be controllable by area: a bright light could be maintained over a large city and diminished in the suburbs.

You may expect a very different world if the plan for turning night into day becomes reality. In the field of traffic safety alone, the results will be spectacular, for night-time highways lit by gentle light will no longer claim 17,500 lives a year, as at present. Illumination from the sky will also prevent many of the 250,000 traffic injuries a year, some 1,000,000 cases of property damage and approximately $250,000,000 in direct loss, not to mention the indirect loss of earning-power for the victims.

And what will happen to nighttime crime beneath an illuminated sky? The drop, according to a poll of police chiefs, should be tremendous. They attribute 43 per cent of crime to darkness. And for this, the American citizen pays in countless ways, not only in money and property stolen but also in the vast machinery of law enforcement which must be maintained, and in the huge and growing system of jails and prisons.

For you, a lighted night sky would mean a new era in leisure and recreation. You could enjoy extra hours on the golf course, the beach, the tennis court, or wherever you like to spend your time. For everyone, a brighter world would be a safer and happier world.

Today, scientists are seeking to solve the last technical problems that bar them from realizing their incredible dream of lighting the night sky. True, the problems are difficult, but it is not too much to expect that the kind of science which achieved mastery of the atom can conquer the forbidding frontier of darkness.

A String of Beads

In 1925, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Young of Newark, N. J., spent their honeymoon in Los Angeles. Intrigued with the then-quaint downtown section of the city, they strolled along Figueroa Street one day and entered a combination junk and antique shop.

After showing them through the shop and selling them several items, the old shopkeeper invited them to the back room. There he opened an old chest full of what he called "junk jewelry."

Most of the stuff in the chest really was junk, but Mrs. Young became enamored of an unusual amber necklace. Each bead was etched with an intricate design. As a memento of their honeymoon, Mr. Young bought the necklace for $80 and gave it to his bride.

Some 12 years later, when the string broke, Mrs. Young took the necklace to a reputable local jeweler. To her surprise, he became excited when he examined the beads, and offered her $1,000 for the necklace. Mrs. Young said she would think it over, and took the beads home.

That evening she told her husband what had happened. Their curiosity aroused, they examined the beads in an effort to discover a reason for the fabulous offer—but found nothing.

The following day Mr. Young took the necklace to a famous Fifth Avenue jeweler in New York. Again, the jeweler became excited, and this time the offer was $3,500.

Asked why he made such an amazing offer, the jeweler told Mr. Young to look at the beads through his jeweler's glass. Mr. Young adjusted the glass to his eye, looked at the beads, and gasped in amazement. What he and Mrs. Young thought was an intricately etched design on each bead, was actually an inscription. Undecipherable to the naked eye, the magnifying glass revealed the inscription, "From Napoleon to Josephine."

—Anthony Rainger

AMERICA'S NO. 1 CLOWN

Behind the zany antics of Jimmy Durante lies a vast affection for the millions of "little men" everywhere

by CAMERON SHIPP

On five hours' sleep a night, two raw eggs for breakfast and a bowl of cornflakes for dinner, America's hardest working millionaire toils 19 hours a day for laughs.

At this moment, it is a reliable bet that Jimmy Durante is "on." That is to say, he is working. He is either engaged in the frenetic, raucous and exhausting tomfoolery of putting together a radio show that will amuse some 15 to 20 million persons a week, or he happens to be entertaining whatever audience is handy. If the audience owns a grand piano, Durante is destroying it.

Jimmy is 54 years old now. His hair, which juts like the tail assembly of a surprised sparrow, is thinner, and he wears horn-rimmed glasses for reading the racing forms, but otherwise he has changed no whit from the banana-beaked madman "surrounded by assassins!" who assaulted Broadway and was adopted by it back in the Roaring '20s.

Jimmy has failed, been theatrically interred and hilariously revived at least a dozen times. Today, he lives in Beverly Hills in a small house beside a big swimming pool, in which he has cautiously dipped himself only twice. He has money in the bank, annuities that pay off as regularly as Finland, a motion-picture contract worth $300,000 a year, a big-time radio show every Friday night, all his old friends and many new ones. He is dedicated to the proposition that laughter makes the world go 'round and that Durante is the dynamo.

As nearly as he can remember, this conviction dawned on him about 45 years ago when his mother, wife of an Italian-born barber on New York's Lower East Side, dressed him in a Buster Brown suit and turned him out into the street to play. At first, he clung to the walls in terror and embarrassment. Finally, he saw himself in a plate-glass window. The spectacle astonished him.

Then he began to grin. In a moment he was helpless with laughter. He was still roaring when the tough neighborhood gang arrived, on the prowl for a victim.

"Listen, you," said the leader, "what's so funny?"

"Look!" said Jimmy when he could speak. "A guy dressed like a sissy with a face like a horse."

The gang looked, caught on, and laughed. "Lay off 'im," commanded the leader. "Da little guy's all right."

"We all got a schnozzolla," says Durante today, "maybe not on our faces, then in our minds, maybe in our hearts, maybe in our habits. Ridiculous one way or another, that's what we are.

"Well, sir, when we admit our schnozzles instead of defending 'em, and laugh, the world laughs with us, and things ain't serious no more.

"What a great world this would be if we all learned to laugh at our schnozzles! We wouldn't have wars, suicides, race hatred, and our souls wouldn't get sick—"

THE LUSTY, ATHLETIC humor of the famous Broadway team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante marks Jimmy's style to this day, with a few technical changes necessary for radio production. In the old days, their most noted act was a satire on a sententious advertisement that appeared in a lumber manufacturers' trade paper. Kidding the lumbermen, Clayton, Jackson and Durante would take the night club apart and throw it at the patrons in their mock devotion to anything made of wood. This act was a casualty of the Depression, when the night clubs died.

But Jimmy still likes to lampoon the customers, the prices, and anything pretentious . . . "There goes a load of ice with three olives on it. Twelve-fifty for dat load! Somebody's gotta pay for da cocktail room!" He insults labor when a busboy knocks over a chair: "He's gotta pick it up. No one else can touch it. Union!"

None of this type of thing, including the famous "Dem's da conditions dat prevail!" and "Umbriago!"—which are as well known on Broadway as the orange juice stands—ever seemed uproariously comic in motion pictures. Durante is funnier on the air, and at his best in a small bistro. He plays his own piano accompaniments as he sings his renowned songs.

Clayton, still one of the greatest soft-shoe dancers of all time, attempts to steal the spotlight, makes fun of the nose. Durante screams like an offended cockatoo.

"Go ahead! Touch da nose! Just once! I'll sue da jernt for every dollar dey got!"

Jack Roth, the drummer, pounds a crescendo. "Everybody wants ta get into de act!" and Durante begins to pull the piano apart. He eventually drives both Clayton and Roth from the stage. "I know dere's a million good-lookin' guys, but I'm a novelty!"

If he is working with an orchestra, his concern with the music is equally vigorous. "Let me hear that high note, maestro! What a note! A promissory note if I ever heard one!"

A performance by Durante alone is like watching a wrecking crew. With assistance, the show resembles a prolonged explosion. But underneath it is a full tide of warmth and affection for the human race: spectators who come to see a professional zany find themselves oddly touched by the little fellow.

The urgency of Durante's presence, whether in the flesh or on the air, palpitating with despair or braggadocio, has always been necessary to let the people know that Durante was their champion. He has made 27 films, most of them mediocre, although of late he has done better. Hollywood loves him, but finds it difficult to cast a man whose message to the world is that it would be a whale of a lot of fun to smash Louis B. Mayer's grand piano.

Jimmy's clowning, like Pagliacci's, is often close to tears. This probably explains why he can use almost the same material on a national broadcast that used to convulse the few hundred crowded patrons of smoke-dimmed New York night clubs. Durante vehemently upholds the dignity of all little men—in fact, of all of us who feel beset by fate and circumstances in a hard world.

As spokesman for the folks, Durante conducts an endless vendetta against a set of symbols. His most notable symbol of pretentiousness is any long word. He has probably met more polysyllables head on, defeated them, dissected them and stepped on them than any man living—to the vast joy both of those who can't pronounce them either, and of all the simple citizens who detest bombast.

Confronted with such a word as "catastrophe," Durante runs amok and produces "catastroscope," which the late Robert Benchley argued was a great improvement. Even such a modest adjective as "exuberant" feels the edge of Durante's scorn. It comes out "exubilant," which is not only funny but more exuberant. In Hollywood, Durante kids the solemn claims to grandeur of the movie moguls by calling everything "collos-sial."

In every performance, he whales away at formality, stuffed shirts, high prices and inhibitions. He does this with the outraged dignity of Mr. Disney's famous duck, never belittling himself, or for that matter, anybody else. When he screams that he is "mortified!" or struts as "Jimmy, the Well-Dressed Man," he is Everyman himself, full of pride and protest.

JIMMY'S UNIVERSAL appeal derives from the sidewalks of New York. His father was Bartolomeo Durante, a man of wit and humor, who often shaved Al Smith and Jimmy Walker. He had his youngest son taught piano by an Italian maestro who spoke no word of English, and who used up most of his pupil's time in the translation of love letters. By the time he was 16, this tutelage found Jimmy unable to play a single classic, but adept at what he calls "razzmatazz."

He worked at Diamond Tony's concert hall at "Cooney" Island, and at several East Side saloons; in one of them, a stripling named Eddie Cantor was a singing waiter. Irving Berlin waited tables and sang across the street at Nigger Mike's.

Jimmy formed his own band at 23, working in Harlem, and only a few years later was the hot toast of Broadway when he took in Clayton and Jackson as partners. The team's specialty was parody, bulwarked by Jimmy's remarkable nose and Jimmy's remarkable songs, which many a not-so-old old-timer recalls: *I'm Jimmy*, *That Well-Dressed Man*, *Who Will Be with You When I'm Far Away*, *Out in Far Rockaway*, and *Did You Ever Have the Feelin' That You Wanted to Go, Still You Have the Feelin' That You Wanted to Stay?*

Durante's contributions to grammar and pronunciation used to drive his radio writers to despair, since there are times when clarity is more or less essential. His program limped considerably until his former partner, Garry Moore, struck on the expedient of phonetic spelling. Durante scripts are now studiously edited.

When the writers want Durante to commit happy mayhem on a polysyllable they simply let that word alone. But for the sake of intelligibility, such trouble-makers as "soiree" are now written "swa-ree," "Gargantua" as "Gar-gan-che-wa," "Crocheted doily" as "crow-shayed doy-lee," and "laboratory" as "la-bor-tory." The latter would come out "lavatory" without the meaningful hyphen.

Young Moore, a comedian with a social-register background, could pronounce anything, but he quickly gave up trying to teach Durante.

"No, Junior," Durante told him after one attempt, "you better quit educating me or, before you know it, we'll both be out of work."

Moore, who recently left the Durante show to start one of his own, was accidentally responsible for Durante's umpteenth comeback. Having made a hit in a trial appearance, Moore was signed for coast-to-coast broadcasts as a comedian. His first guest star was the old-timer Durante, who was new to radio in 1943. The pair proved to be such a happy team that the Garry Moore show immediately became the Durante-Moore show, and before you could utter "CBS," was known everywhere as the "Durante Show." But Durante and Moore got along beautifully, and are still firm friends.

Durante seems to be an actor incapable of making enemies. His loyalty to old friends is both expensive and touching. The renowned team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante, in which Jimmy starred but was always billed last, has not worked professionally for many years, but it is still as much together as it ever was.

The trio, financed by Durante, lives together, erupts together, shatters pianos together, breaks drums, brings down the house—anybody's house—does anything for a laugh, anytime, anywhere. Durante, who would as lief part with his nose as with his old friends, superintends their lives with the loving vehemence of a maternal eagle. Jimmy is a shrewd man who understands what the tax attorneys are talking about, but Clayton and Jackson attend him as if he were a wayward child.

Passengers up for early breakfast one morning aboard the Santa Fe luxury liner, the Chief, were dismayed when pandemonium arrived along with their orange juice. A small, Cyrano-nosed man with wisps of hair that seemed to have been combed with a haying fork in a hurricane charged in ahead of three larger men. The trio surrounded him as if he were a fragile potentate and began to order his breakfast.

The problem required three arm-waving consultations with the steward, half a dozen loudly whispered arguments, and four running trips to the kitchen by Clayton, Jackson and Roth.

The entire dining car finally came to attention as the three, flanked by the harassed steward and four waiters, delivered the great breakfast.

"Two raw eggs for Mr. Durante!" yelled Eddie Jackson.

DURANTE HAS GIVEN away several fortunes and is doing his level best to give away another. Any "performer" can reach him for a loan. He moved from a Hollywood apartment when it became overcrowded "because the boys ought to have a place of their own," took his present small house, jampacked it with permanent guests and is planning to move again. This time, he wants to build a small town near the beach and establish all his friends, relatives and partners around him.

As a trouper who will perform for charity at the drop of a hint, Durante works almost every night. Clayton, who has evolved from soft-shoe dancer to efficient business manager, desperately tries to block tours which would net small potatoes in comparison with earnings from radio guest appearances. But Durante wants to work close to the people, and he'd just as soon lose a million dollars and win a million laughs.

The Durante ménage resembles backstage at the old Palace Theater when vaudeville was in its ascendancy. The drums, the piano, the telephone, the six phonographs and several radios are going constantly. Every morning Durante rises early, is greeted by Jackson, Clayton and Roth, and if he thinks about it, eats breakfast—two raw eggs. The shelves of his pantry are always stacked with boxes of cornflakes, which Jimmy enjoys both for lunch and for dinner whenever he eats at home.

His $2,500-a-week writers, who are used to good living, recently went on strike because of cornflakes. Working late at night, they get hungry. After Durante had graciously served cornflakes seven times running, the boys walked out and refused to return until steaks were provided.

Clayton, Jackson and Roth receive generous salaries—and fully deserve them. After finishing a recent radio show, Durante took them to dinner at Earl Carroll's. The act was spotted immediately, called on to perform and highlighted the scene for more than an hour. Then Darryl Zanuck took them home, where they performed for a gathering of movie stars until early morning.

When such impromptu performances are not going on, Durante takes the boys anywhere within driving distance to play benefits. Actually, the team is working almost as hard as it did in the crescendo days of the old Club Durante just off Broadway.

In addition to paying the boys, Durante feels that as comrades and gentlemen they deserve allowances. If one of them wants to go to the races, he taps Jimmy for $25. If he loses, he is not unhappy.

"But if one of 'em drops five smackers of his own money, dey wail for a week!" Jimmy explains affectionately. He underwrites their frequent trips to New York, and maintains a permanent suite at the Hotel Astor for them and for any other vintage friends who might want a room.

Along with the Durante ménage lives a third personality, the Great Nose itself. It is treated with awed disrespect, as if it were a natural phenomenon and no part of Durante. Such an appendage would ordinarily be a handicap to a person with such fierce pride in the freedom and dignity of man, but Durante has made an asset of his misfortune, which for a time was even insured by Lloyd's of London. Other misfortunes he never mentions—and there have been many of them in his life.

He had two brothers and a sister, for whom he felt an unusual attachment, and lost them all. During most of his capering career, he was constantly concerned about his wife, a lifelong invalid who died in 1943. Jimmy speaks of her reverently today, never uttering her name without a "God bless her."

Save for "the boys" and his work, Durante would be alone in the world. And yet, that last statement is not exactly correct. Men who make laughter are never alone.

The House That Jack Built

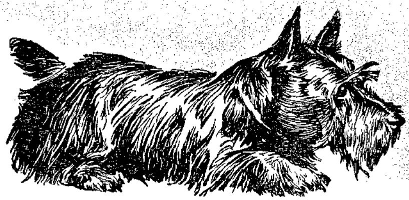
WHILE AMERICANS were hurrying to the gold fields of California in the middle of the last century, Australians were having a gold rush too. Lured by tales of quick fortunes in the southeastern province of Victoria, a man named Jack Smythe forsook his carpenter's tools and spent two years drifting from field to field, prospecting for gold without success.

Discouraged with his luck, Smythe finally decided to retire to a remote section and forget the mad scramble for wealth. He chose the little ghost town of Yambuk, which had a worked-out gold mine. For Yambuk, as for Smythe, the gold rush was over, and he could spend his days there in peace. Jack Smythe built a simple home of clay taken from the mine pit, and lived in it until his death.

Several years after Smythe died a neighbor decided to convert the ground on which the house stood to a cornfield. The house was demolished. But as it crashed, the man saw, ingrained in the bricks, tiny specks of gold. When the bricks were analyzed each was found to be a tiny gold mine—for Jack Smythe had built his home from an undiscovered vein in the abandoned mine. Fate had allowed him to live in near-poverty in a house worth thousands of pounds!

—ADAPTED FROM *Cavalcade Storyteller*, AUSTRALIAN RADIO PROGRAM

Just a Dog Called



by **Leslie T. White**

Lovable, sentimental and courageous, he was a true aristocrat and the most loyal friend a man ever had

When my son was four, I decided it was time he began to get instruction in sportsmanship, loyalty and understanding from that best of all teachers—a dog. So Allan and I visited a home where there was a four-month-old Scottish terrier for sale.

The breeder was quite frank: the pup was an aristocrat and all that, but an unconscionably tough little rascal. Deciding at that tender age that no house was large enough to hold two males, he had challenged his father to a battle to the death. Fortunately (for him) the fight was stopped, but it had not altered his philosophy. He held to it unalterably for 13 years.

It was a case of "Buy your boy a dog for yourself," yet it wasn't my fault. I didn't choose Sandy—he chose me. There was about him the lilt of the pibroch as he swaggered rowdily into the room, one ear straight, the other flapping at half-staff, and the shaggy hair of his deep chest dangling like a sporran between his stumpy forelegs. A small, arrogant salt-and-pepper grizzly, he appraised us both with bright eyes and proceeded to "wag his way into my heart." The pact was sealed, and I was adopted.

Allan was disappointed, for it was obvious even to him that Sandy was not to be *his* dog, but I promised to make it up to him in some other way, and Sandy became a member of our clan.

I had just retired from ten years of active life in the detective bureau to the prosaic monotony of professional writing, and I sorely missed the warm camaraderie of men. It seemed incredible that this fierce wee Highlander could substitute, but he did. He was remarkably like the men with whom I had worked so long, with his Caledonian aggressiveness, his blow-torch personality, his blind courage and his ill-concealed sentimentality. And thus began the remarkable companionship that remained unbroken for 12 long years and more.

OURS WAS NO ORDINARY relationship, for few dogs have had such an opportunity to prove their worth. I was demanding, and so was he. It never occurred to him that I was his owner; we were simply partners and inseparable companions. He would have snorted in contempt at those cynics who claim that a man maintains a dog to bolster his own ego, because with his devotion he deflated mine. Yet he contrived to maintain a rigid individuality at the same time he made a gift of himself to me.

While I insisted on absolute obedience, I tried not to abuse it. When I did, he forgave my lapses. I cherished his spirit and his pride, and from the first, I never asked him to submit to indignities I would not permit myself. Strangers were warned to respect his rights; and when sometimes they over-rode my admonitions and were nipped for their rudeness, I defended Sandy's right to preserve his dignity.

He loathed baby-talk or cuddling; he was never maudlin or lap-doggish. He liked best of all to lie at my feet, his chin resting on my typewriter stand, and thus wait patiently until the day's stint was over. In this fashion we "collaborated" on more than 400 stories and this is the first piece I have done without him.

He seldom needed a spanking, for he wanted to please me. But he was Scotch to the core, with all the stubbornness and perversity the word implies. For example, when he was quite young, he got into the habit of nipping my leg when I failed to do something he wanted. Warnings he would not heed. So one day after a painful nip, I nipped him back on the ear. He gave me a long vocal argument and it worried him for a couple of days. But he never bit me again.

I invariably introduced him to my guests. I would say: "This is Sandy. He is not vicious, but don't put your hands on him. He'll make friends in his own good time." Then to Sandy: "So-and-so's all right, Sandy. Relax."

His magnificent independence won him an unwarranted reputation for toughness, which he seemed to enjoy. He didn't care much for women, but he liked men, the more masculine and virile the better. I once had a secretary who had just been released from the State penitentiary. Next to myself, Sandy liked him better than anyone. This hard-boiled pair formed a strange affinity and they would "argue" by the hour, the man laughing and cussing the dog, and Sandy "laughing" and barking in his face.

Sandy simply would not tolerate another male dog, yet he was no bully. He would ignore a dog smaller than himself, he tolerated cats, and he submitted with dignity to a pestiferous monkey I later acquired.

But the bigger the dog, the more eager he was to do battle.

Nor was his the helpless, foolish courage of most small dogs. Although he weighed but 22 pounds, the fighting, killing prowess of the Scottish terrier is legendary; pound for pound he is one of the most savage creatures on earth.

I never permitted him to fight when I could avoid it, but he had his battles. Quicker than a cat, all muscle and courage, he invariably came out the winner.

Sandy loathed water, although after a bath he would race delightedly through the house, whether from the joy of cleanliness or from relief that the ordeal was over, I never found out. But the mere sound of running water depressed him. Sometimes when I would be luxuriating in a tub, he'd nose open the bathroom door and pityingly watch me take my bath. Then he'd wander out, shaking his head and snorting in disgust.

SOME PEOPLE ARGUE that a dog is incapable of reason but acts purely from instinct and has no conscience. I know better. Four years of Sandy's life were spent on a ranch in California, and at one time during this period, we had a litter of six Scottie pups. These lively little rascals had no respect for Sandy's dignity or position, and they made life miserable for him.

When at last he decided he had suffered enough, he chose a time when I was away and dug a tunnel under the fence of the pen. Then, enticing the pups out, he lured them off into the woods and deliberately lost them.

When my wife and I returned, we were distressed to find an empty pen. From Sandy's manner, I should have guessed at once that he was the instigator, but I hadn't yet learned to read his expressions clearly. Hours later, a neighbor told us of having seen Sandy leading the pups down to the creek. Putting two and two together, I called Sandy to account.

He knew at once that the jig was up, and he came humbly over, wanting to nuzzle my hand. But I would have none of him, and sternly ordered him to "Fetch the pups!" With obvious reluctance, he struck off through the woods and I followed. He led me right to the place where he had abandoned the youngsters, and between us we recovered them all in a short time.

Another time, he gave a display of both reasoning and conscience. We had taken him on a visit to relatives in a strange town, and Sandy promptly wandered off. Because of his battling proclivities, he was never permitted city freedom, and when his absence was discovered I feared it was the end of him.

Police and taxi drivers were set in search, and my secretary and I combed the vicinity in a rainstorm. But no Sandy, and so about 2 o'clock in the morning I gave up and retired to our quarters at the other end of town.

At 5 A.M., my cousin drove over with Sandy in her arms. You never saw such a muddy, bedraggled and woebegone dog! He had returned from his wandering to the house from which he had started, and as his conscience was bothering him badly, he reasoned that perhaps he should quietly dig his way into the house, as he had dug into the puppies' pen. He had burrowed a four-foot hole alongside the foundation when my cousin heard him.

Overjoyed at his return, I forgave him without a word. Yet all next day he went around with ears down and tail dragging. I feared he was ill. When he kept it up the following day, my secretary finally caught on.

"Look here," he argued, "you're keeping Sandy in suspense. He figures he's rated a licking, and he's worrying about it."

"Nonsense," I said. "Lick him? Why I'm only too glad to have him back alive."

My secretary chuckled. "You can't convince Sandy. He knows he did wrong."

So I rolled up a newspaper and gave him a couple of licks with it. He went carousing madly through the house, literally bouncing with joy. He had sinned and been punished, and now he knew the incident was closed.

ANY GOOD DOG CAN adapt itself to environment, but few get the opportunity to vary their environments the way Sandy did. We spent one winter in the Canadian Northeast together, where he learned to haul my youngsters on their sled like a miniature Malemute. We've climbed mountains, and camped in the deserts of the Southwest. We've hunted and fished, and even attended literary teas—Sandy feeling much as I did about the latter. Three countries and 28 states he has taken in his cocky stride.

When he was seven, I was offered an editorship in New York. Deciding that a hotel room was no place for an active dog, I turned Sandy over to a close friend with the proviso that I could have him back within six months.

I held out for two months before I wired to have him expressed East. It was quite a reunion. I had him stripped and groomed, and on his first Sunday in New York I took him for a walk along Park Avenue.

His manners on the street were decidedly free and easy, typically Western. Up to that time he had had scant acquaintanceship with pampered lap dogs and dandified poodles, and the sight of them prancing along at leash-end set him to hooting and jeering at the top of his powerful lungs.

I tried to impress on him the fact that a well-bred city dog doesn't bawl insults at every dog he passes. As always, he caught on rapidly and within a couple of weeks could strut along with his nose in the air with the best of them. But he continued to emit quiet snorts to indicate his disapproval.

That summer, we cruised on a 50-foot schooner, and much as Sandy despised water, he enjoyed the thrill of sailing. Early in the season we were caught in a terrific gale, and for a while the schooner seemed doomed. I had made a small cork life belt for Sandy, which I now put on him; then I tied him to my wife. Fortunately, we were rescued by the Coast Guard, and Sandy and my wife were put aboard the patrol boat. My mate and I stayed with the schooner, which was taken in tow.

It was a ghastly night. The shrieking wind machine-gunned the rain at us over ramparts of mounting seas. The mate and I were lashed to the helm and the patrol boat on the forward end of the tow line was blotted from view.

Sandy refused to stay in the dry, warm cabin of the patrol boat and, in desperation, my wife tied him on the stormswept deck, where he stood with his back to the gale, staring anxiously aft to where I remained unseen and unheard in the darkness.

Incidents like that wrench the heart, and make one wonder if a human being can possibly deserve such loyalty and devotion. Someone once chided me: "It's downright sinful to love a dog as you do! What will you do when he's gone?"

I'll get another dog, of course. Not to take Sandy's place, for that remains inviolate, but there is no substitute for the kind of companionship and understanding that only a dog can give. It is something quite apart from human relationship. That is not sentimentality; it's sentiment. For in times of great personal troubles a dog's friendship seems most priceless.

There was a period in our life together when things went seriously wrong for me, when friends turned away and my confidence began to wane. Then old Sandy would come quietly to my side and rest his shaggy muzzle in my hand, not by way of distraction but to assure me that he, at least, believed in me.

The first article I ever wrote about him began: "The best friend I have in this world cost me just $75 . . ." After a decade, I can think of no more fitting eulogy.

An editor once wrote to ask why I chose a Scottish terrier, and my reply still stands:

"First, he is a man's dog, every inch of him. If I were inclined to rhapsodize, I might suggest that when the Creator came to fashion the Scotty, He looked over all the creatures He had made to choose their best features. He took the heart of the lion, the affection of a child and the loyalty of a man. He sculptured him small so he might easily and conveniently be a constant companion, and He set him down in Scotland so that he might mellow and ripen in that tiny land that has produced so much and asked so little.

"From Scotland he inherited his canniness, the frugality, the courage of the Highlands. He is as Scotch as heather and bagpipes. He is dour and dignified. Old-fashioned as ruffs and periwigs, he still clings to the belief that it would be a privilege to die fighting for his master. You don't have to be Scotch to love him, but if you *are* Scotch, as I am, you can't help loving him."

SANDY GREW OLD gracefully, as people of character and breeding often do. His eyes, hearing and carriage were as fine as ever; perhaps he slept a little more. But every voyage has an end.

Six months ago I knew he was doomed. Several operations failed to remedy his ailment. Toward the last, he knew it too. He never let me out of his sight, and he spent hours with his head on my lap, intently studying my face as if determined to carry the image with him into the Hereafter.

The pain increased until I realized that to hold him longer would be selfish cruelty. After telephoning a veterinarian 20 miles away to make the last and most final of all arrangements, I gave him an overdose of sleeping capsules. I think he knew what that was, too. I like to think that he forgave me.

As always, his courage was greater than mine, for he kissed my hand and we walked out to the car together. On the sidewalk a huge Doberman came too close, and Sandy flung himself at the brute in his last symbolic act in my behalf. Then we climbed into the car and he laid his head on my lap as he had done for 13 years, and went gently to sleep—forever.

The aching void left by his passing is unique, for there is no other relationship quite like that between man and dog. It is as personal as a shadow. A man's children grow to spread their own roots; a friend may be lost in an ill-fated moment or a comrade may betray him for a price. But a dog, alone among creatures, remains constant from puppyhood to old age.

On the uneven wilderness road of life, his brief companionship is a warm oasis where the sun shines brightest through the clouds of adversity. Perhaps if the short span of his existence were lengthened, the bright flame of his devotion might lose some of its intensity. We cannot know, save only this: in death he grows in stature, for "They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies."

Fair Enough

NURSE: "YOU WISH to see the young man injured in the auto accident? Are you the lady he was with?"

Girl: "Yes, I thought it would only be fair to give him the kiss he was trying for."

* * *

"HOW OLD ARE YOU, little girl?" asked the bus driver.

"If you don't mind," the passenger replied, "I'll pay full fare and keep the statistics to myself."

—MRS. T. KUNI

Theatrical Temperaments

ONCE, DURING A ballet, Anna Pavlova was dropped to the floor by a clumsy dancing partner. She seized a stick and chased him around the stage trying to land a telling blow. The audience wildly urged her on.

* * *

VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN, pianist, fussed over the height of a piano stool, then called for a book to sit on. He tried it, shook his head, tore off a single page, smiled happily, and started playing the first number of his recital.

—P. H. D. SHERIDAN

TREE

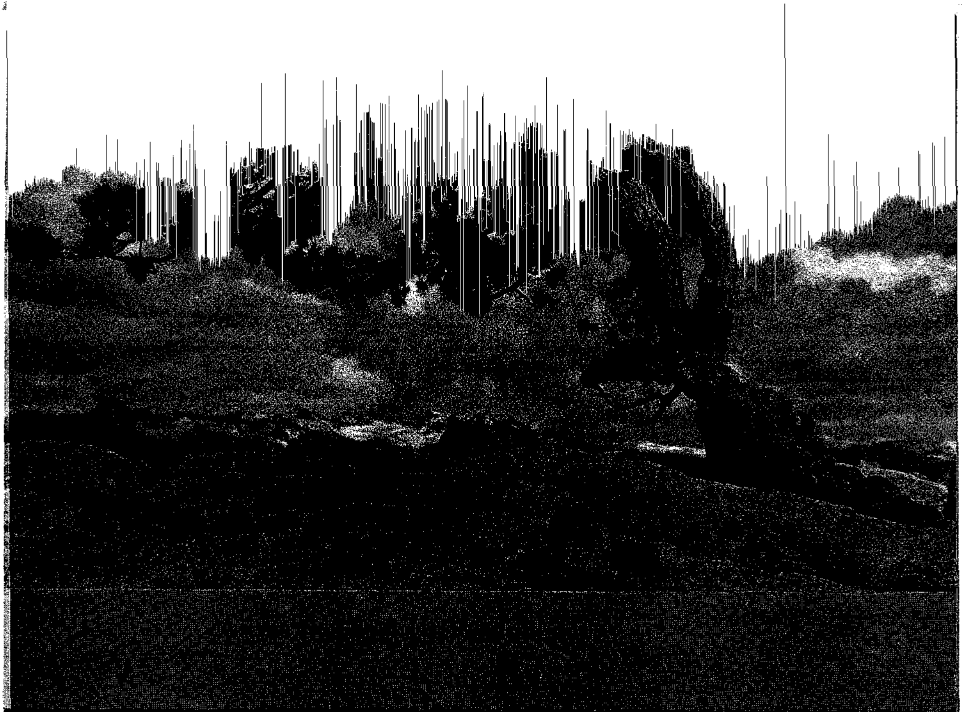
JOYCE KI

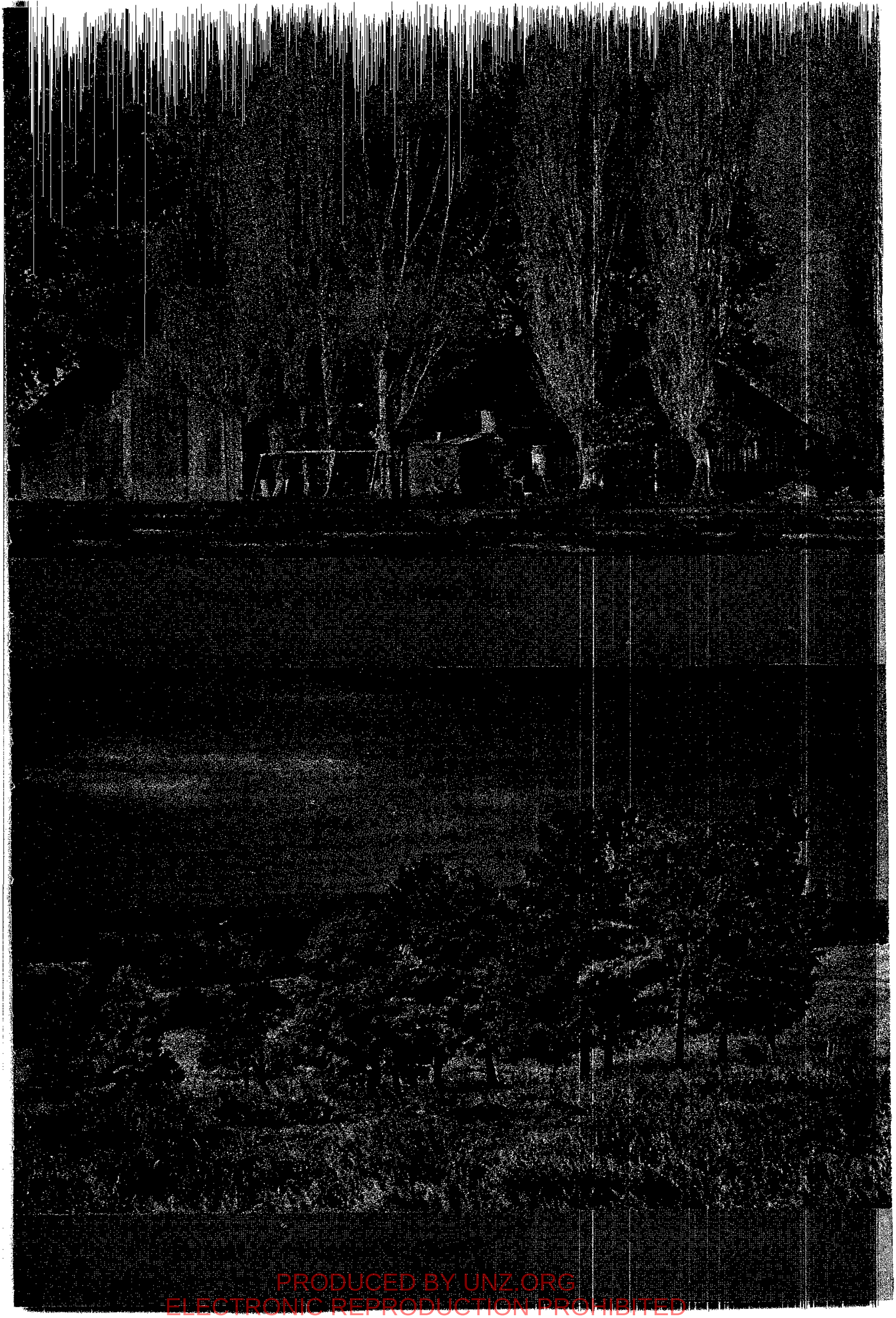
BY JOYCE
rees has bo
red poems
each of us a
eep and hu
e works of
n, *Trees* ha

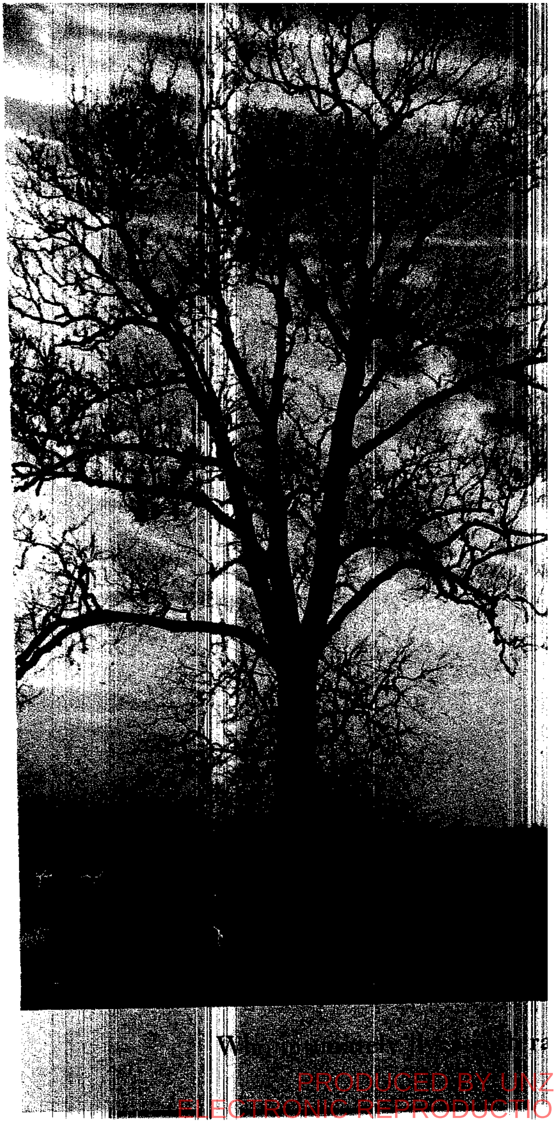
[illegible]

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed

Against [illegible] flowing brea







AN AUTOMOBILE DEALER TALKS BACK

ANONYMOUS

The author of this article is a successful automobile dealer in a large Eastern city where the sales and service agency has been in the hands of his family for more than 20 years. With refreshing candor he presents his side of a controversial question which is currently of interest to millions of would-be automobile buyers. For obvious reasons, he prefers to remain anonymous.
—THE EDITORS

"BILL, I'LL GIVE YOU $3,000 for a 1947 four-door sedan. I have a customer who needs the car badly, and he has the cash waiting."

These words had a familiar ring. Another used-car dealer was trying to buy a new car at $500 to $1,000 over list price.

Let's examine this "deal." The car for which I was offered $3,000 is listed at $2,200 on a wall chart in my showroom. This chart is a hangover from OPA days and is still there for all to see. Thus my extra profit would be $800.

But the used-car dealer must reap a fat profit too, probably $400. So the additional cost to the customer who needed that car "right away" would be $1,200. In other words, $3,400 is offered for an automobile which sold for about $1,300 before the war.

The public is well aware that this prodigious profit exists potentially for the new-car dealer. They feel these dealers are taking advantage of the situation and, as proof, point to the number of new cars available on used-car lots for ridiculously high figures. They say that the legitimate dealer in new cars no longer exists; instead, he is taking advantage of a lush opportunity to pyramid profits.

I assure you that nothing could be further from the truth. I will not attempt to make excuses for the unscrupulous dealers who are lining their pockets, but they are actually a small minority. They consist largely of newcomers who managed to obtain a dealership, who will "milk" it to death and then unload it when the going gets difficult.

The legitimate dealer long established in his community is selling *all* his new cars at the manufacturer's suggested list price. Why? Because he is prevented from accepting bonuses by the basic fundamentals of good business.

In the first place, he cannot destroy the good will of customers. Many of these have been dealing with him for a long time and their business is essential to carry the dealer over the difficult, competitive years ahead.

In the second place, most dealers, in selling the few cars they receive, are making more money than ever before. If for no other reason than tax saving, it is better for the dealer to spread his income over the years. He can see little advantage in cramming profit into one year at the expense of probable lower tax rates in the future.

In the third place, most dealers conduct their business in small communities where they are known personally. Their reputation and integrity must be maintained for their own personal good, which means no shady transactions.

Lastly, the new car dealer will not risk losing his manufacturer's franchise. With five years of tremendous profit possibilities ahead in legitimate business, why should he risk his entire future for shady profits that he does not need now?

Therefore, when a 1947 automobile appears on a used-car lot, place the blame where it belongs. Place it on the greedy individuals to whom the dealer sold cars in good faith, and who resold these cars at big profits.

Take the case of Mrs. T., a respected housewife in my community. During the war, Mrs. T. could get only an A gas-ration book. Disappointed because she could enjoy little use of her car, she sold it. But at the time, she had foresight enough to order a new car.

A week after she received delivery, she was offered $700 over the purchase price. The more she thought about it, the bigger that $700 looked. She felt she could do without a car a little longer for that kind of money. So here was another quick victory for the used-car dealer—and another black eye for the legitimate merchant.

MOST PEOPLE BELIEVE that it is the easiest thing in the world for the dealer to accept $500 under the table when he makes a delivery to John Dough. But no legitimate dealer who gives a hang for his reputation is doing this either.

It is natural for people to brag about their ability to spend money to get what they want. It takes John Dough about one day to boast around the community that he got his car quick—and paid through the nose. When his neighbor, who has been suffering silently for 13 months waiting for a car, learns that Dough got his car in a week through a bonus, he is finished as a future customer. What is more, he tells the world that the dealer is dishonest.

Another common complaint is that a trade is required before the dealer will deliver a new car. This is untrue. Records of the majority of dealers will show that on less than half the new cars did they take in a used car.

I have obtained trade-ins on only

34 per cent of my new car sales. Here again there are a few dealers who, out for the last dollar, ignore purchasers who do not have a used car. But this nearsighted policy is not observed by the long-established dealer who intends to stay in business for years to come.

Dealers are also accused of trying to trade the used car at a very low figure. The price is low, however, only when compared to the probable offer the customer has had from a used-car lot.

The used-car dealer will take a car, make minor adjustments, polish it, and sell it for substantially the same price that the new-car dealer can secure. But the latter, because he must guarantee the used car, must often spend $200 or so to put the machine into good condition. Hence, if the new-car dealer gives you within $100 of the figure quoted by a used-car dealer, he is being perfectly fair in most cases.

TO SHOW WHY THE long-established dealer is doing business legitimately, let me use my own company as an example. My best business is repeat business, year after year, built on customers who will purchase in the future and come to me regularly for service.

I cannot afford to sell new cars to a neighborhood used-car lot because my customers would see the machines and accuse me of shady transactions. To my mind, I cannot think of a worse example of poor business judgment.

I can well remember the day when, with 20 or 30 new cars on hand, I had to hire a warehouse to store them. A $40,000 new-car inventory can be a real headache, and I expect this situation to return in the not-distant future.

So today, I want to sell every new car that I can lay hands on to the neighbor around the corner. And I must make a lasting friend of him at the same time. Isn't this just sound business?

Another thing, I am making more money now than ever before. I have fewer sales over which to distribute overhead, but my expenses are comparatively small. I need no elaborate showroom or warehouse space because I never have a car more than the day or so it takes to ready it for delivery. I need no salesmen because I have orders for more than a year's estimated business.

In normal times, I lose $50 to $100 on every used car traded in. Now my used-car department shows a substantial profit. And my parts and service departments are booming because people are spending big sums to keep their old cars on the road.

With this excellent profit picture being enjoyed by virtually all dealers, why should they risk their future for the sake of a few extra dollars now?

Most manufacturers maintain control over the dealer through a short-term contract. Thus if the dealer proves unsatisfactory, they don't have to go to court. They merely wait for the contract to expire and then refuse to renew. The dealer will get no more new cars and he may no longer advertise authorized service or parts.

The factory's policy today is to have the dealer sell at list price so that the customer's good will is not lost for tomorrow's competitive market. Under the circumstances, what dealer can afford to antagonize the manufacturer upon whom he is dependent for existence?

Aside from the grave risk of losing my franchise, there is also my personal reputation to consider. I must live with my customers. My children will grow up and become members of the community. If I am going to sell merchandise to my neighbors, I certainly must retain their respect.

Yet even while doing business legitimately, life today is difficult for the dealer. I have one customer who drops by almost every day. I patiently explain over and over again that his car has not come in yet. This usually takes an hour, and yet he is still unconvinced.

First he tries persuasion, then he gets obnoxious. He shouts in the showroom, office and shop. He has written to the factory, and they told him that his car was at least a month from delivery. But he knows this was just a run-around.

I fervently pray for the day when this pest will get his car and stay away from my office.

Good friends give the most trouble, for it is hard to refuse them. Pressure has become so great that I hate to go to my golf club. When I do, I get a new tale of woe.

Roger C. has been a good friend and good customer for years, but last time I saw him he said: "Bill, I've been waiting 14 months for a car. You practically promised that I would have it this month, and the wife and kids have their vacation planned. I've been patient for over a year, and I do think it's time I got that car!"

Last week, the minister of our church walked into my office. I said a silent prayer that he might want a donation rather than a car. At first he talked about Sunday School and my charming family. It wasn't long, however, until I heard: "Bill, my old car is getting so bad it won't even take me on my rounds. Can't you help me out?"

Perhaps I handled him unwisely, but when I said it would be more than a year before he could get a new car, he took it as a personal affront. Ministers and doctors usually are good customers, but I'm afraid one minister will be difficult to deal with in the future.

Even my home life affords me little peace. My wife has a friend who has been on our order list for only a few months. He is in the Navy and stationed 200 miles from his family. Train connections are almost impossible, and they cannot find living quarters near camp. Most of his week ends are spent in traveling on trains and busses. His unhappy wife has put the pressure on my wife. It passes, multiplied tenfold, to me.

Perhaps those of you who are now pestering your dealer will remember the strain he is under, and have compassion for him.

THERE IS NO DOUBT that the appearance of new cars on used-car lots is hurting the dealer. Therefore he should try to halt the practice. In some communities the legitimate dealers, through their associations, are doing just that.

The New York State association has printed contracts to be used in the sale of a new car. Part of the contract reads:

"Now, therefore, in consideration

of $1 in hand paid by the seller, receipt thereof is hereby acknowledged . . . the purchaser hereby covenants and agrees that the above described motor vehicle will not be offered for resale or exchange within . . . days from the date of the execution thereof without written consent of the seller.

"It is further agreed that the purchaser will not sell, exchange or otherwise dispose of said motor vehicle within . . . days of the date hereof without first giving to the seller the right, privilege and option of purchasing the same for the sum of $.........."

The number of days to be inserted in the blank spaces is left to the judgment of the individual dealer. To me, 90 or 180 days would seem fair.

The suggested price at which the dealer would repurchase the car is list price, less $100 for depreciation in the first 90 days of use. It is even suggested that a separate receipt be signed for the dollar paid as consideration. If many other states adopt such a plan, it should go far toward stopping greedy practices.

Those of you who are waiting anxiously for a new car should check on the dealer with whom you placed your order. Find out what his attitude is toward a used-car trade. Offer him a bonus, and see if he refuses it. If he is a long-established dealer with an eye to the future, he will tell you that neither a trade nor a bonus is essential.

Once satisfied that you are dealing with a legitimate dealer, give the fellow a break. Call him once in a while to see how matters stand, but don't park in his office and keep him from doing a day's work. And if you don't get your car as soon as expected, remember that your dealer cannot deliver machines that are not shipped to him.

No matter how much pressure you put on your dealer, that shipment of four cars that he just received cannot be stretched to accommodate five customers. So be patient—and you'll soon be rolling down the highway in a brand-new car for which you paid the list price—and nothing more.

What's a Billion?

IN THESE DAYS of high finance, it's interesting to find some figures that bring home the immensity of a billion. A billion dollar bills laid end to end would encircle the earth nearly four times. If you made 11 trips from New York to Miami, Florida, by car or rail (or 14 trips by air), you would cover a distance of nearly a billion inches. A propeller on a pursuit plane traveling 300 miles per hour would turn a billion times if the plane would cruise continuously (24 hours a day) for nearly two years. And "a billion minutes" sounds like we have months of time but it would actually carry us back to the year 45 A.D.

—SID ASCHER in *Caravan*

Your Heart Can *Fool* You

When it comes to broadcasting false alarms, the heart is an expert; so don't let it scare you into becoming a neurotic!

by **GEORGE W. KISKER**

THE MAN WAITING at the bus stop dropped his newspaper, clutched at his collar, choked a little and then fell to the sidewalk. A few minutes later a doctor examined the crumpled figure.

"Heart attack," he crisply explained to the crowd that had quickly gathered.

When Bob Martin arrived home he was still shaky from what he had seen. "The fellow was standing right next to me," he told his wife. "Not more than two feet away!"

While Mrs. Martin prepared dinner, her husband tried to read the newspaper. But it was no use. All he could think about was the man who had dropped dead at the bus stop.

From that day onward, the name of Bob Martin was added to the list of America's "heart neurotics." Along with several million others, he began to let his heart bluff him, began to worry himself sick. But actually, there was nothing really the matter with Bob Martin's heart —nothing at all.

Perhaps there is a heart neurotic in your family. It may be your husband, your wife or one of your children. It may even be *you*.

Whoever it is, the story is always the same. It started when a relative or friend died of a heart attack. Or when an insurance doctor turned you down for a policy. Or when a draft-board doctor shook his head when he listened to your heart. Or when you yourself first noticed that your heart was pounding, speeding up or skipping a beat or two.

Heart disease is still America's No. 1 killer. But the heart is also our No. 1 "false alarm." As a result, thousands of us are pampering ourselves over heart conditions that don't exist. The fear, worry and anxiety are real enough, but the heart troubles are emotional and psychological—not organic.

"Three out of four of my patients," a heart specialist told me recently, "have nothing wrong with their hearts. Here, let me show you."

He opened a filing cabinet and pulled out a case history. It was the story of a young man who had been warned ten years before by a high-school gym instructor that he had a "weak" heart and should start taking things easy.

"For ten years that young man lived in fear," commented the doctor. "He thought that every minute might be his last."

The case history revealed how the patient had forsaken most of the pleasures of life. He gave up athletics and avoided dances and parties. He even abandoned his ambition to go to college because he was afraid it might be too strenuous. Each year he became more and more of an invalid.

"Last week I examined him," declared the doctor, "and his heart was perfectly normal. What's more, I'll stake my reputation that it has always been normal!"

Every heart specialist has hundreds of such cases in his files. These people are the "heart worriers." They worry about difficult breathing, shortness of breath, palpitation, skipped beats and pains in the left arm and shoulder.

Sometimes they worry about a "leaking" heart, heart murmurs or an enlarged heart. Whatever it is that worries them they are probably wrong about it. Especially if they have never been examined by a competent doctor.

WHEN YOU TRY TO diagnose your own heart condition, you are inviting needless fear and anxiety. Heart symptoms are easy to misinterpret. And they can do more than ruin your mental health. They can break up your home, steal your job and chase your best friends away. Nothing can wreck your life more quickly than the idea that you are the victim of a nonexistent heart disease.

There is no need to become panic-stricken when your heart begins to "act up." Most heart symptoms are not signals that death is lurking around the corner. Like headache and indigestion, they simply mean that part of the body is temporarily "out of order."

One of the most common heart bugaboos is the "extra" beat. Specialists call this condition an *extrasystole.* Almost everyone experiences it at one time or another. While it can be caused by organic disease of the heart muscle, the chances are that it is due to other causes. Excessive smoking or drinking—or too much emotional excitement—are usually behind it.

Another source of worry is the speed of the heartbeat. The normal rate is different for different animals. An elephant's heart beats 25 times a minute, but the rate for mice and small birds can go up to 1,000. For man—when he is at rest—the normal rate is about 70, although many apparently normal individuals have rates as fast as 100 or as slow as 40.

When the heart speeds up to 120 to 250 beats a minute, the condition is called *tachycardia.* It may last for a few seconds, a few minutes or even a few days. The condition begins suddenly and ends suddenly. It frightens many people but—like extrasystoles—it is usually due to emotions rather than to any real heart damage.

Heart "flutter," however, is something else. Here the rate may range from 200 to 400 and last for months or even years. When the rate reaches 400 to 600, it is no longer a question of psychology and the emotions. These terrific speeds—called *fibrillation*—rarely occur in the absence of organic disease. The heart becomes nothing more than a quivering sheet of muscle, and death usually follows.

Changes in rhythm and speed aren't the only heart symptoms that start people worrying. Occasionally a doctor will mention something about a "murmur" or an enlargement of the heart. He doesn't mean to upset you, but such statements frequently conjure up visions of sudden death.

A murmur may mean merely that one of the heart valves has become deformed. Since there are many kinds of deformities, there are many kinds of murmurs. Some of them are serious, some are not.

Dr. William D. Stroud, a director of the American Heart Association, believes that too many restrictions are placed on some heart patients. Speaking of children with heart murmurs but with no enlargement of the heart and no evidence of rheumatic activity, Dr. Stroud says, "I doubt whether the normal physical activity of childhood plays any part in the progress of heart damage."

More and more heart specialists are coming to agree with Dr. Stroud. Medical science is inclined to allow the child—or the adult—with a heart murmur to lead a relatively normal life.

Enlargement of the heart is another "scare phrase." The most common causes are diseases of the heart valves and high blood pressure. But the people who do most of the worrying about the condition are seldom those who really have an enlarged heart.

There is a popular belief that strenuous exercise leads to a dangerously enlarged heart. But medical scientists are convinced that athletes who die of heart disease have always had it—even before they became athletes.

"It is virtually impossible to strain a normal healthy heart muscle," explains one of America's prominent physiologists. "An athlete with a normal heart does not have to fear that he will seriously enlarge or injure it."

An outstanding authority on medical problems in physical education—F. J. Lipovetz of the State Teachers College at La Crosse, Wisconsin—has made a special study of the influence of sports on the heart. Before he began his studies he believed, like many others, that basketball dangerously strains the heart.

"In fact," admits Lipovetz, "I even remarked that I would just as soon see basketball eliminated from grade-school and high-school physical education programs."

Today, after checking on the hearts of players at Aquinas and Central High Schools and the Teachers College teams, Lipovetz has a different story.

"My notions concerning basketball have been decidedly changed," he says. "Strenuous as the game may seem, a majority of those who play it have benefited by their experience."

WHAT ABOUT THE EFFECT of stimulants on the heart? Here again the modern specialist explodes some old-fashioned ideas. At a recent meeting of the American Medical Association, Dr. Robert Levy of New York City said that moderate smoking is all right for many heart patients and helps promote "emotional stability" in smokers. Dr. Stroud backs him up.

"Tobacco apparently does harm to the heart only if the person is sensitive to nicotine," he points out. "Most smokers know whether or not they are sensitive to nicotine. Pain in the front of their chest after smoking would be one indication of sensitivity. If a heart patient is not sensitive, I believe smoking is perfectly safe."

As to drinking, Dr. Stroud says, "Many physicians advise patients with heart disease not to drink. I see no reason why such patients should not drink in moderation."

True, smoking and drinking put an extra burden on the heart. But so does pregnancy and the digestion of food. Yet no one has suggested that we should stop eating, or having babies.

Still another type of stimulation is the supposedly dangerous "heart shock" resulting from a plunge into a cold pool after becoming overheated or after a warm shower. "Don't go into the water until you have cooled off," is a standard warning to children.

But the facts prove otherwise. Many schools now require the swimming team to take a hot shower just before going into the pool. Coaches like to see a glowing, heated skin before the swimmers take the first plunge. And the hardy Finns—who are noted for endurance running which certainly makes great demands on the heart—take steam baths and then dive into a cold lake or douse themselves with ice-cold water.

The question of "heart worry" boils down to one thing. Too many people are making invalids of themselves because of false notions they have acquired about the heart. Dr. William C. Menninger, chief psychiatrist in the Surgeon General's Office during the war, reported that 25 to 50 per cent of heart cases in army hospitals were psychological rather than physical. The story is much the same in our general hospitals.

Many heart "invalids" are really sick of life. They are afraid to face problems. Look through the lists of heart patients and you are likely to find the young woman who is jealous of a prettier and younger sister, the young man with a more popular brother, the salesman who hasn't received a promotion for a long time, the wife who is being neglected by her husband, or the college student who can't make passing grades. For all such frustrated people, heart symptoms become an escape.

The nervous heart—often called a cardiac neurosis—is organically sound but reacts to fear, worry, insecurity or a feeling of personal inadequacy. The symptoms are real but the cause lies outside the heart. For this reason the chances for a cure are excellent. No one ever dies of a cardiac neurosis. But it will stay with you all your life unless you manage to get rid of the underlying causes.

One physician explains the nervous heart by saying, "A sick heart is a car with a defective motor. A nervous heart resembles a car with an excited driver." Occasionally the "driver" becomes so excited that severe mental disorder results. Such patients develop fear and suspicion of relatives, nurses and doctors. Sometimes they refuse to eat and frequently even try to take their own lives.

Far more common is a type of nervous heart caused by a combination of anxiety, fear and bodily exercise. In the recent war, military doctors saw the condition during early training and again just before combat. Symptoms include rapid heart action, difficult breathing, dizziness and faintness, cold hands and feet. Psychiatrists concluded that men who were physically and emotionally immature were the most likely sufferers.

UNFORTUNATELY, HOWEVER, not all heart symptoms are false. Heart disease still takes two and a half times as many lives each year as cancer and eight times as many as tuberculosis.

One of the more common organic diseases is *coronary thrombosis*, a gradual thickening of the walls of the coronary artery of the heart until it becomes blocked and the heart muscle is robbed of blood and oxygen. Coronary disease probably accounts for at least 25 per cent of all deaths among executives and professional people.

Another organic disease is called *bacterial endocarditis*. Formerly it was almost always fatal, but now it can be treated successfully. The condition is caused by streptococcus germs—known as "green strep"—which attack the heart valves. In many cases the disease follows a tooth extraction or surgery on the mouth or throat.

"When a tooth is extracted," explains Dr. Sidney Strauss, former president of the Chicago Heart Association, "bacteria may enter the blood stream and grow on one of the heart valves. Penicillin given before extraction of the tooth prevents infection."

Heart disease may also be a matter of a diseased *pericardium*—the delicate sac that surrounds the heart. When this is the case, the disease takes the form of rheumatic heart fever.

While we hear a lot about heart *failure*, most people have wrong ideas about it. Heart failure is usually the result of other diseases. Sometimes the cause is infection, sometimes coronary disease, sometimes rheumatic fever. Often it is high blood pressure. But whatever it is, the cause develops gradually. A healthy heart doesn't "fail."

"Unfortunately for the physician," explains one doctor, "the symptoms of real and imaginary heart disease are much alike."

But modern medical men have learned how to get around this difficulty. Dr. Karl Fahrenkamp, one of Europe's outstanding specialists, has shown that people with organic heart disease show slight consciousness of their condition. They complain little about their symptoms. But the patient with a cardiac neurosis is constantly calling attention to his "weak" heart.

There are other differences, too. The sick heart is speeded up all the time—even during sleep. But the nervous heart returns to normal during sleep. What is more, the speed of the nervous heart is unpredictable. It increases and decreases even when the body is at rest. The really sick heart is likely to speed up and remain that way during rest as well as during work.

A physician can tell a great deal about your heart merely by listening to its sounds. One is low-pitched and strong, the other is shorter, sharper and of higher pitch. The first is the "muscle tone," caused by contraction of the muscles. The second is due to closing of the valves.

In some heart cases, three sounds instead of two can be heard. Called a "galloping heart," it frightens many people. But again it is not always dangerous. If the extra sound comes before the two normal sounds, it is usually due to a forceful contraction of one of the heart chambers. The condition is nothing to worry about. But when the extra sound follows the two normal sounds, it is a definite danger signal, usually indicating severe damage of the heart muscle.

The most dependable method of telling the difference between real and false heart symptoms is the electrocardiograph. The rhythmic contraction of the muscles produces an electric current whose changes are measured and recorded on a moving tape. The specialist, by studying the lines on the tape, can get a fairly clear picture of your heart condition.

If you believe there is something the matter with your heart, see your doctor immediately. But if you try to diagnose your own condition, you will undoubtedly guess wrong. At least two out of three people who go to a specialist find that their symptoms are trivial. Once they are convinced of this, they can banish fear and worry from their daily lives.

A Man of Class

QUICK-TEMPERED John Stuart Blackie, the celebrated Scottish professor, was unusually irritable at the opening of a college term.

"Show your papers!" he commanded as the applicants for admission lined up at his desk. One lad held his a mite awkwardly and Professor Blackie bellowed: "You little chap there, hold your paper properly. Not in your left hand, you loon, in your right!"

The boy muttered something, but did not shift his paper.

"The right hand, you loon!"

Trembling and pale, the boy lifted his right arm, revealing a burned stump.

The other students in the line howled and hissed at the irascible teacher, but Blackie had already jumped down from the platform to fling a strong arm about the boy's shoulder.

"Eh, laddie, forgive me," said the gruff professor, fighting back tears of remorse. "I did not know, laddie."

He turned a suffering face on the other boys. "I thank God he has given me gentlemen to teach—who call me to account when I go astray," he said.

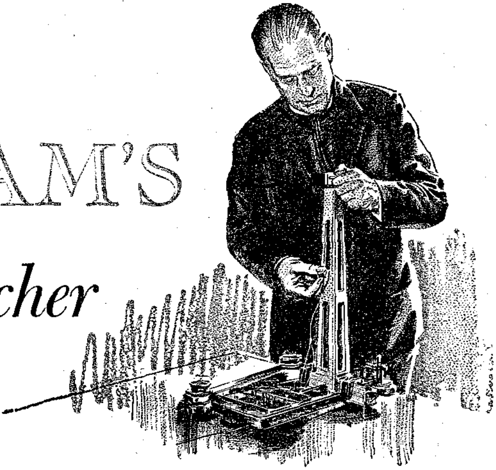
Three dozen boys grasped his hand. It was the most successful school year in the great teacher's entire life.

—The Rev. Philip Jerome Cleveland

by **LAWRENCE LADER**

FORDHAM'S

Quake Catcher



When the earth "lets off steam," Father Lynch knows about it in a matter of minutes; for 27 years he has recorded its heartbeat

THOUSANDS OF MILES from New York, a deep rumble like the beat of elephant hooves shakes the earth. Houses collapse, roads and hillsides are ripped apart. But within a few minutes after the earthquake has struck, whether it be in the heart of China or the mountains of Chile, the Rev. John Joseph Lynch, at Fordham University in New York, knows all about it.

Like a doctor listening to a patient's heart with his stethoscope, Father Lynch has spent 27 of his 52 years studying the heartbeat of the earth. Almost nothing that happens inside the earth or on its crust escapes him. When a slight tremor rattles dishes in a Boston cupboard, he knows it. During the war, when patrol bombers were attacking German submarines in the Atlantic, he detected the explosions 150 miles off the coast. He even records the clickety-clack of the early morning milk trains into New York.

Father Lynch, a tall, ruddy-cheeked Jesuit priest, is professor of seismology at Fordham and director of the Fordham Observatory, largest of its kind in the world. "Seismos" is the Greek word for earthquake, and a seismograph is a fantastically delicate instrument which detects the quiverings and shakings of the earth.

The Fordham director has studied quakes for so many years that, like a snake charmer with his pets, people have come to think that he has a magic power over them. Travelers to California call to ask him whether they are likely to run into a quake on the way. And recently, when the population of Santo Domingo was terrified by strange rumblings all around them, the government sent an SOS for Father Lynch.

"Is an earthquake about to destroy our cities?" they asked him.

He studied the rumblings, and reported they were only sound waves from a series of shocks far out at sea. But before the anxious officials would let him leave Santo Domingo, he had to make public addresses all over the island so that people would forget their fears and go back to work.

Instead of viewing the earth as a mass of dirt, rock and water, Father Lynch sees it as a highly nervous prima donna that has been shaking and quivering for thousands of years. He knows its moods, he listens to its pulse. On a normal day, when there is only the pound of the ocean's surf, the pulse is 33 beats a minute. On a New York morning, when the milk trains rush by and city traffic starts to move, it jumps to 200. When a quake occurs, even thousands of miles away, the pulse rate zooms.

•

KNOWING WHAT THE EARTH is going through, Father Lynch feels that quakes are greatly misunderstood. Big ones, like that which took the lives of 150,000 Japanese in 1923, are a rarity. But minor tremors are going on all the time. California gets five or six a day. During a year, there may be as many as 30,000 throughout the world.

Actually, a quake is nothing but the earth's way of letting off steam. When the quivering inside breaks loose, the crust slips. In the San Francisco quake of 1906, for instance, the slip was as great as 22 feet in some places and ran for 200 miles along the California coast.

"An earthquake is like a safety valve which releases dangerous pressures in a boiler," Father Lynch likes to say. "If nature didn't have this release, we'd probably be sitting on a bursting planet."

Every morning the Fordham expert, who stands six-feet-two and looks more like a football fullback than a professor of seismology, goes to his underground laboratory. The entrance is through a squat, graystone building. Groping his way carefully down steep stairs, he enters the vault. Once the door closes behind him, the air is chill and damp. Since light interferes with the instruments, only a red bulb glows dimly at the entrance.

The cavity for the vault, which is 40 feet long, 20 feet wide and 12 feet high, was blasted out of the hard Fordham gneiss which covers most of the region. First, a brick wall a foot deep was built six inches inside the hewn rock. Then it was covered with seven-ply tar paper for waterproofing and concrete poured flush against it. Still there was slight leakage after the first rain, so an additional layer of concrete was added inside the vault. Six feet of earth cover the roof, topped off by a concrete dome.

The nine seismographs are set on concrete piers, bedded deep in the earth. The principle behind each delicate machine is the pendulum. When the earth shakes, the quiver is recorded by the pendulum on a moving drum of paper. Actually, the pendulum remains motionless: it is the earth and the observatory which move.

In old seismographs, the pendulum writes directly on the drum of paper. But the newer models have eliminated the surface resistance of pen on paper by having a tiny beam of light at the end of each pendulum which records itself on the photographically treated paper of the drum.

The oldest seismograph in the vault is the Weichert, which Father Lynch fondly calls "My old Model T." Its value is chiefly for local quakes which record better on less sensitive instruments. At the other extreme, Father Lynch's most up-to-date seismograph is the Benioff, which magnifies each quiver of the earth 50,000 times. The Benioff is so sensitive that it even records the closing of the vault door.

Every time the director or one of his assistants goes into the vault, their bodies give off humidity, which interferes with the seismographs. To solve the problem, an electric dehumidifier draws off water at the rate of two quarts a day; but the greatest hindrance to proper functioning of the observatory is the simple spider.

Father Lynch estimates that he has spent almost as much time chasing spiders as he has chasing quakes. Where they come from, nobody knows. The vault is hermetically sealed. The door is usually opened only once a day for a few seconds to change the paper on the recording drums, and no one has ever seen a spider get in or out in the process. But time after time, a seismograph records not a far-off quake under the Pacific or in Mexico, but a playful spider doing a tango on the moving drum.

Spider-made quakes are easily recognized by their irregularity. But what annoys Father Lynch most is that he cannot discover where the spiders hide or how they live. Once, when a seismograph was being haunted by spider-made quakes, he spent a whole day taking it apart, piece by piece. But he could find no spider. The next day, he took it apart again. Still no spider. But in putting it together, he accidentally dropped the main support. Out of its hiding place in the cast-iron frame crawled one of his playful friends.

"When all the mysteries of the earth and its quakes have been cleared up," Father Lynch sighs resignedly, "we still probably won't know how those spiders get in here."

The time it takes a quake to reach the seismographs depends on its distance from New York. A Mexican quake, 2,500 miles away, takes about seven minutes; a Chinese quake, 10,000 miles away, about 13 minutes. But since two spots on the earth, such as Chile and India, are equally distant, there is the problem of discovering the quake's direction.

In most cases, Fordham's three Galitzin seismographs, each of which receives only one set of waves from East-West, North-South or vertical directions, give the information immediately. As an alternative, however, Father Lynch can query two other seismic stations to find out how far from each the quake in question took place. By using those two distances, plus his own, Father Lynch draws three circles on the globe. The spot at which they intersect is the location of the shock.

Since quakes generally occur in specific belts of the earth, the Fordham director actually has the names and addresses of almost all that are going to call. After 27 years, he has come to look forward to visits from his favorites.

"That South Mexican quake was here again," Father Lynch says. Or like a fisherman who has left the river bank just when the trout start biting, he often complains: "That Aleutian quake called when I was out for lunch."

FATHER LYNCH BEGAN studying earthquakes as a young man. Born in Ireland in 1894, he attended St. Ignatius College in London, and then, in 1913, came to St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia. At the age of 20, he joined the learned Society of Jesus. Impressed with his ability in physical sciences, his superiors sent him to study for four years in Holland and England, where he worked with Oxford's noted seismologist, Prof. Herbert Hall Turner.

Returning to the U.S. in 1920, he found that Eastern colleges paid little heed to the study of quakes. Harvard, for instance, spent $50 a year in seismic research, while Yale and Massachusetts Institute of Technology did not even include the subject in their curricula. When Fordham, which owned one old seismograph, invited him to become an instructor of physics and the director of its infant observatory, Father Lynch decided that here was his chance to develop an outstanding center of seismology. He has been there ever since.

Despite years of study, seismologists still don't know the basic cause of earthquakes. It is common knowledge that the immediate cause is sudden movement of blocks on the earth's surface. Minor tremors, which Father Lynch calls "creaking stair quakes," still occur in North America as a result of the enormous pressure once exerted on the continent by the Ice Age. But major quakes come from deep within the earth, born of enormous forces, bottled up under our feet, which break loose from time to time and set the earth's crust shaking like jelly.

Scientists, however, have not yet agreed on what is happening inside the earth. One theory holds that the earth is cooling off, causing shrinkage of the crust. Another theory asserts that while South America was drifting away from the west coast of Africa, India drifting to the northeast and Australia to the southeast, tension and compression were caused by the drifting continents. Still another theory maintains that the wobbling of the earth's axis sets up internal strains which result in quakes.

While scientists are debating whether the core of the earth is liquid or solid, Father Lynch has come up with a compromise theory of his own. "The earth's core," he says, "may be neither a liquid nor a solid, but a solid solution—that is, a solid that has had forced into it thousands of times its own volume of some gas."

WHEN HE ISN'T worrying about what goes on inside the earth, the Fordham director is busy making its surface a better place for human living. Architects continually consult him about structural problems. One firm, commissioned to build an office building in Caracas, Venezuela, asked him about earthquakes in that area.

"There was a severe quake 100

miles away in 1929, two others in 1926 and 1923, and a series of four earlier shocks dating back to 1530," said Father Lynch, his blue eyes twinkling behind spectacles. "If you want your building to last, you'd better use the latest quake-proof construction."

The Imperial Hotel in Tokyo is the best example of how an architect can cooperate with seismologists. After studying the history of Japanese quakes, Frank Lloyd Wright designed the hotel to ride with a storm, rather than buck it. Instead of anchoring the building on bedrock, he made it "float" on mud through the use of short concrete piles. When the great quake of 1923 struck Tokyo, the Imperial Hotel was one of the few buildings that survived.

Father Lynch foresees a time when seismology can be a great savior of human life. Although it is impossible to predict a quake, the immediate shock often causes immense sea waves which sweep over land areas, taking an enormous toll.

On April 1, 1946, the Fordham seismographs reported a quake at 7:40 A.M. Almost at the same time, another report went out from the observatory of the California Institute of Technology. A cross-check of the two reports showed Father Lynch that the quake had originated 50 miles south of the tip of the Alaskan mainland.

Five or six hours later an enormous wave, 30 feet high and traveling at 300 miles an hour, struck Hilo, Hawaii, killing hundreds of people. If the Fordham warning had been flashed to Pacific areas, many lives might have been saved.

After studying quakes for 27 years, Father Lynch admits that he has never actually seen one in action. Except for California, the U.S. has been singularly free of major quakes for many centuries. Eighteen years ago, there was a notable exception. About 800 miles from New York, a severe shock jolted the coast of Newfoundland, destroying 12 Atlantic cables.

"That was just one of those accidents that may never happen again," Father Lynch explains. "If I ever want to see a quake, I suppose I'll have to move to Chile or Japan, and wait there till a big one comes along."

The Easier Way

THE QUESTION OF cheating was being discussed in school just before an examination. "Miss K., what do you think of cheating?" one of the students asked. In a soft tone, the teacher replied, "If you can cheat and live with yourself, that's your business."

Next day the report cards were sent home. Upon returning his, a gangling youth said, "Miss K., I find that I can cheat and live with myself much better than I can fail and live with my mother."

—BETTYE KILPATRICK

by **NORMAN CARLISLE**

This Miraculous Thing Called PAPER

Modern science has endowed it with so many remarkable new qualities that it may affect your habits of a lifetime

WHAT IS PAPER?

Well, offhand, it's the stuff this article is printed on, the sheet you wrote a letter on yesterday, the roll the newsboy tosses onto your doorstep every evening.

That limited definition was my own, too, until a few weeks ago. Paper had certain characteristics—it burned when you set a match to it, it fell to pieces when it got wet, it had an annoying crackle, and when you rolled it into a ball the wrinkles were there to stay.

Of course, I had heard all sorts of stories about startling new commercial uses for paper—but my old ideas persisted until . . .

. . . I went to Appleton, Wisconsin, to look at a strange house. After violent summer storms and three rugged winters, that house is still standing in defiance of the elements. Yet it is made of nothing but paper—roof, walls, floor—everything is paper.

. . . I talked to a Midwestern feed dealer. A windstorm had ripped the roof off his warehouse, containing hundreds of paper bags of feed. Then a terrific downpour drenched the unprotected stock. But was the feed a soggy mass? Not at all. No water had touched it.

. . . I heard a true story about the new paper draperies now on sale. The man of the house was settled with his evening paper when the phone rang. He put his cigarette in an ash tray as he went to answer it. The smell of smoke made him run back to the living room. A wind had blown the paper draperies across the tray. A blackened, charred spot appeared on the curtain, but that was all. No burst of flame, no repetition of a familiar domestic tragedy.

So now you understand why I have changed many of my ideas about paper. . . .

Paper, in the course of its history,

has created one revolution after another. First, it made possible the spreading of the printed word. Second, it provided the kind of packaging that made the modern store possible. Today, it is out to create a third revolution by upsetting all previous notions of what paper can do.

You think paper is weak? Consider that house in Wisconsin— or the new paper plane wings capable of withstanding 400-mile-an-hour speeds.

You think paper is inflammable? Remember those draperies—and ponder the fact that, thanks to a new flameproofing process, even ash trays are being made of paper.

You think paper can't stand water? Then consider the case of the paper bag of flour that was tossed over Niagara Falls and fished out seven hours later, its contents absolutely dry.

Paper scientists declare that the day is not far off when you will wear paper clothes, eat off paper dishes that look like china, walk on paper rugs, sleep under paper sheets—and all this, perhaps, in a paper house.

These new paper products, many of which are already on the market, are going to make your dollars go farther, for the big fact about paper is that it is cheap. The low cost stems directly from the process by which paper is made—about the simplest of all processes for making any kind of manufactured material.

Basically, paper is just a collection of matted fibers. These come from a variety of sources, including not only trees but such varied substances as cotton bolls, flax stalks, tobacco stems, hemp, straw, and even from certain kinds of clay.

To make paper, you grind the fibers to a pulp, beat them, cool them and then treat them with chemicals. The resulting semi-liquid mass is hoisted onto a moving screen that drains off a troublesome substance called lignin. Then you press the fibers between rollers —and what comes out is paper.

But how do you accomplish the trick of making this paper do anything you want it to? That is where the paper scientists step in with their revolution. All you need, they say, is the right chemical. And presto, you have paper that doesn't behave like "ordinary" paper!

For a spectacular example of this magic, take the amazing business of "wet strength"—a paper that loses little of its strength when it is wet! The Army, which ended up by using 400,000,000 wet-strength maps, was naturally skeptical when first it heard about this new kind of paper. Was it really tough?

To find out, they decided to give a map the most violent punishment imaginable. First it was soaked in water and wrung out 20 times. Next it was folded and unfolded repeatedly, then pounded with rifle butts. After that, it was trodden into mud, smeared with grease, doused in gasoline and boiled in soapy water. For good measure, it was fastened to a floor while a regiment marched over it, and finally it was subjected to a drubbing under the treads of a tank. Yet this fabulous piece of paper emerged showing few traces of its ordeal!

Farmers, who always swore by burlap bags and were skeptical when asked to try the new wet-strength type, are now enthusiastic about them. They are as tough as burlap, more water-resistant and a lot cleaner. Potatoes now can be shipped to market and sold in the original paper bag. Even laundries, baffled by the problem of a container for wash, have turned to sturdy wet-strength products.

Food growers who ship by air have come up with a cardboard portable refrigerator which keeps the contents at temperatures from 20 above to 20 below. The products inside, ranging from Maine lobsters to Brazilian flowers, are packed in wet-strength bags. Last year almost a billion pounds of food products were quick-frozen, most of them in paper containers and many in wet-strength bags. In fact, more than 300 commodities are now being packed by the wet-strength method, including many that manufacturers were sure could never be packaged in any kind of paper.

Look, for example, at a test in which a paper bag was filled with 50 pounds of chemical powder. First, it was dropped repeatedly from a height of six feet. Next it was sprayed with water. Its seams still intact, it was dropped onto the edge of a piece of timber. Then the bag was tossed into a freight car, shipped several hundred miles, and at the end of the journey was dropped again onto the edge of a plank. This savage treatment did not cause a single break in the bag or let in a drop of water.

IN HOUSEWORK, wet-strength paper is going to prove a priceless boon. For a starter, there is the paper wiping "cloth," used by your gas-station attendant on windshields. It is a descendant of the lint-free wiping papers the Navy used on lenses of optical instruments during the war.

A variation of it provides a dishcloth that can be used once and thrown away, thereby eliminating a notorious germ-catcher. There is also a disposable dusting paper impregnated with polish which leaves your furniture shining and dust-free. Then there is the super-strength paper towel, which you will hardly recognize because it is so much bigger and tougher. Lastly, there is a durable new shelf-paper treated with a gleaming plastic surface. Greaseproof, you can wash it with soap and water.

To simplify Junior's feeding, science offers a paper bib that can be sponged with water and is cheap enough to throw away after one using. Binding and ties are of paper tape. A companion product is a new paper apron for the housewife; it is washable, soft and flameproof.

This flameproofed paper is another of the industry's modern miracles. Light a match to it and it will char, but that is all. Paper chemists produced it in huge quantities during the war as camouflage for guns which develop heat that would set fire to ordinary paper.

Flameproofed paper (the chemists prefer this term to "fireproofed") costs more than the ordinary product, depending on the degree of fire-resistance needed, but in such items as draperies, the extra cost is worth while. Used in construction as a building paper, it greatly increases fire resistance, while flameproofed paper garments will be as safe as textiles.

The remarkable business of turning paper into "cloth" is another process which promises a bewildering array of new products. To get a clean sheet for your bed, you will merely unroll a new one from a roller at the foot. Of course, there will be paper pillowcases and blankets, while already on the market is a paper picnic blanket that can also be used for such things as a baby's play pad and a temporary car-seat cover.

Cloth-like paper may revolutionize clothing habits. There will be throwaway undershirts for one-time wear, paper hosiery for men (even the most optimistic paper enthusiasts admit that women won't give up nylons) and tough play clothes for children.

In bad weather, paper raincoats will be on sale at the corner drugstore for a quarter each, as well as paper hat-protectors and paper "rubbers" for your shoes. Paper overalls, which can be thrown away when soiled, will be welcomed by painters and mechanics—and even more by their wives.

Baby comes closer than anybody to stumping the paper experts. The disposable paper diaper is now used when baby is traveling, and almost any mother would like to use them every day. But cost is the stopper. Hence, the paper scientists are now valiantly trying to make paper diapers that are soft, durable and, above all, cheap.

In the future, you won't have to worry about flies if you use the kind of wallpaper that is treated with DDT and retains its lethal quality for two years. Another DDT paper is made for wrapping blankets and lining closet shelves. Then there is a new "plastic" wallpaper to end the unequal struggle against Junior's fingermarks. It is washable, tough and attractive, and anything comes off its smooth surface, including paint.

IF ANYONE TOLD you that paper can be made so strong that 14 men weighing 200 pounds each could stand on a piece laid between two chairs, you would probably say "impossible." But lamination, a process of gluing sheets of paper together, does the trick. During the war, paper laminates reached a peak of development.

With metals scarce, military men wondered if paper could be used in planes. It seemed like a wild idea, but a laminate was produced with a tensile strength of 28,000 to 35,000 pounds per square inch. Here was a material that could stand the tremendous strain placed on fast fighter planes.

For structural purposes in peacetime, laminated plastics made from paper weigh half as much as aluminum, less than one-fifth as much as steel, yet pound for pound they have the tensile strength of steel and twice that of aluminum. Even pipes can be made from paper, for use as electric conduits and even for water and sewage. The experience of a chemical factory offers striking evidence of the strength of these laminated paper pipes.

Plant engineers were baffled when chemicals quickly destroyed metal pipes. Then one of them thought of using paper pipes. Today, they have seen years of service without apparent injury.

For an over-all preview of the paper world of tomorrow, you need only visit the Institute of Paper Chemistry at Appleton, a remarkable research and educational organization maintained by nearly 100 paper companies. Here, scores of scientists are working night and day to find new uses for paper and to make it do old jobs in amazing new ways.

Four years ago they decided there would be many practical uses for a small paper house. But when it came to picking the right kind of paper, they harked back to an accident which had occurred in a paper mill long ago. Somehow, molten sulphur had spilled over a batch of paper in the making. The paper was discarded as useless until somebody discovered that it possessed startling strength. So for their house the scientists selected chipboard, the cheapest of cardboards, impregnated with sulphur.

The paper house in Appleton is a one-room structure, eight by sixteen feet, and was built from 21 panels, one inch thick, composed of special corrugated board and strengthened by impregnable materials. The materials cost a total of only $50; of course, if they had been purchased at retail the figure would be considerably higher.

Since the newspapers first publicized the remarkable structure two years ago, letters from all over the world have poured in to the Institute of Paper Chemistry. They have come from an astonishing variety of people, with campers and sportsmen topping the list of prospective buyers. To them, it looks like the perfect outdoors house. You merely bundle the parts, which weigh only a few hundred pounds, put them on a trailer and haul them to the scene. You can put the house together in an hour or two, and there you have a snug, weatherproof shelter to live in for a week, a month or for years.

Farmers have also welcomed the paper house as a cheap, easily moved farmyard structure. Contractors want the paper houses for construction offices, while parents see their possibilities as play spots for children. Once in mass production, these paper houses will serve a wide variety of needs.

TWENTY YEARS AGO the average American family used an eighth of a ton of paper in a year. By 1946, that figure had jumped to two-thirds of a ton. Ten years from now, it will likely be more than a ton. In case you are worried about the future supply, in view of the present shortage, comforting words come from the paper industry, which is already performing prodigies of production.

While rushing new plants to completion, the industry is also making startling progress in finding better ways to use wastepaper and to cut down the losses of valuable pulp wood that formerly occurred during the barking process. With huge areas of pulp wood available in the South, and with new forestry methods which treat paper as a crop, the scientists feel safe in going ahead full steam on devising new uses for paper.

Where will they stop? That is hard to say. Just recently, paper has taken on such widely removed tasks as growing a luxurious lawn and helping you to get more fun out of the bright sayings of your children or your favorite radio star. To create a new lawn, the paper makers first take a special adhesive paper and spray it with fertilizer and grass seed. Then all *you* have to do is unroll the paper, anchor it with little stakes provided for the purpose and wait for the grass to start growing. The special paper disintegrates after it has served its purpose.

For recording radio programs, paper coated with magnetized iron oxide is substituted for wire in a recording machine. All you do is turn on the radio, sing, or get baby to say "Da-Da," then you push a button, the tape runs through the machine, and you have your record. The paper costs only about a third as much as wire, and you can play it back 1,000 times without wear. Or you can erase the magnetic patterns and use it for new recordings.

Paper is truly a wonder material. With nearly 2,000 years of service to mankind already behind it, paper is just getting started as an inexpensive rival to plastics, textiles and even light metals. Which is certainly good news for everyone who wants to live a fuller and happier life—at no extra cost.

Time to Go

ONE DAY A NEWSREEL COMPANY asked Thurston, the world-famous magician, if he'd like to do a little magic before the camera for an audience of kids. Thurston said he'd be glad to, so the kids were assembled and the cameras rolled. The youngsters gurgled with delight when Thurston found pennies in their ears. And is there a kid in the world who doesn't like to see a magician pull a bunny out of a hat? As if he were going to make an elephant disappear for the King of England, Thurston majestically announced, "I will now produce two rabbits!"

He spoke the abacadabra words, snapped the opera hat open and waved his wand. But suddenly something went wrong—a pair of pink ears popped from beneath Thurston's coat. Kids aren't tolerant of mistakes—especially by a magician. "Yah, yah!" they screamed. "We saw the rabbit. It's under your coat!"

Thurston tried to calm them, flung them bright pennies, gave them his rabbits. But they were still Bronx-cheering as he executed a little stage bow and exited. There were tears in the old boy's eyes.

That was Thurston the Magician's farewell performance. A fortnight later he joined Houdini in the presto-chango corner of Heaven. You see he knew, as those kids did, that he had lost his Magic Touch. Without it there wasn't much point in hanging around any more.

—BILLY ROSE'S COLUMN *Pitching Horseshoes*

Our human comedy

Laughter is a healthful tonic — good for young and old. So gathered here to enhance your well-being are some amusing bits from the everyday world

In front of a clothing store on New York's lower East Side, financier and humanitarian Otto Kahn once spotted a sign which read: "Samuel Kahn, cousin of Otto Kahn."

Otto promptly referred the matter to his lawyers and several days later, when he passed the store again, he encountered a freshly painted sign which now read: "Samuel Kahn, formerly cousin of Otto Kahn."

—Harold H. Prince

The doctor had always charged his patients what he felt they could afford, so he was quite nettled when one of his more affluent clients offered him a leather wallet as her payment.

"I made this myself," she said, but the medico shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said gruffly, "but cash and not gratitude must be the measure of my remuneration. I'd appreciate $200 for my services."

The woman stared at him a moment, then reached into the wallet and withdrew five $100 bills, two of which she gave to a crestfallen physician.

—Stanley E. Dunnigan, M.D

He was driving her home from the dance. It was past midnight, very dark, and the road was lonely. Suddenly the car stopped, the young man got out, looked the car over, turned to the girl and said: "What a break. The gas tank seems to be full of water and we can't move a foot."

The girl gave a sigh and said: "Come inside. This has happened to me before. All we have to do now is sit and argue for a while and the water turns right back into gasoline."

—Don Pallini

All night-club owners like to have the patronage of what they call "nice looking people." They dress up the place, the café men say. They give the restaurant the glamorous atmosphere so important to it.

Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of the Stork Club, began to notice a distinguished looking, immaculately dressed fellow who always seemed to leave the place about the same hour each night. He always appeared to be alone. Whenever he saw the man leaving for the night, Billingsley would smile and bow, and the man would nod gravely in return.

Finally, Sherman turned to one

of his captains and inquired: "That fellow — he's here every night. What's his name? Tomorrow I must send him a bottle of champagne."

"Mr. B.," said the captain meekly, "that's Joe. He's a waiter here!"

—Louis Sobol

"I DON'T SEE WHY you couldn't have inherited a little of my brains!" the irate father stormed at his small son. "What did the teacher keep you in for tonight?"

"I didn't know where the Azores were."

"Well, after this, just remember where you put things," the father retorted.

—Mary Weingarth

THIS ADVERTISEMENT once appeared in a German paper:

"The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he was recognized."

A few days later this reply appeared in the same paper:

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his home."

—Sherman Billingsley

SAID THE MAN: "I want a loaf of Munsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy's Lasses, Orange Pully, a pound of Aunt Annie's sugar candy, Bitsey-Bite size."

"Sorry," the clerk replied. "No Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oastsie-Toasties, Malty-Wheaties, Riceltes or Eatum-Wheatums?"

"The Wheatums, then," said the customer.

"Anything else?" asked the clerk. "Tootsies, Tatery Chips, Cheesie Weesies, Gingile Bits, Itsey Cakes, Sweetzie Toofums or Dramma's Doughnies?"

"No," the man replied, starting off to the meat department. "Dot to det some meat."

—*A Friendly Handshake*

HOTEL CLERK (to arriving guest): "Pardon me, sir, but will you tell me what that coil of rope is for?"

Guest: "That's my own fire escape. Since all these hotel fires, I carry it for protection."

Hotel clerk: "I'm sorry, sir, but all guests carrying their own fire escapes must pay in advance."

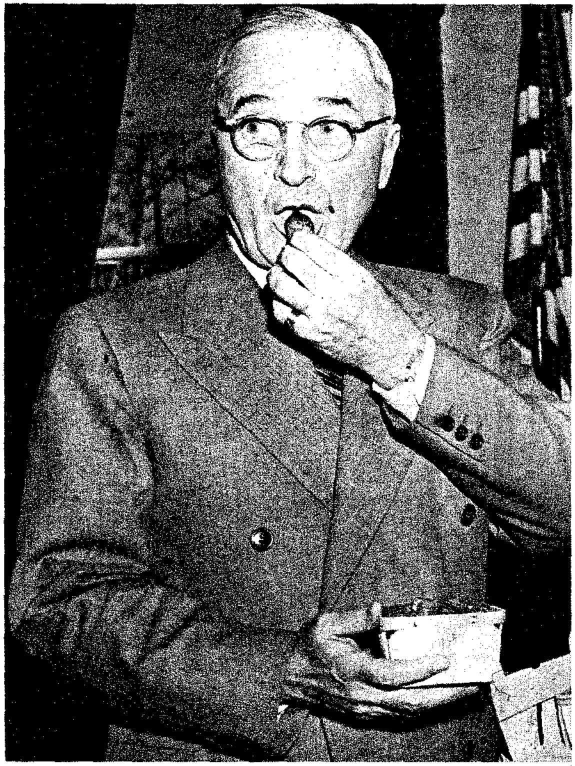
—Edwin F. Amstead

IT WAS A GALA NIGHT, but the audience was apathetic. And then a terrible catastrophe befell the violinist. In the middle of a performance, the E string snapped.

The moment was tense. Clawing furiously at the instrument, the artist deliberately broke the A and D strings. Then, while the audience held its breath, the violinist strode recklessly to the front of the stage. Thrusting his violin under his chin, he signaled the orchestra to proceed. "One string," he exclaimed, "and Paganini!"

Before, he had been well known. Within a matter of weeks, Paganini was world-famous.

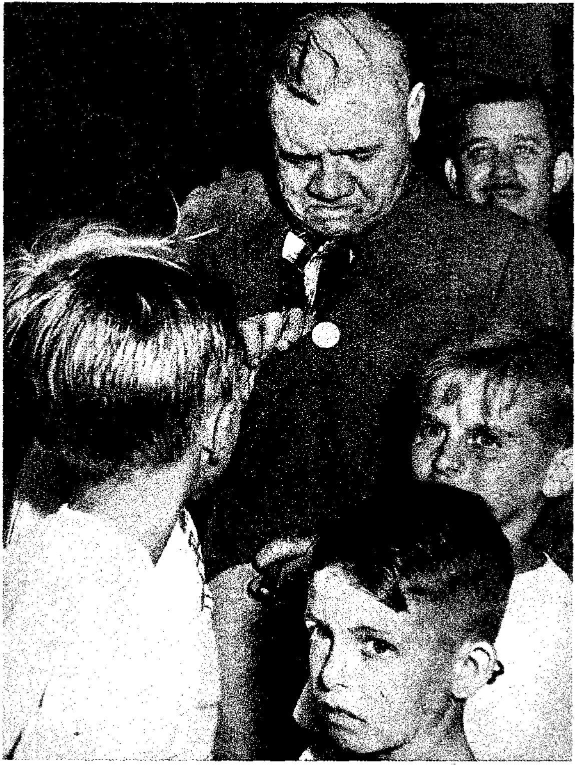
—Mrs. Elmer Hiers



STRAWBERRIES FOR THE PRESIDENT *Frank Cancellare, Acme*

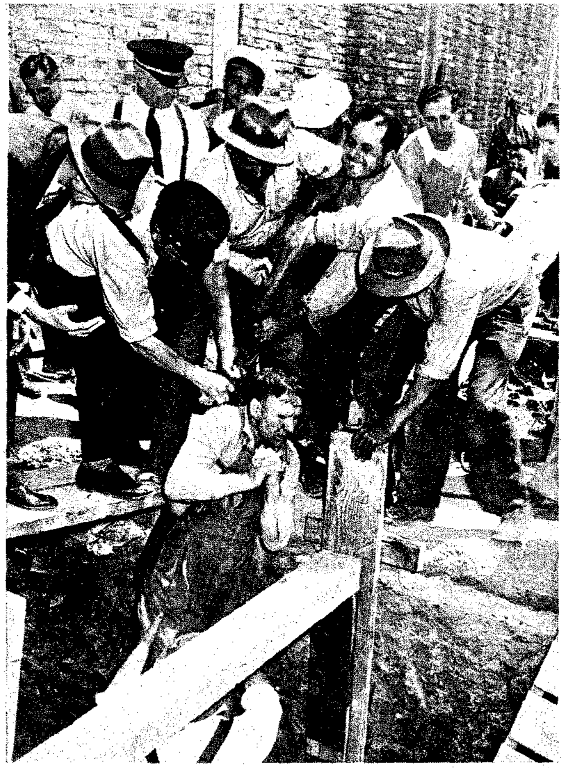
The Year's Best News Pictures

ONE OF THE nation's finest tributes to newspaper cameramen is the University of Missouri's annual 50-Print Exhibition. By bringing together the best news photographs of the year, the University has done much to make us realize that news photographers are among journalism's most sensitive reporters. Now, on these pages, Coronet presents its selection of the best of the Exhibition's 50 winners. Here, in unforgettable photographs, is a graphic statement of the cameraman's creed: *to portray people and events, to capture the excitement of the moment, to record the drama of life in action.*



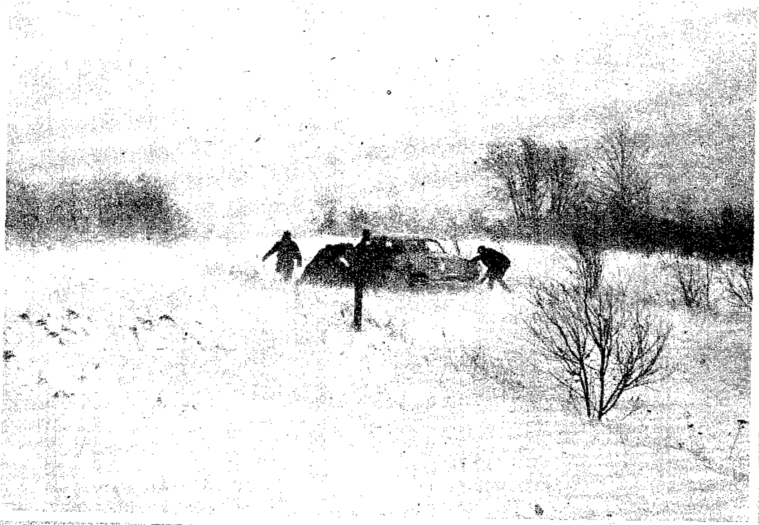
Still the King

FRED BRENT of the Miami *Herald* took this poignant picture of baseball's Babe Ruth arriving in Florida last April. Mr. Brent writes: "The way the kids surged around the aging, ailing Babe Ruth proved that he was still a champion. Feeling their adoration and Ruth's own heart-breaking reaction to it, I waited while a Boys' Club member pinned a membership badge on the Babe's lapel. A moment later I got what I wanted—a picture of the Babe on the verge of proud and happy tears. In that instant you could see what the simple tribute meant to him. I wanted the picture to show that Babe Ruth was still the king. I think it does."



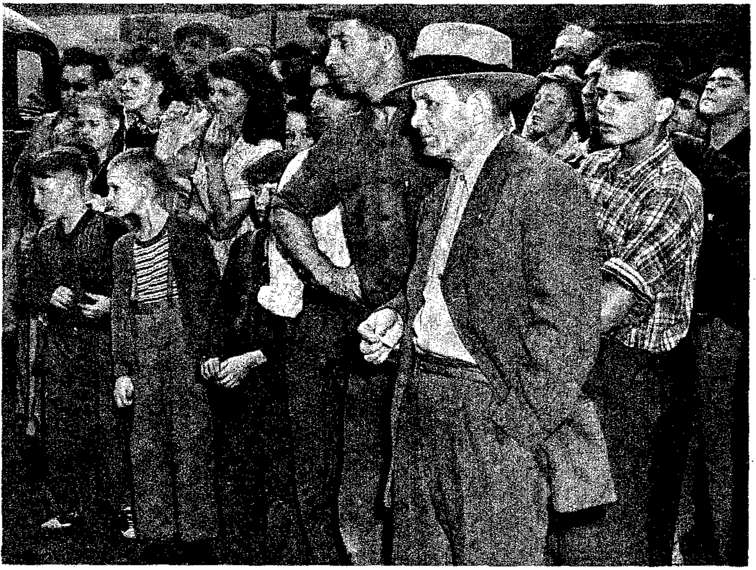
Rescue

TRAPPED WHEN a street excavation in which he was working caved in, the laborer being rescued in this picture was entombed for two agonizing hours. "When I arrived," says photographer Conversa of the San Jose (California) *Mercury-Herald*, "the rescuers were working frantically against time. I had to work fast, but after years of experience, setting your camera becomes second nature. No matter how hard you are hit by what you have to shoot, the mechanical details come out all right. To me this is a memorable picture, because in it you can sense the pain of being crushed, the intense urgency of the rescue and the relief of seeing a man saved from death."



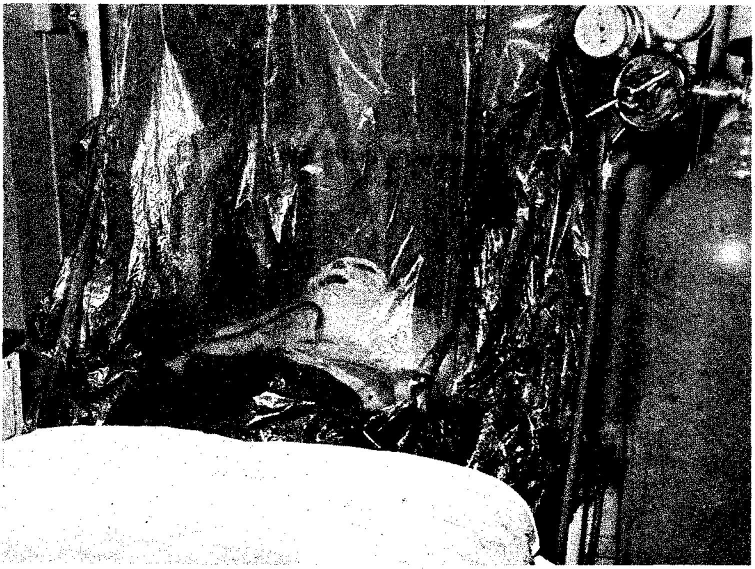
Snowbound

IN REPORTING THE news for their papers, photographers must record the small and seemingly unimportant along with the tragic and happy events. That is why a good cameraman should know how to make an effective, dramatic story out of very simple subjects. In this picture, Jack Auringer of the Detroit *Times* was able to convey the feeling of winter and its icy grip with astonishing reality. The photograph was made north of Newberry, Michigan, in the Tahquamenon National Forest. The men trying to dig their car out of a deep snowdrift had just completed a deer-hunting trip in that area. A rescue party, including Mr. Auringer, who was on vacation at the time, pushed through the snow towards the scene. The hunters' car was picked up out of the drift and put back on the road. "A high wind, driving fine snow before it, gave the appearance of extreme cold," says the photographer. "But actually the temperature was about 12 degrees above zero."



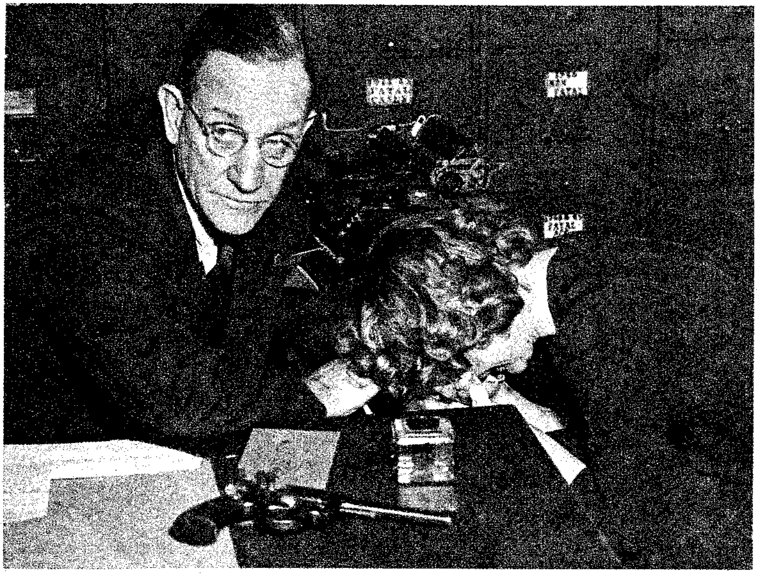
A Look at Death

SOMETIMES A newspaper photograph can add atmosphere to a story without portraying the actual event. In this picture Hyman Paul of the Detroit *Times* did not photograph the tragedy which brought him to the scene. He saw a much better picture in the crowds which had gathered about him. What Mr. Paul tried to capture were the looks of horror, awe and curiosity in the faces of these bystanders. Like the photographer, they rushed to the scene when a filling-station attendant was found robbed and murdered. A picture like this can do more to place newspaper readers in the position of eye-witnesses than many words of lurid prose or pictures revealing the bare blood and torture of violent death. This is an on-the-scene record which manages to tell the story of murder simply and with an almost overpowering effect of sympathy for the victim. It is the kind of photograph which picture editors often use to set the scene for an accompanying news story.



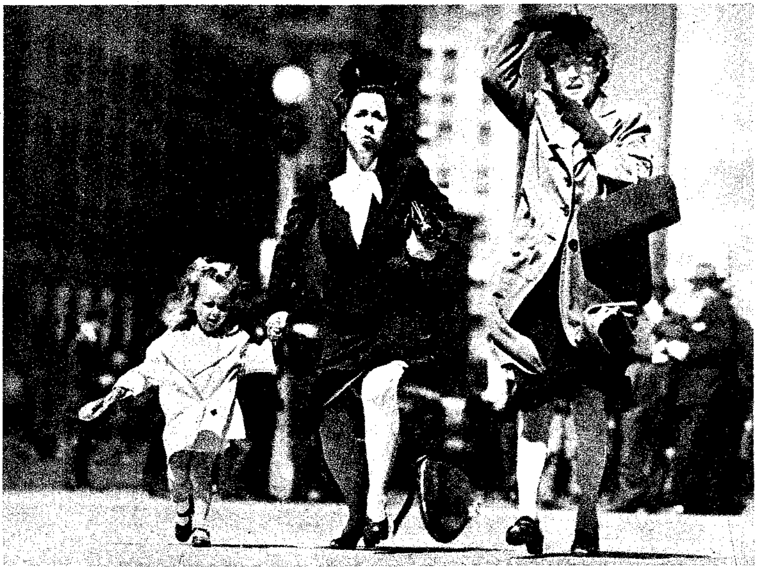
Fight for Life

WRITING ABOUT his impressive portrait of a man near death, which he took while working for the Detroit *Times*, Rod Rieser tells this story: "My assignment began as a routine fire job, but I followed the victims to the hospital. When I got there, I learned that one two-year-old daughter of the severely burned man in this picture had already died; another, aged seven, wasn't expected to live. I found the ward in which he had been placed and made a shot of him lying in the oxygen tent. As my flash bulb went off, he cried out, 'What was that?' Just then his wife came in with their three-month-old baby. The woman's arms were bandaged, and she was weeping. I might have made another shot, but I could see that this was no place for a photographer. The tragic fire started when a homemade oil stove exploded. Neighbors and friends took up a collection to aid the stricken family and I later heard that the man recovered from his terrible burns."



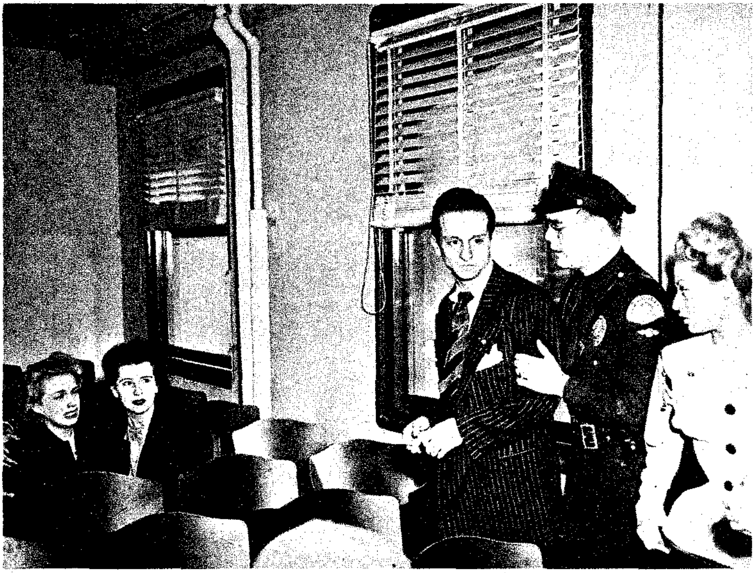
Confessing Homicide

THIS PICTURE was made in the office of Lieut. Peter Connors of the Homicide Division of the Pittsburgh Police Department. Cameraman Edwin J. Morgan of the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* writes: "I was finishing my night assignments when we heard of a shooting on the newspaper's police radio. It was 2:30 A. M. My night editor sent me to the police station to get some pictures. When I stepped into Connor's office I made this photograph. The girl was sobbing out her story of how she shot her drunken policeman father. You ask how I feel about this shot: it contains real human drama. The empty gun, the distressed look on the detective who had known the dead man and rocked this girl to sleep when she was a baby, the 'fatal cases' signs on the file cabinet behind the distraught girl—these all tell such a completely dramatic story that a caption is almost unnecessary. We were all relieved when the court ruled justifiable homicide and the 19-year-old girl was freed."



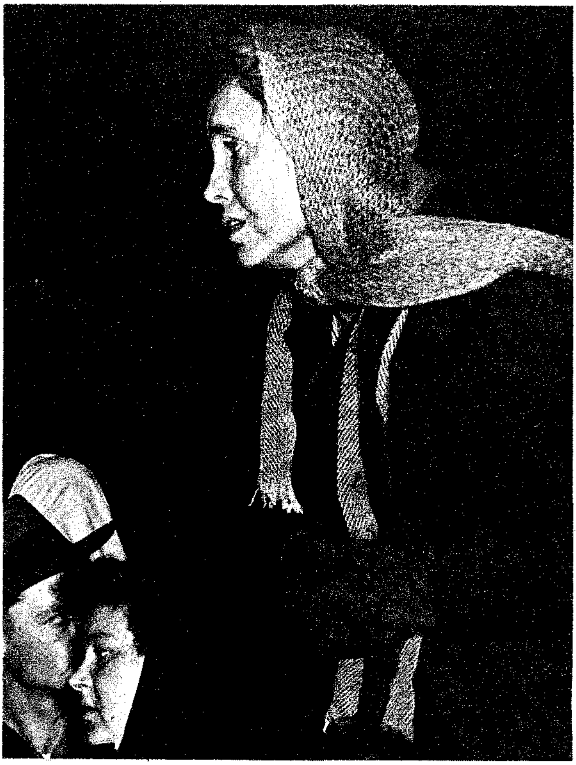
Windy City

According to the Chicago *Tribune's* veteran news photographer, Thomas Johnson, this light-hearted picture of high winds in Chicago was simply a "lucky break." It was a spring day and lake breezes were whipping up Michigan Avenue. It was just the kind of afternoon for what picture editors call "weather shots"—those human-interest photographs newspapers use to mark a season's arrival. Mr. Johnson posted himself on a street corner. He had a 15-inch lens mounted on his Graflex camera, and as the wind blew he waited for his chance. These three strollers didn't see Johnson, who was about 50 feet away when he clicked his shutter. "I was lucky," he says, "to have the little girl's hat blow off at just the right spot and just the right time. They didn't seem to notice it, though. You can see it there between the two women, rolling along like a ball. What I like is the determined look on the face of the younger woman. She looks as if she's out to beat Chicago's famous wind."



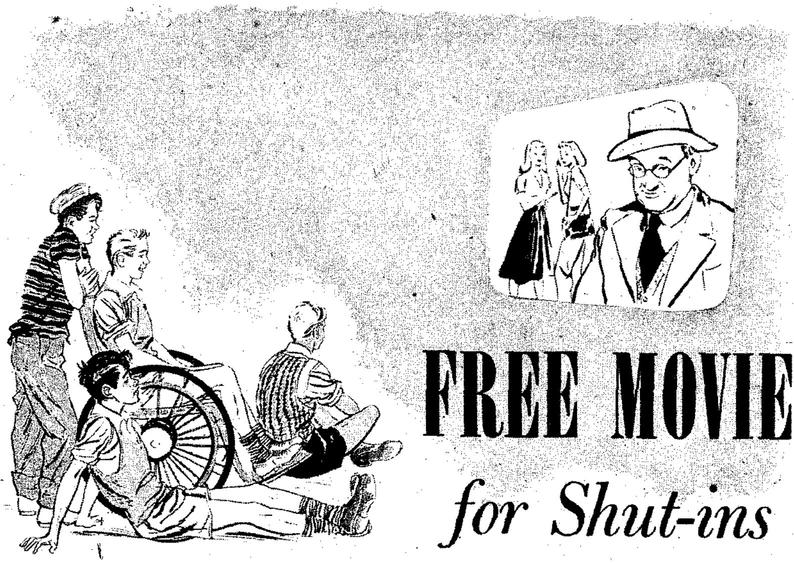
Inquest Drama

William W. Walker of the Los Angeles *Herald-Express* made this picture of silent violence at a coroner's inquest into the death of a 13-month-old infant. The child's mother is weeping uncontrollably at the far left. The man being held by the police officer is the child's father. Their baby was struck by another man. The second man's wife stands at the far right of the picture. Cameraman Walker says: "The full effect of this photograph lies in the expressions of the participants—agony on the face of the bereaved mother (*far left*), sympathy and curiosity in the eyes of the friend sitting next to her, burning hatred on the lips of the father (*center*) and anxiety marking the features of the woman (*right*) whose husband was accused of beating the baby. I think this picture shows human emotions at their rawest levels—blind, consuming rage and confused, frenzied grief. This inquest was one of the most thrilling I have ever covered. It was filled with tense drama from start to finish."



Anxious

"CONCERNING MY picture," writes Sam Caldwell of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "I arrived three hours after the tragic coal-mine explosion at Centralia, Illinois, on the night of March 25, 1947. This picture was made about eight hours after the catastrophe which claimed 111 lives. My attention was first arrested by the look of hopeful courage in this woman's face as she waited for some word from the rescuers. Cold and weary, she stood through the night, and when I made this picture the strain of her long vigil was beginning to show—her patience was turning to despair as it became apparent that all those trapped in the mine were dead."



FREE MOVIES for Shut-ins

How a dauntless girl in a wheelchair widened the horizon for thousands of other cripples in homes and hospitals

by **CAROL HUGHES**

NINE-YEAR-OLD JOE Tracey sat in a wheelchair in the modest Tracey home in St. Louis. Outside, the afternoon sun was waning, and in a vacant lot beyond his window, Joe watched his "gang" play ball.

Suddenly one of the boys shouted: "Hey, we gotta go! It's almost time for Joe's movies."

The boys scampered off to home and dinner. At 8 o'clock they were back, gathered in the Tracey living room. While Joe sat in his wheelchair and they on the floor, they watched film after film—*Mickey Mouse*, a juvenile comedy, a sports short. It was Joe's movie party—all free.

In St. Louis, any shut-in can stage a show like Joe's by merely picking up the phone or mailing a post card. Back of this practical humanitarian idea is slim Marjorie Lang, a permanent shut-in herself but probably the busiest person in all St. Louis.

From her wheelchair at 5965 Cabanne Place, she directs 640 people, all members of the Volunteer Film Association, a group dedicated to bringing free movies to shut-ins. In eight years the Association has grown from two 16 mm. films and one projector to a full-stocked picture library and ten projectors. To hundreds of cripples, they have opened the door to new worlds of hope and inspiration.

The plan is simple. The organization secures films, mostly rent-free, from industrial concerns, film libraries of the state and federal governments, universities and schools. Volunteer projectionists give one night every two weeks, visiting a patient's home or a hospital to handle an individual screening. Cards are mailed to patients three days in advance, to reassure them that the show will go on as scheduled. But first, the Previewing Committee selects the *proper* film for each patient, in cooperation with the attending physician.

The beneficial effect of "film night" on the patient cannot be exaggerated. Hundreds of shut-ins, including crippled veterans, look forward more eagerly to this one night than to any other event that lightens the monotony of their days.

"We manage to take care of all requests," Marjorie Lang says, "but I am looking forward to the day when every city in the United States will have such a plan."

MARJORIE LANG, daughter of banker Benjamin S. Lang, was graduated from Vassar and then returned to St. Louis to study medicine at Washington University. She was a brilliant student for three years, then suddenly began to lag. Her devoted mother, thinking she was merely tired, took her on a Mediterranean cruise, but long before the cruise ended Marjorie knew the worst. She had been stricken by multiple sclerosis, for which there is no cure. She would never be able to walk again.

She came home in a wheelchair, 18 years ago. For many agonizing years she sat in her room, shut off from the world and seeing only a small circle of devoted friends. Then, on a night in February, 1939, a great event took place.

Susan Barnes, a vivacious girl who had taken up occupational therapy as a profession, had just returned from Mexico. She came to Marjorie's home that night, bringing a projector and movies she had taken of her trip.

As Marjorie watched the films in delight, her restless intellect reached out beyond her room-world. Suddenly she said: "I wish every person in a wheelchair could see these films."

The two young women looked at each other. Why not? With that intuitive flash, Marjorie Lang had not only opened the door to a new world for herself but for thousands of other shut-ins as well.

They talked far into the night, planning the gigantic task of organizing a city to help unfortunate people. Their task was no haphazard affair. Both knew medicine, and the value of occupational therapy, but they also knew that just showing a movie to a shut-in was not enough. They had to have a full knowledge of the patient, the proper types of film for various diseases, and volunteers to handle the work.

Susan Barnes consulted with the Social Planning Council of St. Louis. They were enthusiastic about the idea. Next, the Chamber of Commerce offered to cooperate.

After Marjorie had enrolled her own doctor, Frederick A. Jostes of Barnes Hospital, as an adviser, she began ferreting out amateur photographers. They brought their own films and projectors, and agreed to train volunteers. Then patients were sought.

"You'd be surprised how people fear something free," Marjorie recalls. "We had more trouble, in the beginning, getting a shut-in to let us show the films than we did in securing volunteers."

But by the end of the first year, Marjorie and Susan had overcome many obstacles, had collected 9,100 feet of silent film, and had staged 436 shows for home and hospital patients. Meanwhile, their crew of two had increased to 40.

The home life of Marjorie Lang had changed completely in that year. The house was a beehive of activity; people came at all hours of day and night. With the help of committees, Marjorie directed the task of training operators, securing and previewing films, interviewing volunteers and keeping records of all showings. Projectors littered the hallways and stacks of film were scattered through her room.

At first, the source of films was a worry, since the organization had no money to finance purchases. But soon Miss Lang found that scores of industrial films produced by corporations and travel bureaus were available, as well as "home" movies made by travelers at home and abroad. These could all be had free of charge. Then the organization voted a $1-a-year membership fee, to secure rental funds for old Hollywood comedies. The membership grew, the patients became an avalanche and the volunteer workers came in droves.

Doctors, dentists, housewives, debutantes, shopgirls, called at the Lang house and said: "I have Wednesday night free, or Sundays free. What can I do?"

Marjorie Lang enrolled them gladly. "When I see two young girls lugging a projector, a screen and a bag of films across my yard, and know that they have given up an evening in which they could be having fun, I know it's a good world," she says.

As MARJORIE LANG's great work progressed, so did her illness. Where once she could move her arms, write cards and answer telephones, she now knew that her time was limited. Yet only to Dr. Jostes did she ever mention her illness. She would tell him quietly: "It has now reached my left arm." Today the dark-eyed, dark-haired woman can scarcely move her head. But she is determined that her work will go on.

As the years have passed, her directorial ability has proved to be inspired. The Volunteer Film Association is now recognized as a valuable curative medium for the invalid who needs mental stimulus for recovery. Yet the task is not a matter of showing just any film—but the *right films*. Each patient sees the type of movie that is suggested by the attending physician.

In its eight years of existence, the organization has never duplicated a showing; each invalid enjoys a completely new show each time.

Miss Lang speaks with intimate knowledge about her patients. Any stranger hearing her say, "Oh, Mr. Smith will be delighted with this," or "Wait till little Jennie sees this one," finds it hard to believe that the girl has not left her room in years. Her mother explains: "They all write her, and the phone calls are endless. She knows them from her chair better than the operators do who enter their homes."

The patients range from 6 to 96, male and female, all colors and creeds. One bedridden patient, a young man of 23, has not spoken a word since birth. Having never seen a film, the Volunteer Association opened up a whole new existence to him. Now his life is centered upon waiting for the great event. As the operators leave his room, he smiles in gratitude and holds up two fingers, meaning: "See you in two weeks."

Another patient, an 11-year-old boy, lies day after day in an iron lung, victim of infantile paralysis. While the machine pumps the pressure of life into his body, he laughs gleefully at the comedies shown on the ceiling of his hospital ward.

In the home of one Negro lad, the operator was conscious of activity in the darkened room. When the lights came on at the end of the first film, she was startled to find that her audience had grown from one little boy and his parents to 36 neighborhood youngsters, huddled on the floor.

Doctors point to such experiences as among the most beneficial effects of the entire program. Where once the shut-in was isolated, now his home has become a center of life, activity and new friends. His mind has been activated. He is no longer alone and unhappy. He is, indeed, inspired to get well, through finding a new stimulus for living.

At the St. Louis Children's Hospital, movies are shown every Monday to all patients. Sometimes this means five shows a day, since the contagious cases must have one performance, the iron-lung patients another (on the ceiling), and isolated youngsters still another. But no child is ever disappointed.

"The movies are the highlight of our existence here," says Sarah Barnes, chief occupational therapist. "Many of the children do not even want to go home on Friday or Saturday, but say, 'Can't I wait until Monday?' "

Today, the association has 640 members, a library of 110,000 feet of film, and the backing of most of the social-service agencies in St. Louis. Last year Marjorie Lang was honored as a person who has given the most time and effort to help others. But she says: "When I see what the program has meant here, I cannot be satisfied until it is nation-wide. We have only scratched the surface. Out beyond one city, thousands are waiting and dreaming of the same thing.

"Surely our plan can be adapted to the needs of the bedridden in homes and hospitals everywhere. All that is needed is the urge to help the unfortunate—and the energy to start the program rolling on a community basis."

The Perfect Dedication

AN AUTHOR WHOSE first novel will be published shortly has dedicated it thus: "To my wife, without whose absence this could not have been written."

—*Montrealer*

Grin and share it

Edited by **Irving Hoffman**

The youth was leaving for his first class at flying school, and his mother was bubbling with understandable concern.

"Harold," she advised, "remember what I told you. Be careful. Fly low and slow." —Edward H. Giles

A candidate for the police force was being verbally examined.

"If you were by yourself in a police car and were pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing 40 miles an hour along a lonely road, what would you do?"

The candidate looked puzzled for a moment. Then he replied: "Fifty." —Lucy Komenda

Some time ago the following story became a favorite yarn for men grouped around a card table. It seems three men and a dog were sitting very seriously around a table playing poker. The dog held a hand, just as the men did, and played its cards with no indication from the other players that there was anything in the least unusual about a dog playing poker.

As the evening wore on, the woman of the household came in; seeing the dog playing, she said to the men: "Why, that's the most amazing thing I've ever seen—a dog playing poker!"

"What's so wonderful?" barked the dog. "I haven't won a hand yet."

—*You Bet Your Life* by Leo Guild

During a spirited auction, proceedings were momentarily halted when the auctioneer raised his hand and announced: "A gentleman in the room has just lost a wallet containing $1,000 and for its immediate return he is offering a reward of $250."

There followed a brief silence, then from the back of the room was heard: "$255!" —Gwenn O. Riggs

It was early morning, and the husband whispered across the bed to his wife.

"Must be time to get up," he told her.

"Why?" she asked, yawning.

"Because," he sighed, "the baby just fell asleep." —Doris Comstock

He was only a little fellow with an appealing look, shifting impatiently from foot to foot, as he stood by his father's side in the crowded elevator.

Ignored, he tugged at his Dad's coat until the man bent over so that the lad could whisper into his ear. Then the father shook his head vigorously, obviously annoyed.

As the elevator sped from floor to floor the procedure was repeated, to the other passengers' amusement and the father's aggravation. Finally, unable to contain himself any longer, the youngster blurted aloud: "Please!"

"No!" barked his exasperated Dad. "I don't care *how* Superman does it! This is the way we're going up!" —RAYMOND P. WALKER

THE SUCCESSFUL mayoralty candidate was approached by one of his campaign workers.

"I have a son," said the constituent, "who needs a job. I trust I can count on your help."

"Sure," said the politico, "what does he do?"

"Frankly," replied the man, "nothing."

"Good!" said the mayor-elect. "Then we won't have to break him in!" —SAM PARISH

"SO YOU'RE NOT GOING to Mexico City this year?" declared the neighbor.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Blank corrected her. "It's Buenos Aires we're not going to this year. It was Mexico City we didn't go to last year."

"I BELIEVE YOU ARE thinner than the last time I saw you, Mrs. Jones. Are you taking treatments or dieting to lose weight?"

"Oh, no, I'm losing weight because of all the trouble I'm having with my new maid."

"Why don't you fire her?"

"I'm going to, just as soon as she worries me down to 140 pounds." —*Lejeune Globe*

A FELLOW WAS telling a friend about a movie he'd witnessed the night before. "The heroine came out from behind a bunch of ribbons," he related, "and the hero appeared alongside a pile of fruit. The villain sneaked in behind some straw and hit the hero on the head. He disappeared in the straw."

"What kind of movie was that?" queried the friend.

"I know it sounds odd," shrugged the first fellow, "but that's the way it looked to me. The woman in front of me kept her hat on!" —PAMELA DRAKE

"I WANT A SHAVE," said the sergeant as he climbed into the barber's chair. "No haircut, no shampoo, no rum, witch hazel, hair tonic, hot towels, or face massage. I don't want the manicurist to work on my nails, nor the bootblack to shine my shoes. I don't want to be brushed down, and I'll put on my coat myself. I just want a plain shave, with no trimmings. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the barber meekly. "Lather?" —*Empire Crown*

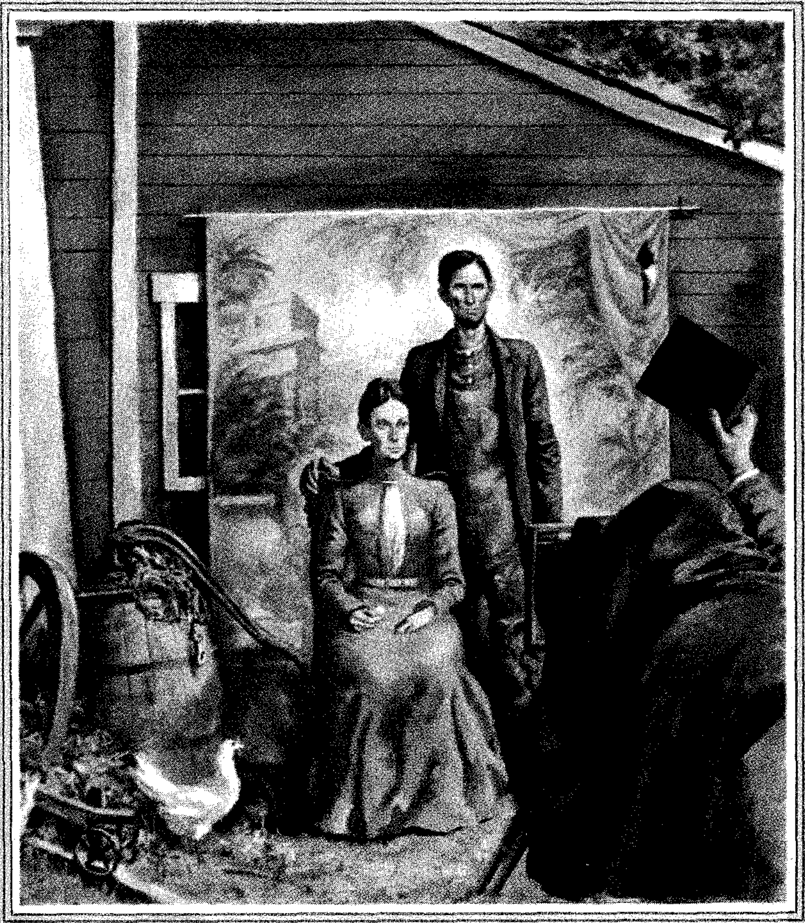
THE CONVICT was taken to the rock pile on his first day in jail. The guard gave him a sledge hammer and pointed to a large rock.

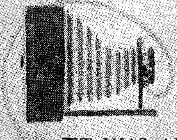
"Okay, bud," he ordered, "go ahead and split this rock."

The convict eyed the rock curiously. "Why?" he inquired. "What's inside?" —CLIFFORD WARREN

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

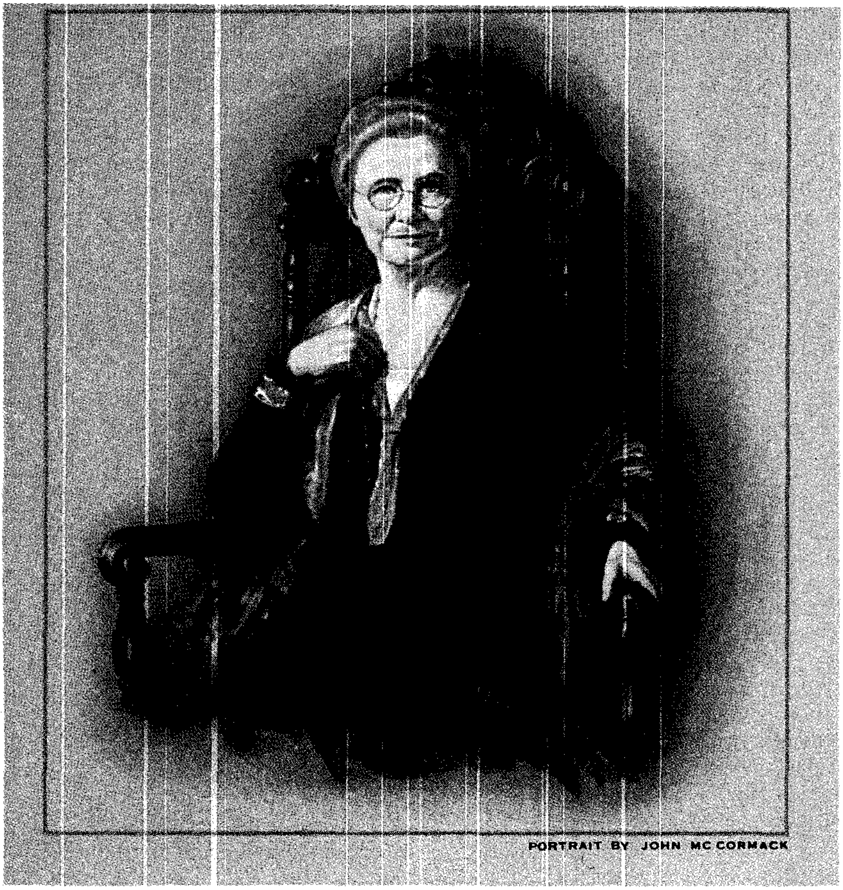
ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF MEMORABLE EVENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE. PAINTING BY BEN STAHL.





Family Portrait

IT WAS AN IMPORTANT DAY on the farm when the itinerant photographer stopped off with his sturdy camera and painted backdrop. And having one's picture taken was enough of an event for the farmer's wife to don her best dress, even if her husband, reluctantly forsaking his work in the fields, posed in work shirt and overalls. For years afterward, the picture hung in the farmhouse parlor, admired by all who saw it there.



PORTRAIT BY JOHN MC CORMACK

Flora Cooke: *Grand Old Lady of Education*

by CAROL LYNN GILMER

WHEN THE STUDENTS of Francis W. Parker School on Chicago's North Side entered the building that particular morning, first-graders up to high-school seniors paused to look at the new picture which had just been hung in the hall. Presented by the class of 1929, it was a portrait of the school's principal, a sweet-faced, bright-eyed old lady named Flora J. Cooke.

One small boy stood before the portrait, studying it thoughtfully.

Then his face lit up with a grin. "Oh, I know who that is!" he exclaimed. "That's the girl who talks to us at Morning Exercise."

With the unerring wisdom of a six-year-old, that first-grader had put his finger on the secret of Flora Juliette Cooke's greatness. This "girl" was 69 years old when she retired in 1934, after half a century as teacher and school administrator. She had won the acclaim of educators throughout the world during her 33 years as principal of Parker School. Yet the love, the sympathy and the understanding she has for little children made a small boy think of her as a contemporary.

☆ ☆
Great
Living
Americans
XIV
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Although Flora Cooke is 82 years old today, she is still young in heart and spirit, is still devoting her remarkable energy to the building of a better world for young people. If you should visit her home you would not find this gentle, white-haired old lady sitting with folded hands and dreaming of the past. More likely she would be mailing appeals for funds for an orphans' home in Japan, or preparing an address to deliver before a civic group interested in improving Chicago's schools.

Very probably your visit would be interrupted by phone calls and visitors. For even though Flora Cooke, often called the "Grand Old Lady of Education," has been in technical "retirement" for 13 years, she has never retired from her duties as a good citizen and an educational leader.

School people from all over the country still seek her advice, while visitors still flock to Parker School, which for the past several years has been ably directed by a new principal, Herbert W. Smith. Here, they inspect one of the world's most famous "laboratory schools."

They see classrooms where phonographs, radios, typewriters are used in the education of grade-school youngsters. They visit the manual-training shops and science laboratories, the art and music studios, and the daily morning assembly hall—all startling innovations back in the 1900s when Parker School was busy proving their value. They attend meetings of the Parents' Association—one of the first in the country and a forerunner of the P.T.A.s now found everywhere. Best of all, they see happy children—happy because they are learning.

This happiness is the chief measure of Flora Cooke's success. She demonstrated that acquiring knowledge can be fun—and proved her point not with theories on child psychology but with actual classroom demonstrations.

To retrace the story of Flora Cooke as a great teacher, it is necessary to go back to a September morning in 1884, when a 19-year-old girl stepped through the gate of an Ohio farmyard and headed toward a rural schoolhouse a mile away. This was her first day as a teacher, and she was hurrying to build a fire in the tiny one-room building so the school would be warm when the children arrived.

Some serious thoughts went

through Flora Cooke's mind during that mile walk. She was determined to be a good teacher. Yet she knew that her own definition of a "good teacher" differed radically from the accepted standards of 1884. In most schoolrooms, there was continual undeclared warfare between instructor and students. The teacher who with iron discipline imposed her will upon pupils was considered a good teacher. Flora Cooke, however, believed a good teacher should first of all be a good friend.

In a typical school of the '80s, a question from a child concerning his work was unheard of. Only the teacher should ask questions, and the children were expected to answer those questions with words memorized from textbooks. But Flora Cooke believed a child's natural curiosity was the open door to his mind, and that a good teacher should use that pathway.

In the readin', writin' and 'rithmetic schools of that day, every child was directed into the same narrow, prescribed channels, regardless of differences in interest and ability. Flora Cooke believed a good teacher should help the child develop his individual talents and aptitudes. Most of all, she was convinced that schools should be pleasant, happy places, rather than prisons with teachers serving as guards.

Yet on that first day of her teaching career, Flora Cooke had no visions of instilling her ideas into the pattern of American education. Her chief ambition was to make *her* school a happy place for the 20 pupils she would be teaching that year.

This ambition she promptly achieved. Yet it is possible that the rich warmth of her influence would never have reached beyond this tiny classroom had not Flora Cooke transferred the next year to the public schools of Youngstown, Ohio. Her principal there was Miss Zonia Baber, a young graduate of Cook County Normal School in Chicago, a school directed by Col. Francis W. Parker, whose revolutionary theories in education had aroused interest all over the country. Thus Flora Cooke first heard of the man whose guiding influence was to shape her own genius, the inspired educator whose work she was later to carry on and bring to the fruition he would not live to see.

That first morning in the Youngstown school, Flora Cooke watched the first-grade children file into her room. There seemed to be a lot of them, especially to a teacher whose experience had been gained in a country schoolroom. When roll was finally called, there were 125 excited, wriggling youngsters present.

Well, she mused, she had wanted to teach six-year-olds, so the more the better. But from her own childhood she remembered the physical and mental discomfort of sitting idle while other pupils recited. And in a class as large as this, idleness would be a major problem indeed.

After school that afternoon, the young teacher stopped at a stationer's and bought scissors, paste and paper. Later that week she borrowed number games and alphabet blocks from friends whose children had stacks of discarded toys. She even located a barrel of sand and a number of shallow pans, and brought in modeling clay from a near-by clay pit. Then she explained her project to Zonia Baber.

She wanted a shelf built along

one wall of the schoolroom. It was to be a "busy work shelf," she explained, stocked with games and puzzles which children could use without supervision while other youngsters were reciting. This request marked the true beginning of Flora Cooke's career as a teacher.

Most principals in 1886 would have assumed that a teacher who wanted to offer pupils playthings as "bribes," to keep them quiet, was incapable of maintaining discipline. But Flora Cooke was talking to Zonia Baber. And this farsighted young principal answered with an enthusiastic "Yes."

IN THE MONTHS that followed, as the two young women became fast friends, Flora Cooke began to absorb the enthusiasm Miss Baber felt for Colonel Parker's philosophy. The principal told of the revolutionary experiments at the Normal School, all of which fitted into and strengthened Flora Cooke's half-formed feelings about the way a child should be taught.

Parker had said: "There's no such thing as a bad child—only bad homes, bad habits and bad conditions." He had also said: "Every child wants to be active, to do what interests him, and interest is the best prod to learning."

These remarks brought back to Flora Cooke her own childhood. Her mother had died when she was five, and her father had tried to find homes for the children until he could bring the family together again. Her brothers and sisters were successfully placed, but in one year Flora had six homes. A child of unusual physical and mental energy, she always seemed to be getting into trouble.

At one school she had picked up the teacher's Bible and taken it to a near-by brook where she and another girl had decided to swear eternal friendship. Flora fell into the brook, taking the Bible with her. She knew she wasn't a "bad" child, but events like these had made her feel that adults regarded her as unruly.

Now she listened as Miss Baber described the Parker demonstration school where children learned through *doing*, not through being told—and realized she was not alone in dreaming of a new and better type of education. But not until two years later did she actually meet Colonel Parker. Zonia Baber had returned to the Normal School as a teacher, and at her suggestion the director asked Flora Cooke to come to Chicago to learn how to apply his philosophy of education.

For the next ten years, Flora Cooke made his vision her own. These were years of hard work, for Colonel Parker, despite his understanding good-humor which endeared him to children and adults alike, was not an easy taskmaster.

His faculty enjoyed a new freedom to experiment, but this freedom was balanced by unceasing labor to improve results, and a willingness to admit failure and correct mistakes if an experiment proved unsuccessful. Always his teachers were expected to help each child, no matter how unpromising, to find some aptitude which would offer a measure of success and self-confidence. If a student failed, it was considered the school's fault, not the child's.

Parker soon discovered that, in

Flora Cooke, he had a young woman who measured up to his demands. As interest in his school increased, he sent his teachers all over the country to explain and demonstrate his theories. Flora Cooke visited 28 states, and then, in 1899, during the summer vacation months, was sent to the newly-annexed Territory of Hawaii, where children of many races and languages attended school together.

For six weeks she taught a class of 20 youngsters, comprising Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and native Hawaiians, with only four English-speaking children from American missionary families. Instructing such a polyglot group would have been a bewildering problem for a teacher of the "old school," relying entirely upon textbooks. But though Flora Cooke had never taught a child who did not speak English, she knew that the principles of education she believed in could and *must* meet this test. And she demonstrated to a group of teacher-observers how to impart knowledge by appealing to children's natural interests.

Before the first week was over, her 20 small charges were laughing, working and playing together as happily as though they all spoke the same language. More important, they were learning as they went along. In teaching English, she brought to the classroom a basket of fruit. The names came first—"apple," "banana," "pineapple," all plainly written on the blackboard. When she was sure the children understood these names, she added the adjectives—"*red* apple," "*yellow* banana." Then she added verbs — "*Touch* the red apple," "*Hold* the yellow banana." And at last came the verb that each child had been waiting for, hoping he could demonstrate — "*Eat* the red apple," "*Eat* the yellow banana." Once again a class had learned that school could be fun.

ONE DAY IN 1901, Flora Cooke was summoned to a conference with Colonel Parker. There had been a great bustle among his faculty staff, for two significant events had occurred. First, Mrs. Emmons Blaine of Chicago had offered $1,000,000 to enlarge the school. Second, Dr. William R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, had invited Parker to bring the new school to the university as a School of Education.

Flora Cooke, like many other teachers who had been trained by Colonel Parker, planned to go with him when the move was made. But the genial educator startled her by asking: "How would you like to be principal of your own school?"

Then he went on to explain. When his demonstration elementary and high school was moved to the university, on Chicago's South Side, many North Side children would be unable to attend. Mrs. Blaine had offered to build a second school which, operating independently, would fill the gap.

"You won't be duplicating our experiments," he added. "You will be on your own."

True enough, Flora Cooke was on her own almost from the beginning. A year after the new Francis W. Parker School opened its doors in 1901, Colonel Parker died. And critics who had violently attacked his revolutionary program, as well as educators who had looked to him for guidance, now turned their attention to Flora Cooke and the school which bore his name.

That Colonel Parker had chosen his successor wisely was evident at once. When visitors began flocking to the school, they found classrooms that didn't look like classrooms. Gone were the old stationary desks, replaced by tables and chairs which could be moved about to accommodate varied activities. Recitation periods had almost a social atmosphere: the children, sitting in an informal group, discussed subjects with friendly guidance from the teacher. Textbooks served as references rather than as the first or sole source of information.

From the first grade onward, every child was given opportunity to learn through experience the relationship of what he absorbed in school to the world outside. When rivers were studied in geography, the youngsters trooped outdoors and saw a pail of water poured on a mound of earth. As the tiny river channeled along the course of least resistance until it reached level ground and spread out in a natural delta, the mighty Mississippi was re-enacted in miniature.

Arithmetic was given exciting reality when second-graders raised chickens—caring for them, buying feed, then selling the eggs to teachers and other pupils. Weekly bills were filled out for each purchaser, and a summary was made of total sales. To calculate weekly profits, the children had to learn the processes of adding and subtracting, and this they did eagerly.

Many of the projects that Flora Cooke and her teachers worked out 40 years ago do not sound startling today, for they have become standard practice in many schools. Yet Flora Cooke planned it that way. She believed that Parker had no validity as a private school unless its findings could be applied to public schools. Thus, Parker was never an "exclusive" school. From its first year, when 60 students attended, until today when nearly 500 are enrolled, the student body has included a democratic cross-section of the community much like that found in public schools.

At its founding, Mrs. Blaine had offered to pay half the school's operating expenses each year. This support continued for 34 years. Thus, Parker could open its doors not only to children of well-to-do parents, but also to those whose parents could pay only a part or none of the tuition fee.

Flora Cooke, viewing her students as future citizens, worked to instill in them faith in democratic procedures. The scholarship plan guaranteed a group of youngsters that varied widely in economic, racial and cultural backgrounds. The student body has often included Chinese, Japanese or Negro children, as well as children of European immigrants. Lack of tolerance was explained as lack of imagination.

Because of her passionate belief in democracy, Flora Cooke once gambled with the future of her school—and won. During World War I, a boy wrote an essay favorable to pacifism for *The Parker Weekly*, the school paper prepared and printed by the students themselves. When the children carried copies home, their parents demanded that Miss

Cooke expel the offending author.

Flora Cooke called a meeting of the parents, realizing that with the growing hysteria of the period the position she was about to take might cause such a wholesale withdrawal of students as to close the school. The fever of protest grew until, by the time the meeting was held, the parents were demanding not only that the boy be expelled, but that German language courses be dropped from the curriculum. After an hour of heated discussion Flora Cooke mounted the platform.

"You must understand," she began, "that the school paper is not published as an expression of policy of the school or the faculty, but to give students writing experience. Yet school policy *is* involved in any student's right to express his opinion without fear of being penalized.

"The United States has always stood for free speech. If this boy were expelled for his opinions, it would be a denial of everything he has learned in this school. No child can have faith in a school that preaches a theory and then denies it the first time it is put to a test, any more than a citizen can have faith in a democracy which pays lip-service to an ideal in theory but denies it in practice.

"Parker teachers are deeply concerned with the problem of educating youth for good citizenship in war as in peace. We may make mistakes; we welcome suggestions. But we must be free to do what we think is just and right."

When she had finished, there was silence in the auditorium. She left the platform and went home, afraid that she had lost. But next morning she received a huge bouquet of flowers from the Parents' Association. The message on the card told her that the parents were proud to have their children enrolled in a school which practiced what it preached. Thus did Flora Cooke teach these parents a lesson in the real meaning of Americanism.

Almost 30 years later, at the age of 80, she spoke out again with the same conviction. In July of 1945, Senator Bilbo of Mississippi conducted a filibuster against the Fair Employment Practices Committee, which was working to guarantee all citizens equal opportunity of employment, regardless of color, race or creed. Flora Cooke wrote the Senator a vigorous protest.

Bilbo replied: "How you Negroes can get it in your heads that any part of the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution covered your case, and why you get so damnably indignant at a white man who is doing his duty for his country, is beyond me."

When Miss Cooke read Bilbo's letter, she truly became "damnably indignant." In her eight-page reply she attempted to teach the Senator a lesson in Americanism. "Your first mistake, Mr. Bilbo, was the least important one. You assumed that I was a Negro, and therefore felt called upon to put me in my place. As it happens, I am a white woman. This gives me the same right—no more or less—that any loyal Negro citizen possesses to protest unfair acts performed by a duly-elected public servant."

Then she quoted the 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution, which guarantee citizenship rights regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude, to refute his statement that no part of the Constitution covers Negroes.

"Those Amendments," she added, "are not beyond the understanding of any intelligent Negro. But is their meaning beyond you, a Senator of the United States? I think not."

Belief in democracy, in the rights of the individual, is the core of Flora Cooke's faith. Throughout her career at Parker, the school was a cooperative organization—principal, teachers and students working together. As a rule, she gave teachers full freedom to put new ideas to a practical test. But occasionally, when she felt suggestions were contrary to the ideals of the school, she exercised a veto gently but firmly.

One year when the school was overcrowded, a teacher suggested that they might refuse to re-register certain children who had made the least progress. To this, Miss Cooke replied: "If these children are as unpromising as you say, then certainly their only hope of glimpsing something better is through this school. Haven't we all seen child after child who seemed impossible rise to fineness before graduation?"

SINCE PARKER SCHOOL has always believed that a child should be an active participant in his own education, it is not surprising that many of the school's best projects were suggested by the children themselves. One year, shortly before Christmas, a teen-age girl brought to Miss Cooke's office a bag filled with dolls and doll clothes she had made in sewing class. With shining eyes, she confided that she was going to give it to a girl at a settlement house she had visited with her parents.

"But there are lots of other children there, Miss Cooke, who would like toys and gifts. I thought some of our other girls would like to make doll clothes, too."

Flora Cooke gave enthusiastic approval, and the next morning posters in the corridors read: "*Wanted*—25 mechanics, 20 carpenters, 20 painters, 20 surgeons, 20 veterinarians, 20 book repair men, 20 game repair men, 20 wrappers and packers. Signed: Santa Claus."

At Morning Exercise the students who, with the cooperation of the manual arts teacher, were sponsoring the idea explained that if all children would bring in old toys fit for repair, volunteer workers would recondition them as Christmas gifts for settlement houses or children's hospitals.

The response was tremendous, not only in toys but in workers. Then requests from settlement houses and hospitals began to pour in. The work was of such fine quality that next year the recipients requested that the project be repeated. And so the Santa Claus Toy Shop became a yearly activity.

As the years went by, more and more of Flora Cooke's ideas were adopted by other schools. Yet many critics still charged that Parker school was a "play school," catering to the whims of children. This charge did not stand up, however, when one examined the "play" involved. Flora Cooke did not discard the standard curriculum of older schools; she merely devised new ways of presentation.

When children collected leaves, berries and nuts to be used in making stencil designs, they were not only gaining experience in creative art but were also taking the first step in the study of botany. When youngsters visited the sand dunes, swamps and glaciated regions near Chicago, when they saw the model coal mine at the Museum of Science and Industry, when they made field trips to factories, newspaper offices, railroad yards, airports and zoos, they were receiving practical instruction in geology, history, economics and zoology.

In the matter of discipline, too, Flora Cooke did not discard the old methods entirely. She felt that the problem of discipline was best met by gradually putting responsibility on the child. Thus, if a group of children wanted to present a program at Morning Exercise, they were allowed to practice for it alone. They knew that if they appeared to disadvantage at the Exercise, it would be obvious they had wasted time during rehearsal. In her 33 years as principal, there were few occasions when a child could not be made to understand reasons for improving his behavior.

For many years, Flora Cooke has believed that the best recommendation for Parker School's type of education are the students themselves—what they do with their lives after graduation. Considering its size, Parker has produced a surprising number of leaders in all fields, including engineers, architects, business executives, writers, musicians, actors, ranchers, farmers, scientists and educators.

Hundreds of Parker alumni recall Flora Cooke with strong personal affection, acknowledging the great part she played in shaping their lives. And she remembers each of them as a personal friend. During the war she corresponded with more than 100 boys in service who had formerly been students. On her 80th birthday, when 500 ex-pupils and parents of alumni attended a party in her honor, she amazed them by calling each former student by his first name.

In her lifetime of devoted service, Flora Cooke has received honors and acclaim as an educator, as a good citizen, and above all, as a warm friend and counselor. But to the Grand Old Lady of Education, the most meaningful tribute was made by Colonel Parker years ago. Not long after Flora Cooke arrived in Chicago, he told a friend: "Today I visited a first-grade room and saw a young woman really *teaching* a little child."

Reverse English

DISCUSSING A YOUNG couple who had married and left their small town, a woman inquired of a mutual friend whether the girl had made a good wife.

"I don't know about that," was the answer, "but she's certainly making him a good husband."

—CULLY HENSHAW

My Greatest Temptation --to play GOD

by ALICE JENNINGS

Read this thought-provoking story of a nurse who learned one of life's great lessons in the death of an Indian boy

AS A CHILD, I COULD never understand human suffering nor the strange religious logic of my elders.

When the town reprobate contracted pneumonia, because he fell into a ditch while drunk and couldn't get out, it was a judgment of God, a just punishment.

When my aunt, a pious church member, died of tuberculosis, everyone looked solemn and friends consoled us with lugubrious quotations from the Scriptures.

Questions arose in my childish mind, but my persistent queries were never answered to my satisfaction. In fact, even after active participation as a nurse in two World Wars, many of these questions still torment me.

My professional career has been spent trying to save lives, often working to prolong a wretched and hopeless existence when an earlier death would have been merciful release. I still remember many of the wounded I nursed in World War I: men with shattered bodies praying to die, men with disordered minds who had ceased to exist as human beings. Yet under medical ethics the agony was prolonged to the last heartbeat.

During the night vigils, I often resolved that if ever I were confronted with such a situation, and could act on my own responsibility, I would not permit needless suffering. The test of my resolve came not long ago.

At the time, I was employed by the U. S. Office of Indian Affairs. Technically my duties were those of public-health field nurse, but unofficially I was administrator, doctor, nurse and agricultural agent. I defended the Indian in the white man's courts, and was just about everything to this tribe of Potawatomis, scattered over Northern Wisconsin and Michigan. They had no other representative within hundreds of miles.

While many strange and tragic incidents occurred, I want to relate the story of Little Jo, a boy of 12, first-born child of Dan Gee-Zuk. Months before, I had seen the scantily clad little fellow with black dancing eyes, playing on the trail. But now there was little resemblance to that boy, for Little Jo was going to die of encephalitis, a rare and often fatal inflammation of the brain. Doctors had pronounced his case hopeless.

His parents did not want him taken to the Government hospital 300 miles away, so I kept him in a little local hospital until my emergency medical funds were exhausted. He lived longer than any of us expected, and finally his father took him home to spend his last days.

His mother was almost blind from trachoma, and the burden of Little Jo's care fell on Dan, a silent, brooding Indian. Getting supplies to their cabin was a problem, for they lived on a trail three miles from the highway. After the first snowfall, they were isolated.

Because of family objections to her becoming a nurse, Alice Jennings left her home in England and entered a hospital in the U.S. When World War I began, she returned to England and joined the British Red Cross Nursing Service. Back in America after the war, she became a Federal Public Health nurse in the Indian service, and was adopted by the Sioux tribe in Montana. Too old for the Army Nursing Corps in World War II, she joined the WAC, from which she was discharged in 1945. She became a free-lance magazine writer in 1946. In this article she recalls a poignant incident from her days in the Indian service.

My last visit to Little Jo was on a sparkling, sub-zero day in February. The unbroken trail stretched before me, a beautiful expanse of white glistening like diamonds. I was conscious of the winter beauty and stillness of the woods, and yet on this day it confronted me as an enemy.

The new blanket for Little Jo was slung over one shoulder, a medical kit over the other, and with a box of groceries in each hand, I negotiated the slippery trail until I reached an ice-bound hill. I scaled the hill on all fours, pushing the groceries ahead of me. There was not a sound. Even the birds and animals had found winter sanctuary. On each side were towering trees and, in between, I was aware of myself as a crawling dot, insignificant and unworthy.

I tried to hold to this scene of beauty, a picture to remember, as I approached the reality of Dan's ugly shack. I asked myself why these people, the rightful owners of wealth-producing timber land, must live in miserable hovels.

It was the usual Indian story. To get them off this land, the Government had purchased it. But payment was overlooked until a missionary society took the swindle to court, where the Government agreed to provide land and homes for each Indian family.

An agent, sent from Washington to purchase suitable land, made his headquarters at a local hotel owned by a lumber baron, who was eager to sell worthless acreage stripped of timber. And so the disgraceful deal was made. The Indians were settled on this cut-over area of thicket and stumps, without even a right of way to their homes. That was why I had to crawl on hands and knees to reach Little Jo.

It was bitterly cold in the cabin. There was no fire, and Little Jo's mother sat huddled by a cold stove. She knew little English, and when I asked about Little Jo, she exclaimed: "He very bad, no sleep, much pain."

"Why haven't you a fire? Where is Dan?"

"He go get wood, maybe deer, he take gun."

I walked into the adjoining room where Little Jo, wasted almost to a shadow, lay on his filthy cot.

"How are you, Little Jo?"

"No good, nurse, all time hurt," the boy replied. "See what father make to get me well."

Out from the dirty blanket came two claw-like hands, each clutching a little whittled wooden form which resembled a gingerbread man. Everything that the White Man had to offer had been tried, and now Little Jo had returned to the faith of his fathers. These little images represented the Great Spirit.

I hurried outdoors, picked up sticks and soon had a fire going in the stove. Cereal was cooked, and snow melted to bathe Little Jo. It seemed cruel to move him, but he had vermin, and sores on his body. To make it less painful, I gave him a hypodermic of morphine, then went to work.

It was a sickening task. Over and over, as I dressed his sores, I asked myself: why must this little boy linger and suffer? Where was the "Good Shepherd"? These were the old questions of my youth, and they were still unanswered.

Little Jo was bathed, wrapped in his new blanket, and eating cereal when his father came in from the woods. Dan seemed surprised to see me.

"How do, nurse. How you find Little Jo?"

"Not much different, Dan."

"You come bad day. Plenty cold. Soon will come night." He paused a moment, then added: "You wait, I fix fire. Then I walk over trail with you."

I was grateful for Dan's thoughtfulness. I had dreaded the hard walk back. While he replenished the fire I looked in on Little Jo to say good night. Since the effect of the morphine was wearing off, I decided to give another hypodermic and let him have a few more hours of freedom from pain.

I boiled a spoonful of water, then from the little tube of morphine tablets tried to shake a single one into the spoon. Suddenly I stood transfixed. *There were five tablets dissolving in the spoon.*

I remembered my old resolution —not to permit needless suffering if the choice were mine. Now I was alone; and the decision *was* mine.

Little Jo could drift into a last sleep, or suffer till he died. Now was the time. Better not hesitate. It was for Little Jo, with God as my witness.

With trembling hands I filled the hypodermic and returned to the bedside. The little boy gratefully stretched out his arm to me.

I began to shiver, as I stood there holding Death in my hand. I was afraid. Then, distraught but resolute, I grasped his arm and was sponging the surface when Dan called from the doorway:

"Ready, nurse?"

I was startled out of my absorption. The will to act weakened. I felt benumbed and powerless. Lamely I said to myself: better leave it to God. Who knows how I might feel after doing this?

Slowly, deliberately, I emptied the hypodermic on the floor. Then I boiled more water and carefully dropped one tablet into the spoon.

As I said good night, Little Jo asked: "You come again soon?"

"Yes, my boy, very soon."

Desperately I added a silent prayer that his suffering might speedily end. Then I placed the little wooden gods in his hands and hurriedly left the room.

Surefooted in moccasins, Dan helped my stumbling footsteps over the snow. We walked in a silence where even the snapping of a branch made a resounding crash.

I felt a strange loneliness, such as I had never known before. I wanted to talk about Little Jo. I wanted to vindicate myself.

Dan was first to break the silence. "Soon now you reach home."

"Yes, Dan. Thanks for bringing me safely to the road. Give Little Jo the tablets, they might help."

"You come again, maybe?"

"Yes, Dan, as soon as I can."

Dan's stoic exterior crumpled. "You white woman, but you good Indian. You not afraid. Little Jo die soon. Winter pass, Spring come. We not forget you."

We shook hands with ceremony. Then, like a shadow, Dan vanished into the dark, lonely trail.

Next day urgent duties called me to Michigan. When I returned the following week, Little Jo was dead. Somewhere among the sacred traditional birches he lies, buried in secret according to Indian custom.

Juvenile Jive

A little girl's father was confined to his bed with influenza and his wife had been very busy sterilizing all his dishes.

"Why do you do that, Mummy?" asked the little girl.

"Because, dear, Daddy has germs and the germs get on the dishes he uses. I boil the dishes and that kills the germs."

The little girl reflected a moment or two and then said: "Mummy, why not boil Daddy and get rid of the germs all at once?"

—Dan Bennett

• • •

The teacher asked Willie to explain what was meant by, "I love, you love, he loves."

"That's one of them triangles where somebody gets shot," replied the knowing child.

—Hawley R. Everhart

Chew Your TOOTHACHES *Away*

The versatile vitamin K added to chewing gum is one of the new weapons science is using in its all-out war against tooth decay

by MARK L. WESTON

IF YOU HAD WALKED into some of the classes of Northwestern University Dental School back in 1942, you would have seen more than 100 pairs of jaws churning furiously on wads of chewing gum. The students were not flaunting rules; they were staging an unusual experiment, one of many that may improve the dental health of millions through the development of powerful weapons against tooth decay.

As a result of the Northwestern chewing-gum orgy, scientists have uncovered the trail of an unusually promising—and pleasant—method of preventing cavities. They found that when a small amount of vitamin K is added to chewing gum, there is a significant decrease in decayed teeth. It is believed that vitamin K cuts down on cavities by neutralizing enamel-dissolving acid in the mouth.

Ever since man was first plagued by toothache, hundreds of explanatory theories have been put forward by authorities all over the world. The idea behind the action of vitamin K is the carbohydrate theory, which says that tooth decay is caused by particles of food, particularly starches and sugar, left in crevices between the teeth. When these particles decompose, an acid is formed which dissolves the hard enamel, and decay sets in.

Many studies were made to determine the destructive effect of carbohydrates, but proof was still needed. Subjects who had never eaten carbohydrates had to be found. Finally, a remote district in Alaska was decided upon as a promising starting point. Investigators flew to this lonely area and selected a large group of children who showed no evidence of cavities. To these youngsters the investigators offered the "blessings" of civilization in the form of candy bars and lollypops.

The children were examined periodically, and after six weeks 75 per cent had developed cavities. The high sugar diet was obviously the culprit.

Another unusual case served to confirm dentists' suspicions about carbohydrates. The people of Korea, most of whom live on a limited diet, have few caries. But investigators found one group of Koreans had a higher rate of dental decay than the others. These people, it was discovered, were working as servants in American and British homes. They had access to sugar, candy and pastry, and the resulting acid brought on cavities.

By this time, research laboratories were trying to discover something that would neutralize the acid. Out of these experiments are emerging a series of possible tooth preservers, led by the versatile vitamin K, basis of the tests at Northwestern University.

A research worker, Dr. Leonard S. Fosdick, and several associates who had come to the conclusion that carbohydrate-formed acid was primarily at the bottom of caries, called for Dental School volunteers. From among the many who came forward, 119 students were chosen, each of whom had 12 or more places in his teeth where decay was likely to occur.

The students were then divided into two groups. Both were given gum to chew after every meal, in which was mixed a regular acid-neutralizer, calcium carbonate. But the second group's gum also contained vitamin K. Every six months the students were examined and X rays taken of their teeth. In between meals, 119 sets of jaws ground away faithfully, each set demolishing three sticks of gum a day.

After a year and a half of chewing, the experiment was concluded. Final examinations showed startling results. Students who chewed vitamin K gum had 46 per cent fewer cavities than those whose gum contained only the ordinary anti-acid!

IN SPITE OF THE promise shown by vitamin K, the dental profession maintains a cautious attitude. Any substance used to prevent decay will have to be tried out on large groups of people, under carefully controlled conditions over a period of years, before dental associations will give their unqualified approval. However, if vitamin K lives up to the promise it has already shown, particularly in the tests at Northwestern University, it will likely forge to the front in the fight against tooth decay.

One fact has been definitely determined. Once decay sets in, vitamin K has no effect. It can only help to prevent good teeth from going bad—just as tetanus toxoid cannot cure lockjaw but is useful as a preventive. However, doctors generally agree that the best kind of medicine is that which prevents rather than cures.

Another and older weapon against decay is fluorine, which supposedly works, like vitamin K, to prevent destructive acid. Here again the weapon prevents, but cannot cure. However, while vitamin K is effective only when chewed, fluorine can be put in a city water supply in tiny amounts and still have a strong influence on children's teeth.

The effects of this powerful chemical were first noticed several years ago when dentists in Texas uncovered a strange situation. Youngsters in one town had an unusually low incidence of tooth decay, while those in a near-by town, eating the same foods and living under the same conditions, were at the other end of the scale. Investigation finally revealed that the only difference between the towns lay in the drinking water.

The town with few dental cavities had sodium fluoride in the water supply; the neighboring town had none. Then began a series of water-supply tests which led to the discovery of fluorine in towns in various parts of the United States. All sections with fluorine had less tooth decay among the younger set than near-by areas which lacked fluorine in the water.

With the war came an unusual opportunity to test fluorine under controlled conditions. In 1943, a large group of children of Japanese ancestry was relocated. Part of the group was sent to Arizona, where the drinking water contained fluorine. The balance was settled in California where there was no fluorine. After living in these areas for two years, the group with fluorine had only half as many cavities as the other group.

Since fluorine can reduce tooth decay, you may wonder why it is not put in the water supply of every community. Actually, some towns have already done so. However, although dental experts realize the immediate beneficial value of fluorine, they are interested in learning more about its long-range effects. Hence a continuing study is now under way in Newburgh and Kingston, New York.

Newburgh increased its fluorine concentration to one part for every million parts of water, while the supply of Kingston, a neighboring city, has been left untouched. Every year a thousand youngsters in each city will be given dental examinations. After ten years an evaluation of the results will be made and the findings announced.

When taken in drinking water, fluorine has no demonstrable effect on adults' teeth. For their protection, and for faster results with children, fluorine must be swabbed directly on the enamel. In one test, a tooth was dropped into a test tube containing a solution of sodium fluoride. After soaking for a month, it was removed and dropped into acid. This acid, which would damage normal teeth, had to be concentrated ten times before it began to etch the enamel on the fluorine tooth.

There are still too many complications to permit fluorine to be used by the public, but in the hands of dentists it is a valuable weapon. Some professional men favor awaiting further developments in spite of the favorable results thus far, but others are already using fluorine in their practice.

ANOTHER SAFEGUARD against tooth decay that has found favor with dentists is the restricted-carbohydrates method. It protects the teeth by reducing the number of bacteria which, by their action on carbohydrates, produce enamel-dissolving acids. For two weeks the patient is not allowed to eat any carbohydrates. After that, carbohydrates are gradually added to the diet. Eventually the person is back to his usual food, but the number of acid-producing bacteria may remain low for a long time. It is claimed that this simple method protects the individual, in some instances, for a fairly long period.

Although it is known that carbohydrates are an important factor in tooth decay, there is still a lot more that must be learned. For example, a few fortunate people can eat sweets all day and leave their teeth unbrushed for months, yet still boast a flawless set. Why? Dentists can only explain by saying these people are "caries resistant." Like color of the hair, tooth decay seems to be an inherited trait.

Other people, strangely enough, will never touch sweets, will clean their teeth three times a day, and will still be plagued by toothaches. However, most people fall into the middle group that must take proper dental precautions.

Proper care means more than mere tooth brushing before breakfast. Brushing is most effective immediately after each meal, because it is then that the carbohydrate particles must be dislodged. There is a sharp increase in mouth acidity *three minutes* after you finish a meal. The more quickly this acid is neutralized, the better.

It is also a good idea to discourage a "sweet tooth" in both youngsters and adults. If one "simply must" have sweets, chocolate or any soft candy is preferable to hard candies which remain in the mouth longer and literally bathe the teeth in sugar.

If the new methods now being investigated to protect your teeth live up to their bright promise, future visits to your dentist may well become happy occasions. Instead of sharpening his deadly drill, the man in white will smilingly hand out a few sticks of chewing gum—or tell you to drink more water—and the visit will be over. When this happens, it will mark the dawn of a new era in dentistry—the truly painless era.

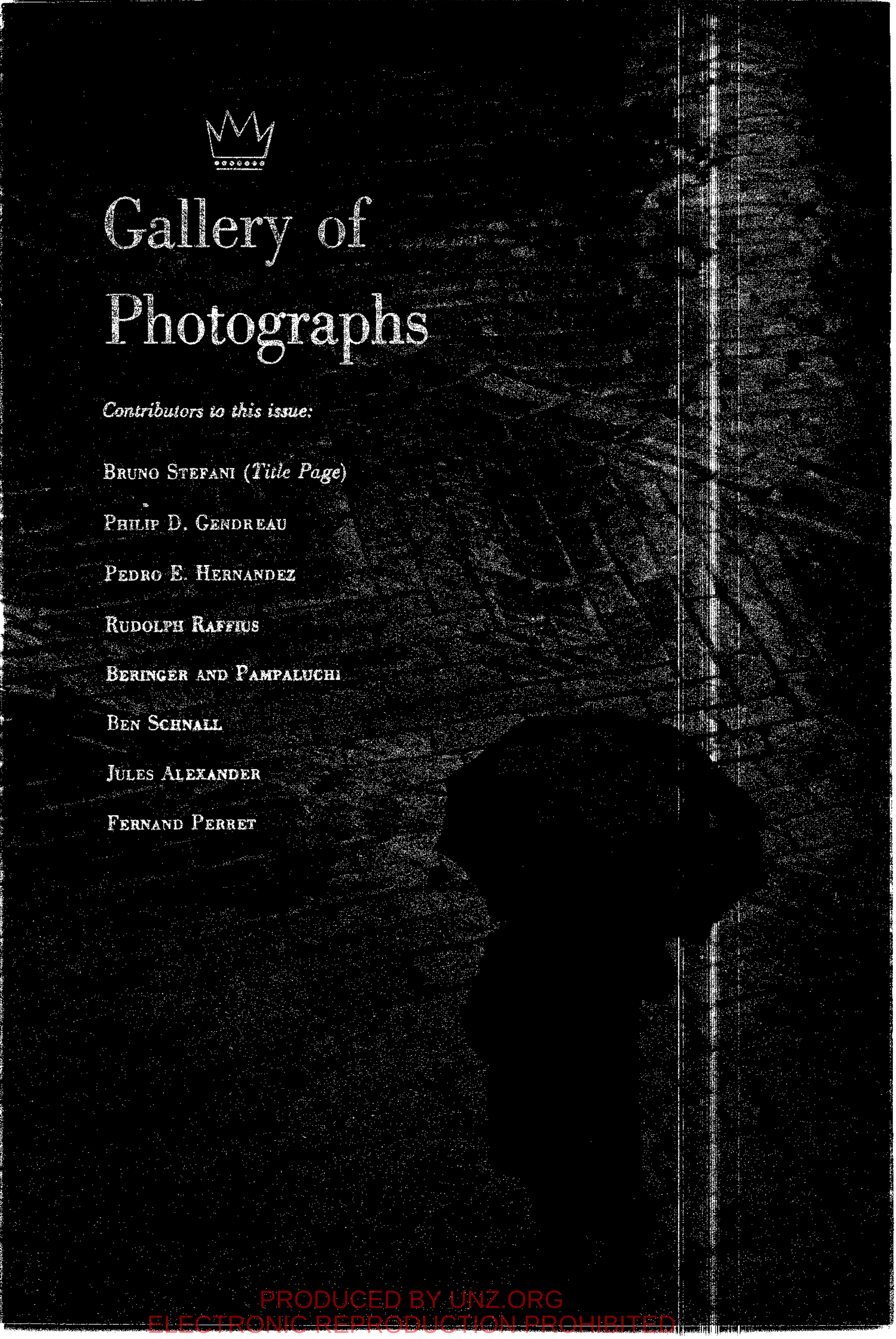
Classy Classifieds

For Sale—Medical clinic and health center; owner retiring on account of illness. —MIAMI *Herald*

Advertisement in a Southern Indiana newspaper: "160-acre hill farm in Southern Indiana, poor buildings and poor fences. Not much of a farm, but a swell hideout from atomic bombs."

In The New York *Times:* "Home from Japan after four years of war. Must I live in a tent for four years more?"

Under the "Let's Swap" heading in the Tulsa *Tribune's* classified section: "Unused engagement and wedding ring; want automatic shotgun." —HAROLD HELFER



Gallery of Photographs

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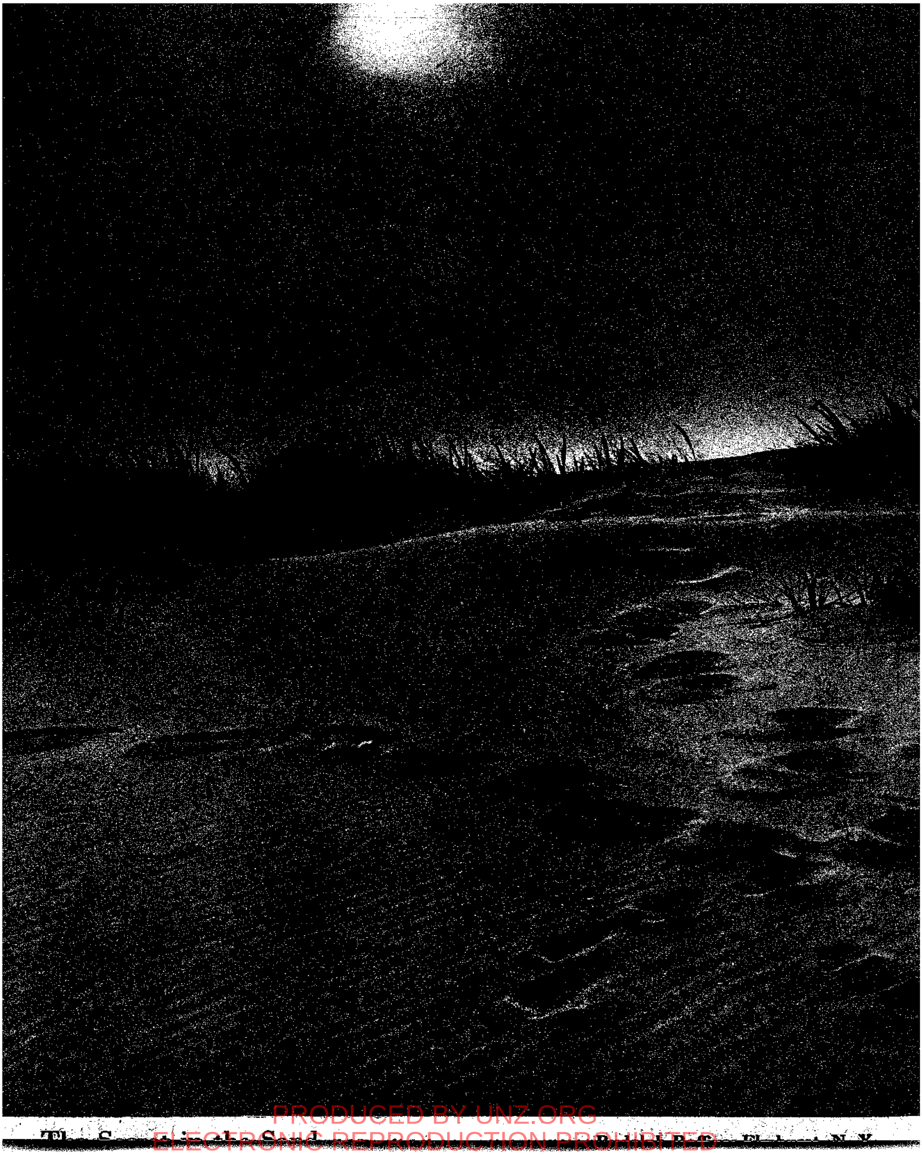
Love Affair

Philip D. Gendreau; New York, N. Y.

Pedro E. Hernandez: Brookline, Mass. **Say Uncle**



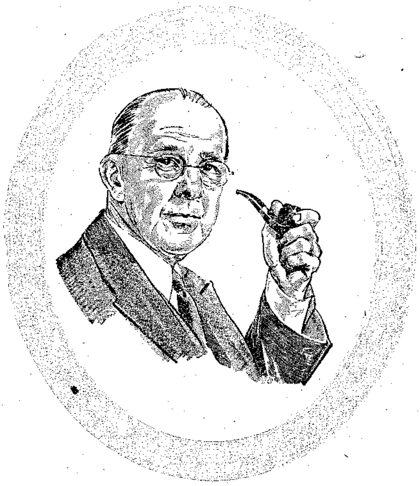
Ben Schnall: New Y

Jules Alexander; New York, N.Y.

Do or Die

Fernand Perret; La Chaux-de-Fonds, Swi

by **J. D. Ratcliff**



The Amazing Mr. Cluett

Blessed with a variety of fantastic talents, his energy at 73 would shame the average youngster; and his inventive genius has added a lot to your comfort

SANFORD L. CLUETT, 73-year-old citizen of Troy, New York, has found a happy combination in life: he is a talented inventor as well as an amazing human being.

On the inventive side, he is the discoverer of the compressive shrinking process for cotton cloth labeled "Sanforized."

If one admits the importance of human comfort and human appearance, then Cluett must be adjudged a major benefactor of mankind. By making cotton textiles virtually shrink-proof, he eliminated choking collars on men's shirts, and did away with women's need to buy baggy wash dresses in the yearning hope that they would eventually shrink to size.

But in addition to this process, which is used in virtually every textile-making country on earth, the agile-minded Cluett has also invented a host of other things, from water valves to mowing machines to better collar-making machinery. Altogether he holds something over 200 patents in the textile field—he is not sure of the exact number.

Now, it is common practice to picture inventors as dreary intellectual putterers. But Cluett, spurning the popular tradition, is a living example of how a variety of interests can add spice to life.

Not until last year—when he reached 72—did he give up walking on his hands. On the dance floor he can outlast most bobby-soxers. A noted woodsman, hunter and fisherman, he also sculpts, paints and writes, is an excellent navigator and a passable astronomer. He is a director of two railroads and one bank, and is vice-president of Cluett, Peabody & Company, Inc., makers of shirts and men's furnishings. Finally, he is—or was until a few years ago—a passable tightrope walker and could do enough stunts on the bare back of a trick horse to qualify for a circus job.

Sanford Cluett is of slight, spare build, with a ruddy complexion, smiling eyes and a sense of humor that at times takes some perverse turns. Since his youth he has been a naturalist of better than amateur standing, a hobby that started one day when he was watching a tent caterpillar.

Another youngster came by, tooting a tin horn. The caterpillar, sensitive to the vibrations, gave a series of convulsive jerks. Cluett promptly got a bugle and experimented further, until he struck the note that brought best results. From that point on he could make trees rain tent caterpillars — provided the season was right and he had a bugle.

On the more serious side, Cluett produced a beautifully detailed map of the 99-mile shoreline of Raquette Lake in upstate New York, using homemade surveying instruments. He was ten years old at the time.

Yet despite such aptitudes, Cluett was a sickly youngster. As things turned out, this was one of the greatest strokes of luck that could have befallen any boy. His parents, deciding he was too delicate for school, packed him off to a preacher-uncle who was building a small Episcopalian mission at Palm Beach, Florida. The year was 1888 and Palm Beach was a primitive settlement of six houses, where land sold at 25 cents an acre.

Cluett helped his uncle to build the forerunner of today's swanky Bethesda-by-the-Sea Church, largely out of scrap lumber. One pew, built of crating, bore the stencil: PURE RYE WHISKEY. When the church was finished, Cluett's chores ceased, and he had four years of idyllic freedom—to hunt deer, panthers and alligators in the swamps, make friends with and learn the language of the Seminole Indians, to sail on Lake Worth. It was the kind of boy's life that Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings has so faithfully recorded in *The Yearling*.

Young Sanford caught enough fish to feed the community, conducted a free ferry to the mainland and became a crack shot—he can still drive a tack with a pistol at 40 feet. The Indians, deciding it would be well to have a boy with such talents on their side, invited Cluett to live with them. It was an awful moment of decision. Cluett decided against it, and still considers the refusal "the worst mistake of my life."

He watched gulls and hawks soar, studied their wing structure and designed a crude airplane, years before the Wright brothers ever reached Kittyhawk. He skipped stones over the water, and got the idea for a boat hull which would plane over the surface instead of plowing through it. Later on, this idea won boat races for him in Wisconsin lakes. He re-rigged his own 30-foot boat, designing new sails which made it faster and easier to handle than ever before.

When he was 15 he came home to Troy, where a group of church ladies asked him to speak on life among the Indians. To a shocked audience, Cluett defended the right of the Indians to go naked. In fact, he said, he was more impressed with the morality of the Indians than with that of the palefaces. Since then, people have been a little more cautious about asking him to speak.

CLUETT COMES FROM a remarkable family which amassed a fortune and spent it wisely—for schools, churches, clubs for boys and girls, explorations and other scientific purposes. Grandfather William, a Methodist lay preacher and book dealer, emigrated to this country from England in 1850. Bound for the California gold rush, he was accompanied by his wife, a daughter and five sons.

His wife fell ill in Troy and the family stopped to await her recovery. That was as near as it ever got to California. Grandfather William and two of his sons—Sanford's father Edmund was one of them—set up a musical-instrument business. The three other boys started a collar-manufacturing enterprise that grew into the giant Cluett, Peabody of today.

Owing to his illness, Sanford started late on an education. He entered preparatory school at 18, graduated in two years and then attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, famed engineering school.

A lively curiosity about almost everything has been the dominating feature of Cluett's life. It was demonstrated just before the war when a group of German industrialists visited Cluett, Peabody in Troy. Cluett assigned them two Jewish guides—just to see what would happen. Nothing did.

He was similarly curious during school days. Once a teacher was describing the action of throat muscles in swallowing food. Would they work while a person stood on his head, Cluett asked? The teacher didn't know. Cluett decided to find out. He attempted to drink water while standing on his head—and did it successfully.

This gave birth to another thought. Why not learn to walk on his hands? For no good reason, he decided this would be helpful, and henceforth practiced the stunt most of his life. It stood him in good stead on one notable occasion.

Several years ago, while rushing for a train in Grand Central Station, New York, he took a header down a flight of marble stairs. Instinctively his hands flew out, his body curled over and he walked down the remaining steps on his hands. A flabbergasted redcap smiled with admiration.

"I never saw a gentleman fall so easy," he said.

Sparks of Cluett's inventive genius were visible while he was in college. Not satisfied with existing methods of calculating air resistance to shells in flight, Cluett worked out a better method—and invented a time-measuring instrument that was accurate to 1/50,000th of a second.

One day a surprise examination in a course on railroading caught him unprepared. There was one question: how to figure the energy required to move a loaded train. Cluett worked out a formula different from the one in the textbook. The instructor was going to give him a zero—until Cluett defended his reasoning. Investigation proved him right, the textbook wrong. His formula is still used in railroad engineering.

A month before graduation, the Spanish-American War broke out and Cluett left college to enlist. He got the job of laying out two U. S. camp sites, then went to Puerto Rico as a lieutenant in the Engineers. His job after the war was designing steel work for a Federal dam on the Big Sandy River at Louisa, Kentucky.

In the course of this work he invented a self-acting valve. Due to water pressure acting on big valves at the bottom of dams, it took tremendous energy to open them. Why not, reasoned Cluett, utilize the water pressure to open and close them? He put his ideas to work and constructed a self-operating valve. This was his first patent.

Two years on this job and he received an offer to become chief engineer for the Walter A. Wood Mowing and Reaping Machine Company of Hoosick Falls, New York. With a critical mind, Cluett looked over the line of products. He discovered, for example, that vibration was consuming enormous amounts of energy in the mowing machine. Cluett designed and patented a new one.

Since much of the company's business was in Europe and North Africa, Cluett took frequent trips abroad, thus earning opportunity to keep his navigation in good form. He always travels with his own chronometer, sextant and other equipment, and is welcomed by most North Atlantic captains, who give him desk space on the bridge.

Interest in sailing has taken Cluett all the way from the sub-Arctic to the tropics along the Atlantic coast. On one trip he discovered and mapped a new key in the Florida chain of islands, which the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey obligingly named Cluett Key.

BUSY WITH A HOST of activities, Cluett didn't find time to get married until he was 41. But this still left time to raise four children. Then, in 1929, came his outstanding invention, soon after he joined Cluett, Peabody as director in charge of engineering and research.

The shrinkage of cotton goods worried him. To get a shirt that would eventually fit, a man had to buy one at least a size too large. The same was true with overalls and women's dresses.

Part of the trouble lay in the fact that textile manufacturers *stretched* cotton goods. If a maker could start with 1,000,000 yards and stretch it to 1,050,000, that represented extra profits. The process, of course, only aggravated the natural tendency of cotton fibers to shrink when washed.

Cluett weighed the problem. What was the opposite of stretching? Compressing. But how could you compress cotton fibers mechanically? He laid a strip of cloth on his desk, pushed it together. It buckled. Then he laid the fabric over a rounded block of wood. On top of the cloth he put a band of stretched rubber. Gradually he relaxed tension on the rubber. The cotton fibers squeezed together.

Now, said Cluett, suppose this

were done while the cloth was moist; and suppose the rounded wooden block was heated? The moistened fibers would dry while squeezed together. But would this make a permanent "set," a permanent shrinkage?

The only way to find out was to build a machine—which Cluett did. Largely out of junk and at a cost of $400, he fashioned a machine in which a rubber or felt belt compressed cotton fibers while they were in contact with a heated metal roller. Fabrics thus treated were virtually shrink-proof.

This compressive shrinking process, named for Sanford Cluett, was invented in 1929 and patented in 1932. Grandchildren of the original machine are today as big as box cars, cost about $40,000. Cotton goods flash through them at the rate of 120 yards a minute.

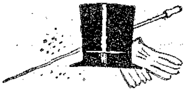
As soon as Cluett, Peabody announced the process, textile makers the world over clamored for rights to use it. Today, something over two *billion* yards of cloth a year are compressively shrunk—paying royalties at the rate of one-quarter to one-half cent a yard, depending on the value of the cloth.

With his company, Cluett occupies a unique position. He is not burdened with the worries that beset most executives—questions of production, labor relations, finance. His responsibilities lie more on the imaginative side. If he doesn't like a machine, he imagines a better one—and has a model built. Over the years, his contributions to textile manufacturing have been compared to Steinmetz's contributions to the electrical industry.

Cluett has a hearty loathing of stuffed-shirtism. He carries an easy informality into the factory and into relationships with employees. He hunts with mechanics, officiates at weddings of shirt-ironers, and has no hesitancy about demonstrating the rumba, as learned in Cuba, at company dances.

Sanford Cluett has a lust for life and a consuming curiosity about everything. If there is such a thing as a guiding principle for anyone's life, Cluett's would sum up something like this: "If people would keep their eyes, ears and minds open, the human race would be far happier than it is today."

Certainly the rule has worked well in his case.



A Time for Everything

A REPORTER buttonholed a hurrying diplomat and asked what he thought about a certain international problem.

"Don't bother me now," snapped the diplomat impatiently. "I must make a speech. This is no time to ask me to think."

—*Empire*

DO SECOND MARRIAGES WORK?

by **JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK**

THE SECOND WIFE of a small-town lawyer created a sensation in her community by hanging a portrait of the first Mrs. Johnson over the mantel. To neighbors she explained:

"Our daughter Judy doesn't remember her real mother. But I want the child to know what a fine, beautiful woman she was."

"But isn't it upsetting to have that picture staring at you all day?" the neighbors persisted.

"Of course not," the second wife replied with dignity. "How can the living be jealous of the dead?"

Not every second husband or wife is faced with this delicate task of perpetuating the memory of a stepchild's real parent. But in the absence of that particular problem, dozens of others arise to try the patience and good will of any couple who remarry after death or divorce has terminated an earlier union. Thus, every day in the year, hundreds of thoughtful adults pause cautiously to weigh the multiple hazards of repeat matrimony.

Remarriage is by no means a new social phenomenon, but it is up for re-examination today because the soaring divorce rate of one family breakup for every three weddings has multiplied the candidates for a marital encore, as witness these statistics:

If you were recently divorced, the Census Bureau gives you a startling seven chances out of eight of remarrying some time within the next few years.

Were you recently widowed?

Your expectation of remarriage is not quite so spectacular, but it is still substantially better than if you had never been wed at all.

The prospects of marriage normally decrease with advancing age, yet a divorced man of 45, or a widower of 40, is as likely to find a new helpmate as is a bachelor of 30.

If you are a spinster of 45, your matrimonial outlook is about zero. But a divorcée of 45, whether plain or pretty, rich or poor, has the same mathematical expectation of acquiring a husband as a young widow of 33 or a single girl of 30.

True, the remarried state is more readily attainable by men than women. A widow encumbered with children appears to many a marrying man as too great a financial burden. A divorcée drawing liberal alimony is often in no hurry to relinquish a guaranteed income, even for true love. But a widower with children, matrimonially speaking, is a lucky fellow indeed. Usually settled and well-broken to the marital yoke, he is pathetically grateful to the woman who can mother his forlorn youngsters.

If death or divorce ended your first marriage, what are your chances for happiness in a second venture? Here are vital facts, based on experience, that you should know.

Despite this headlong race to replace the old wedding band with a new one, the individual on the brink of a new marriage is often wracked by doubts. One young divorcée in a Midwest town became engaged to two different suitors, but each time she canceled the nuptials at the eleventh hour. Her mother, in despair, called on a psychologist.

"Helen's first marriage was a teen-age mistake," the mother explained. "It's absurd to let it ruin her whole life. A nice young man with a good job is interested in Helen right now, but she's still afraid of making the same mistake all over again."

The psychologist had a talk with Helen in which he emphasized that a second marriage is an entirely new relationship. He pointed out that past errors often strengthen a new union. And to prove that remarriage was not invented exclusively for Hollywood's butterflies, he reminded her that one of every three of our country's 32 Presidents either remarried, or married a woman who had a previous or a later husband. Thus reassured, Helen promptly remarried, and the second union has been a resounding success.

Experts in marriage counseling agree that any normal, healthy adult who has once been married continues to long for the companionship that is obtainable only through wedlock. But, add the counselors, a second venture will inevitably reveal all the trying adjustments of a first marriage, plus the special difficulties inherent in the nature of a second mating.

You may, for instance, make the mistake of peopling the new union with ghosts of the old one. You may be haunted by remorse over an earlier marital failure. Or if children of a previous marriage are involved in the new relationship, the wisdom of the sages and the patience of the saints will ward off only the big crises, not the maddening little ones that are almost certain to arise.

Having noted these adverse factors, marriage advisers continue cheerfully: "Go ahead, provided you have considered all the factors. After all, you are older and wiser now. And you should be equipped with the knowledge to make a second marriage succeed."

But Dr. Valeria Parker, director of the Bureau of Marriage Counsel and Education in New York City, warns that remarriages on the "rebound" are almost inevitably doomed to failure. Equally hopeless is a second try merely to prove to a former mate that you can still attract a new spouse. And a re-tying of the knot solely to gain a breadwinner or a housekeeper is a sure invitation to misery.

If death ended the first union for either or both of you, and there were no children, the greatest threat to happiness is the temptation for the formerly married partner to remake the new mate into the image of the old one. Any quarrel that ends with the cry, "Joe never treated me this way!" is an unmistakable portent of a trip to Reno. Simple tact and common sense, not neurotic jealousy, are the secrets of a successful new partnership.

For divorced persons, remarriage is often imperiled by the continued presence of the ex-spouse in the same town. A wife in Chicago was still so wrapped in the memory of her former husband, Bill, that she couldn't curb the impulse to reminisce out loud. John, her second husband, bored to desperation with Bill's virtues and talents, invoked the ghost of his long-departed mother. A dozen times a day he recalled the wonders of Mama's apple pie and her unrivaled prowess with a darning needle. His wife quickly got the idea. Both Bill and Mama were banished from the household.

If divorce, rather than death, terminated an earlier, childless union, unsuspected psychological bars may endanger the success of a second betrothal. Should a wife nurse a feeling of guilt over the collapse of her first marriage, she may try so hard to avoid repeating errors that she creates an atmosphere of strain and tension. Or a husband may direct toward a new helpmate an insulting watchfulness which stems from suspicions of an unfaithful first wife. Yet whatever the problem, the more-than-once-wed show a growing willingness to seek professional advice.

One sweet-faced woman in her forties told a California psychologist: "If I hadn't sealed up my woes and brooded over them, I could have saved my first marriage. This time I'll do everything I can to avoid repeating the agony of Reno."

Mrs. D. then told how her husband hated the humdrum job which his deceased first wife and dependent sisters had forced him to keep for 20 years. Now the new Mrs. D. wanted him to resign and find work more to his liking. She had enough income to tide them over until he started work again. Meanwhile, his sisters, fearful of losing his financial help, had started a campaign of malicious gossip to undermine the husband's faith in his new wife.

"I just don't know how to handle the situation," the wife said. "I can't come right out and tell Paul that his greedy sisters would love to get rid of me. But if I do nothing, they will poison his mind. How can I fight back without stooping to their tactics?"

After investigation, the psychologist found that the sisters were, indeed, a designing pair who would go to any lengths to remove the second Mrs. D. from the scene. Accordingly, he urged Mrs. D. to confront her husband bluntly with proof of the plot to keep him enslaved to the job he despised.

A showdown ensued between the new wife and her sisters-in-law, but the wife won. Later she told friends that her marriage was saved only because she consulted an experienced adviser.

When death or divorce leaves a father or mother with young children to care for, the compulsion to remarry is almost irresistible. Men and women alike plunge into an alliance requiring more diplomacy, delicacy and understanding than any other human relationship. The wonder is not that popular fiction abounds in so many cruel stepmothers and stepfathers, but that real life has produced so many fine and sympathetic stepparents.

In the past, a widowed mother accepted the first proposal which assured support for herself and family. Today, if you are a widow with children, you can secure a job and remain independent. If you are a divorcée with children, you are no longer a social outcast, forced to marry any man who hints at security. As Dr. Parker points out:

"A widow has to be singularly helpless if she can't manage on her own for at least a few years. Nursery schools, child-care centers and other agencies will aid her until she finds a man who will be a real husband and a father to her children."

Too many widows, Dr. Parker feels, take a short view of their immediate problems, overlooking the long later years which must be given meaning by true companionship between man and wife. Many a widower, however, makes the opposite error. He falls in love with a younger woman, marries her on impulse and burdens her with a task that would tax a saint.

A 35-year-old Navy officer, father of a ten-year-old boy who was being cared for by his grandparents, eloped with a 20-year-old New York girl during the war. After V-J Day, the young bride accompanied her new husband to his New England home town.

Two months later she wrote a friend: "I had no idea what I was letting myself in for. Junior is half my age, twice my size and knows I don't know what I'm talking about when I act like a mother. Tom is very helpful, but it's going to be a hard pull."

This is a situation that makes child-care experts old before their time. "The greatest tragedy," explains Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg, director of the Child Study Association, "is that we know so little about the problems of children and remarriage. To my knowledge, no social agency has ever produced any guiding conclusions on the critical adjustments between a child and a new mother, or between a father and children who aren't his."

How best can you have a happy

family when children have different fathers? How can you protect the child separated from one of his parents? How should jealousy be handled in parents and children alike?

While it is obvious that no single magic formula will produce lasting harmony between children and stepparents, psychologists have reduced the problem to its basic terms. The main objective, they say, is to make children feel wanted. Techniques for attaining this goal include love, common sense, mutual confidence and more patience than you ever thought existed in the world.

Even a sense of security won't banish all the child's difficulties. But it will keep minor issues from flaring into battles of wills that leave both sides abrim with hatred. It goes without saying that you and your spouse must maintain a united front of impartiality. The child who screams, "You're not my mother. I'll tell my father on you!" isn't a depraved little monster, but a pathetic creature victimized by divided loyalties.

A woman taking on a ready-made family must be aware of the necessity of proving herself to her husband's children. A stepfather can't afford to begrudge the time his new wife devotes to her children or to his. And much as he dislikes being exposed to his wife's former in-laws, he must understand that it is natural for the child's grandparents to show a continuing interest in the youngster.

In short, in remarriage you must undertake to be a *real* parent, giving generously of your time and love to the children you have either sired or acquired.

If you are a stepmother, try to learn as much about children as an expectant mother would, and be aware, in addition, of the impact of your special situation.

Agree on a program for handling the children of this and any former marriage, and apply your policy with uniform firmness.

If you run into serious trouble, seek advice from a psychologist, counselor, clergyman or physician.

Don't expect the habits of a lifetime to dissolve just because you came along.

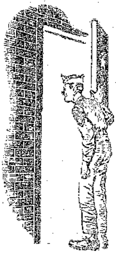
And, finally, don't be afraid of a second marriage. Some 7,000,000 rewed Americans can't all be wrong.

Within the Law

A GI WANDERED innocently backstage between the acts of a musical revue and started to enter a room clearly marked "Chorus girls' dressing room. Positively no admittance." A watchman stopped him.

"Can't you read?" he shouted, pointing to the sign.

"Who's smokin'?" asked the GI. —*The Tower*



It's a Family Affair

OZZIE NELSON

"Mr. and Mrs. Is the Name" of this month's guest editors—Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, stars of the Columbia Broadcasting System's Sunday show, *Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet.* Ever since they answered the million-dollar question with two "I do's," they have been flooring the "problems" of marriage with full-Nelsons. Now, as the joint custodians of Coronet's Game Book, they offer their favorite fun-problems for your amusement!

HARRIET HILLIARD

What's Your Fairy-Tale I.Q.?

We're game! Ever since our sons began their steady refrain of "Why, Daddy and Mummy?" we've been wishing for a chance to switch from constantly *answering* questions to asking a few ourselves. So here we go! If you have reasonable facsimiles of our offspring around the house, you should be able to recognize at least six of these old fairy tales and nursery rhymes from the modern clues listed below. But if you have to hark back to your own childhood, be happy with a score of four. Answers are on page 115.

1. She solved the housing shortage, and even Dionne and Crosby are pikers by comparison.
2. She'd have been a good prospect for a No-Doze salesman.
3. And he could have used the entire stock of Adler Elevator Shoes.
4. It shouldn't happen to a dog.
5. They were so hungry they tried to eat a house.
6. He lost a bundle when the queen guessed his name.
7. It was almost as if Bela Lugosi had turned into Tyrone Power overnight.
8. Modern Ronsons are better for lighting cigarettes, but they can't match this object for lighting the way to a throne.
9. Her face made a mirror talk, and a stepmother balk.
10. She had the drop on modern work-saving appliances with her "Little goat, bleat; little table, appear" technique.

A Game for Collectors

The last time we went traveling, we made a game of collecting something in each town on our list. We brought home a sample of what each town is famous for (but we skipped Reno!) Here's a partial list of our collection. Can you match the 15 items in the first list with the 15 cities in the second column? Par is three minutes. Ready? Go! (Correct answers on page 115.)

OUR COLLECTION

1. A roll of color film
2. An insurance policy
3. A toy train locomotive
4. A bottle of Schlitz
5. A new car
6. An old shoe and a package of rice
7. An overstuffed chair
8. A timepiece
9. A stainless-steel sink
10. A bill from the Neiman-Marcus store
11. A piece of coal
12. A bean pot
13. A new hat
14. A pass to a local movie-house
15. The shreds of a $2 ticket

OUR STOPS

1. Dallas, Texas
2. Detroit, Michigan
3. Boston, Mass.
4. Baldwin, Pa.
5. Rochester, N. Y.
6. Hartford, Conn.
7. Grand Rapids, Mich.
8. Elgin, Ill.
9. Pittsburgh, Pa.
10. Milwaukee, Wis.
11. Scranton, Pa.
12. Saratoga, N. Y.
13. Niagara Falls, N. Y.
14. Danbury, Conn.
15. Hollywood, Calif.

Nice Work, and He Can Get It

Harriet speaking: "Whenever I want screens put up, faucets fixed, shelves built or the lawn mowed, Ozzie pulls his trick of getting things done without budging from his favorite chair. All it takes, he says mysteriously, are seven arc-like motions of his index finger. What does he do?" (See page 115.)

Paging Mr. Corrigan!

Ozzie speaking: "In this age of speed, strange things happen. One day we had lunch in New York and dinner in Hollywood, but we've heard of a transport pilot who went us one better. He left Copenhagen, on a flight to Johnston Island in the Pacific, at 8:05 A.M. Six hours later, without changing course, he was going in the opposite direction. How did it happen?" (See page 115.)

Murder Over the Airwaves

Three weeks ago, five radio producers were arguing over the respective merits and Hooper-ratings of their shows. The argument got so hot that one of the producers shot and killed one of the other four. Using pure logic and reasoning, can you identify the murderer and the victim from the following information?

Dave played five sets of tennis with one of the innocent men yesterday morning.

The murderer is Arthur's brother. Edwin was the producer of a soap opera. Charlie, who is a fine tennis player, used to like bridge.

The murderer was operated on for appendicitis a few days ago.

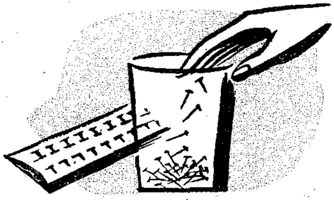
Ben and Arthur met for the first time only four weeks ago. Arthur has been at his mother's ever since the crime.

Dave used to be an announcer.

Ben played bridge with Charlie.

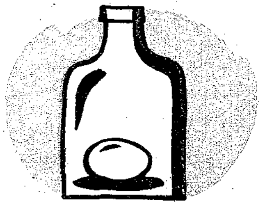
(Solution on page 115.)

Harriet's Favorite Ice-Breaker

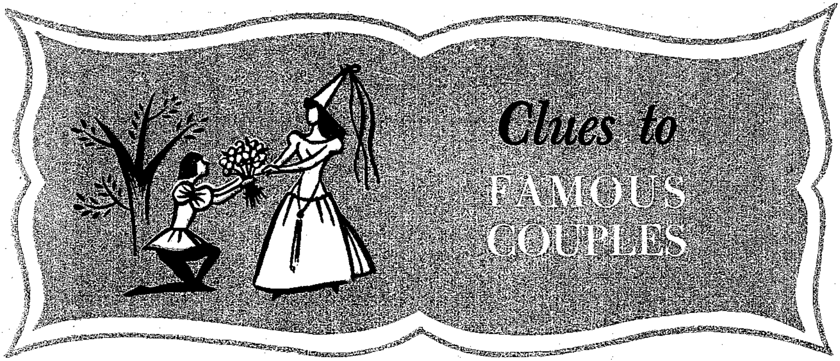


Ozzie thinks I'm a dunce about physics—he has patiently explained that no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time, and that anything from a toy boat to an ocean liner will displace its own weight in water—but this trick really works, regardless! I fill an ordinary drinking glass to the brim with water. By Ozzie's rules, anything added will displace enough water to spill over the edge, but I can add more than 125 straight pins without spilling a drop. Can you tell me *why*? If not, you'll find the answer on page 115.

Ozzie's Pet Party Trick



On our mantel, we have one of those sailing-ship models in a bottle. Whenever I feel the almost irresistible urge to get the boat out of the bottle, I work it off with this trick: peel a large, hard-boiled egg, and push it into an empty milk bottle by forcing it through the neck. Now—see if you can get the egg out of the bottle, *whole*, without greasing the bottleneck or touching the egg in any way. It can be done! (Incidentally, this will keep the kids quiet for hours, to say nothing of puzzling your guests!) Solution on page 115.



Clues to FAMOUS COUPLES

Each object or group of objects below is a direct clue to a famous couple—man and wife, sweetheart and lover, actor and actress starred together, etc. The couples come from history, legend, fiction, the Bible, comic strips, stage, screen and opera. The clues are sometimes related to the story behind the famous pair (a bottle of poison and a rose, for example, would suggest Romeo and Juliet), but sometimes they are a play upon their names (a package of Smith Bros. Cough Drops and the music for *Indian Love Call* would suggest John Smith and Pocahontas). You know all these pairs, but can you prove it? For every couple you identify correctly from the clues below, give yourself two points. You'll find the correct answers on page 115.

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1. An apple.
2. A pair of scissors.
3. A can of corned beef and a rolling pin.
4. A can of tobacco and a queen from a deck of cards.
5. A tube of Pepsodent and a sarong-like scarf.
6. A string of pearls on a map of America.
7. A pair of dark glasses and a box of salt.
8. A photograph of a cocker spaniel, a ring and a book.
9. The crowns on Coronet's first page, X'd out.
10. A can of ginger, placed on a stair.
11. A toy whistle, a box of sleeping tablets and a movie magazine.
12. A piece of sheet music laid on a pair of man-tailored woman's slacks.
13. Toy boats placed in front of a pin-up photograph, and a picture of the Eiffel Tower.
14. A package of cigarettes, a red cloth and a pair of castanets.
15. A handkerchief and a dagger, alongside Shakespeare's Complete Works.

ANSWERS

What's Your Fairy-Tale I.Q.?

1. The Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. 2. The Sleeping Beauty. 3. Tom Thumb. 4. Old Mother Hubbard. 5. Hänsel and Gretel. 6. Rumpelstilzchen. 7. The Ugly Duckling (or Beauty and the Beast). 8. The Tinder Box. 9. Snow White. 10. Little Two-Eyes.

Nice Work, and He Can Get It

He picks up the phone and *dials* the handy man, the plumber, the carpenter or the boy up the street.

Paging Mr. Corrigan!

Flying the direct Great Circle Route, our transport pilot crossed over the North Pole.

Murder Over the Airwaves

Charlie killed Edwin. Dave is innocent, since he could not have played five sets of tennis had he been operated on a few days before. Arthur is not the murderer; we know he is the murderer's brother. Ben met Arthur for the first time four weeks ago, so he can't be the murderer-brother of Arthur. This leaves Charlie and Edwin, and since Charlie is obviously alive (he *is* a fine tennis player), he must have killed Edwin.

A Game for Collectors

Dallas, 10; Detroit, 5; Boston, 12; Baldwin, 3; Rochester, 1; Hartford, 2; Grand Rapids, 7; Elgin, 8; Pittsburgh, 9; Milwaukee, 4; Scranton, 11; Saratoga, 15; Niagara Falls, 6; Danbury, 13; Hollywood, 14.

Ozzie's Pet Party Trick

Tilt the bottle to a 45-degree angle, neck down, so the egg nestles lengthwise into the mouth of the bottle. Holding the bottle at the same angle, and making sure that the egg continues to rest in the neck, blow into the bottle as hard as you can. This will build up the air pressure inside the bottle; the pressure will force the egg out through the neck.

Harriet's Ice-Breaker

Surface tension holds the water together, even as it curves up above the edge of the glass.

Clues to Famous Couples

1. Adam and Eve. 2. Samson and Delilah. 3. Maggie and Jiggs. 4. Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth. 5. Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. 6. Columbus and Isabella. 7. Lot and Lot's wife. 8. Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. 9. Wally and Edward Windsor. 10. *Ginger* Rogers and Fred *Astaire*. 11. Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart ("If you want me, whistle" and *The Big Sleep*). 12. Chopin and George Sand. 13. Helen of Troy and Paris. 14. Carmen and Don José. 15. Desdemona and Othello.

by EMILY LAWRENCE

"I Confess: Enclosed Find Cash"

Year in and year out, from all parts of the U. S., the Treasury Department reaps a harvest when big and little chiselers start suffering from the pangs of remorse; since 1811, their constant stream of unsolicited contributions has added more than $1,000,000 to Uncle Sam's "Conscience Fund."

TWO MEN PAUSED at the entrance to a public museum in Washington, D.C., and read the placard: "*Admission: 50 cents. Clergymen admitted without charge.*"

"Well, I guess that means me," said one of the sight-seers.

A guard overheard the remark. "You men are ministers?" he asked. "Just step right through. There'll be no charge."

The second man looked thoughtfully at the half-dollar in his hand, then dropped it back into his pocket and followed his friend through the turnstile.

Thirteen years later, a clerk in Washington opened an envelope addressed to the Treasurer of the United States, and pulled out a dollar bill and an unsigned letter which read:

"Dear Sir: In 1932, I was with a mission-worker friend sight-seeing in Washington. One of the places we visited was a public museum where there was a 50-cent admission fee. I was taken to be a minister and allowed to go through free. But I was no minister. I cheated you of 50 cents and I have worried ever since. I enclose $1 to pay the 50 cents, plus interest."

Eventually this letter found its way to a remote section of the Treasury Building, where it joined thousands of similarly penitent confessions in a folder which bears the simple, unimaginative label: "File #126,430. Moneys received from persons unknown."

For a description of the file's contents, such routine terminology is inadequate. Treasury employees have a better name for this curious record of human remorse. They call it the "Conscience Fund," since it is conscience that prompts a stream of unsolicited contributions to the Treasury, year in and year out, from all over the country.

Some of the letters accompanying donations are typed on bond paper; others are scrawled in pencil. A few are signed, but most are anonymous. In one respect, however, the letters are alike. Each contrite writer confides that he has in some way defrauded Uncle Sam, and now wishes to make amends. Remittances, ranging from one cent to thousands of dollars, are paid in cash, by check, money order, drafts, government bonds—even postage stamps. Over the years these contributions have added more than $1,000,000 to the Treasury's coffers.

The sin confessed is often trivial enough to be humorous. One conscience-stricken soul wrote: "Herewith I hand you a one-cent stamp for duty on a lead pencil I bought while in Buffalo from a Canadian."

Another man sent payment for a souvenir acorn he had picked up while strolling over Gettysburg battlefield. And still another wrote that he was unable to sleep because he had used a two-cent stamp twice when the Post Office neglected to cancel it the first time.

But big-time embezzlers are often harassed by a sense of guilt, too. An anonymous Philadelphian sent $30,000 to the Conscience Fund—the largest sum ever received. In his letter he explained that, years before, he had "stoled" $16,000 from the government. Now, his mind would be at ease once more.

THE FUND HAD ITS beginning in 1811 when a Treasury bookkeeper came across a $5 bank note, accompanied by the anonymous sender's statement that he had "once defrauded the government" and wished to make restitution. Since then the fund has grown steadily, prompted by wrongdoings which have ranged from evasions of taxes or smuggling of goods, to accepting overpayment on a government check.

Curiously enough, almost a third of the total repayments have come in during the past five years, with 1946 establishing a record of $105,777.67. J. A. Woodson, chief of the Treasury's Division of Bookkeeping and Warrants, points out that a similar increase took place after World War I. During war years, servicemen and women have easy access to government property.

Last year, an ex-GI wrote to explain: "During overseas duty I sold $25 worth of Army equipment to the black market. I am enclosing a money order for that amount." Another remitted payment "for clothing over and above that which is allowed to dischargees." A more humorous letter read: "I am enclosing a postal note for $2. While on kitchen police duty, I ate more than my share of fresh fruit."

Not all confessions are sent directly to the Treasury or the Conscience Fund. Many ex-servicemen confess their sins to the War or Navy departments, while other letters are addressed to the White House or the President. Many remittances are sent simply to "U.S. Government."

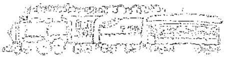
A few contributors even try to atone for the sins of others. A letter received in 1936 read: "Please accept this dollar, which I feel I ought to send as I have received items from someone who works for the Government. I can't say it was stolen, but just to relieve my conscience I am sending this money."

When a contributor's name and address are given, a letter of acknowledgment is sent. But in anonymous cases the Treasury's only medium of acknowledgment consists of news releases to the press services. The publicity sometimes draws another type of letter—from conscienceless souls who would benefit from the pangs of others.

A farmer wrote in with the bold demand that he be given enough money out of the fund to buy a team and a cow. A young man asked to borrow $1,000 so that he could finish college. A sailor who was having financial struggles asked to be put on a waiting list "if any of your donors want to relieve their consciences by helping a person over the rough spots."

But the most remarkable request of all came from a hopeful widow, who wrote: "I need $100,000 for urgent needs and medical treatment. I am sure that I would be *overjoyed to receive that amount* from the Conscience Fund. Kindly send the money in such a way that the Post Office people will not know anything about, as I would really love to surprise some people around here."

Treasury officials raised a collective eyebrow, but sent out the usual form letter which explains that no money received by the Conscience Fund can be used except by act of Congress. Since then, they have received no further requests from the plaintive widow.



Scornets

"DID YOU MISS your train, sir?"

"No. I didn't like its looks so I chased it out of the station."

—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket*

A LADY HAD JUST PURCHASED a postage stamp at a substation.

"Must I stick it on myself?" she asked.

"Positively not, madam," replied the postal clerk. "It will accomplish more if you stick it on the envelope."

—*Ohio State Sundial*

Are You HELPLESS When a Life Is at Stake?

by **HENRY LEE**

The need for first aid didn't end with the war; why not bring your knowledge up to date and be prepared for action in an emergency?

A SPINSTER AUNT of mine, who during the war wanted very much to do something patriotic, took a first-aid course in her pleasant college town. But she never had a chance to use her skill until a few weeks ago.

Then an ex-GI student at the college, who was boarding with her, tumbled down the cellar stairs. As he fell he thrust one arm through a window, gashing the big artery. Unconscious, bleeding profusely, he was nearer death than he had been during three hazardous years overseas. And Aunt May was alone in the house with him.

She knew that by the time she could summon a doctor he might be dead. So, remembering her training, she shakily stanched the bleeding with a makeshift tourniquet. She didn't bother with elaborate dressings (which the doctor would have to remove anyhow) but made the student comfortable and left him where he had fallen, lest he have hidden injuries. Then, after calling an ambulance, she remembered that tourniquets often are more dangerous than beneficial, so she ran downstairs and loosened it for a moment.

As the victim was being carried out on a stretcher, the surgeon chatted with her. "Nice work," he said briskly. "You know, you saved that young fellow's life."

Whereupon my Aunt May did something that was most unprofessional. She fainted.

There are, literally, millions of people in America like Aunt May—ordinary, unpretentious folk, many of them teen-agers, who have never received a Silver Star. Their modest glory is the First-Aid certificate granted by the Red Cross, or the

Boy Scout Merit Badge. Yet, as Aunt May's boarder said later, they are real soldiers. Trained and ready, they come through courageously in an emergency.

More than ever before, as death and injury strike with rising ferocity in our homes and on our highways, we need such trained people. The trouble is, there just aren't enough of them—not enough by millions. And yet, the chances are *one in thirteen* that you will suffer a temporarily disabling accident during one year's time.

Can you, as the Scouts are taught in their first-aid course, make a sling when your *own* arm is broken, or stop bleeding, or bandage your own head? As parent, motorist or passerby on the street, would you give first aid—or flub it—to someone else in those first vital moments when life is slipping away?

If a life were actually put into our hands for safekeeping, we would guard it with tremendous care. At least, we think we would. Statistics show, however, that comparatively few of us will invest 18 hours of our time preparing for such an awful responsibility. That is the period—about two working days—that it takes to master the Standard First-Aid Course of the Red Cross, a course so simple that any 15-year-old can learn it.

"BUT I LEARNED THAT stuff in the *first* war," a businessman protested when his luncheon club tried to enroll volunteers for a refresher course. "Tourniquets, how to move injured people, all of it."

His chairman winced. "And I suppose," he retorted, "that Eisenhower used the same maps of France that Pershing did. This stuff *changes*, man, just like the rest of the world!"

Too many people who took first aid years ago wrongly assume that their skill will last a lifetime. This misconception is one of the biggest stumbling blocks in teaching the most modern methods. Of course, some instruction is better than none, but experts warn that dated knowledge, in some cases, may be actually dangerous.

"First-aid training in our world of science and discovery cannot be static," emphasizes the Red Cross. Its revised, post-war textbook proves the point. Some 20 changes in techniques are listed, based on bedside experience, laboratory research and general observation of both civilian and military first aid.

For example, iodine is no longer recommended as a germicide, except for animal and snake bites. Direct pressure now is emphasized in bleeding control, except for very severe arterial bleeding. Placing a pad or compress on the artery when applying a tourniquet is no longer advised. In diagnosing shock, a bluish tinge in fingertips, lips and ears has been discarded as a symptom. For heat cramps, a hot-water bottle is not recommended. And there are other important changes.

Even the 8,000,000-odd people who earned first-aid certificates during World War II are not necessarily up-to-the-minute on advanced techniques. Although the Red Cross recommends that certificates be renewed every three years, few persons are taking refresher courses. As a result we are frittering away one of the chief beneficial results of the war—a citizenry well and widely trained in giving first aid.

Today, the medical experts agree, we are facing a critical peacetime situation. The first-aid skill that was never needed in America against enemy action is desperately needed today against the enemies that never surrender—fire, collision, home and industrial accidents. From Pearl Harbor to V-J Day, our accident death toll of 355,000 surpassed our battle-front fatalities. In many cases—no one knows how many—immediate first aid would have saved a human life.

NOT LONG AGO A newspaper friend told me a story he couldn't write. He was assigned to investigate a complaint received from a young widow. She said that her only child, a six-month-old infant, had suffocated in its crib because an ambulance was slow in answering her call.

First, the reporter visited the hospital. The doctor admitted he had been late in arriving because—as sometimes happens—the driver had gone to the wrong address.

"I might — just might — have saved the baby," the doctor said. Then he shrugged philosophically. "Anyhow, let her blame us because, poor woman, she couldn't stand the truth. If anyone killed the child, she did!

"She lost her head and ran out into the street to scream for help. That wasted ten minutes. If she had known how to administer artificial respiration, she could have saved him. Even an amateur in those first few minutes can do more than all the doctors in the world can do a little later."

Above everyone else, mothers should know first aid. Last year, even those reliable killers, the auto and the occupational hazard, did not equal the toll of 34,000 home dead. Most tragic of all, many of these victims were children. Grimly, Ned H. Dearborn, president of the National Safety Council, observes: "We love our children—but we don't love them enough."

We do not know how many mothers—like the young widow whose infant suffocated—*could* have saved their children with intelligent first aid. But we do know, from the pattern of unnecessary tragedy pieced together by the National Safety Council, *how* people die.

In the atom-clouded year of 1946, motor vehicles took 33,500 lives; falls killed 27,800; burns, 10,200; drownings, 7,300. In many cases, death was lingering or avoidable. Where first aid could not have saved life, it might have assuaged pain. Certainly, if you have ever stood by helplessly at the scene of an accident, your responsibility—and inadequacy—strikes home.

There is no excuse for not knowing first aid. All the 3,750 Red Cross chapters teach it, as well as giving instructor-training to representatives of schools, youth clubs, business and professional organizations and welfare groups. These instructors, in turn, teach members of their own organizations.

The requirements for the streamlined Standard Course are simple—a copy of the 60-cent textbook and two triangular bandages made from a square yard of muslin, cut diagonally. The course is divided into nine lessons of two hours each, equally allotted to discussion of the various techniques and to actual demonstrations. An amazing amount of know-how is packed into these 18 hours.

Students learn about bandages, arm slings, shock, poisons, artificial respiration, fractures, heat-and-cold injuries. For youngsters between 12 and 14, there is a simplified junior course, for the experts an advanced course. Instructors are intensively trained in ten three-hour sessions before they earn the right to teach in the other brackets.

More and more, government agencies, the business world and sports organizations are taking advantage of this elastic program. In many cities, first-aid certificates are a must for policemen, firemen and teachers. In New York City, high-school students must have a certificate for graduation. Many firms allow employees to qualify on company time.

The chief aim of all first-aid training is to instill a cool, disciplined reaction in the student. Many veteran policemen have expressed amazed rage at the helplessness of the average bystander.

"Every summer at the beaches, we lose youngsters on account of them," one sergeant explained. "A kid gets into trouble—the grown-ups don't know how to get him out, or if he does get out himself, they don't know how to work over him. They just stand there, frozen-like."

THE BOY SCOUTS CONTRIBUTE enormously to our reservoir of trained first-aid experts. From the time he is a Tenderfoot, the Scout hears about "the best of Good Turns," as his Handbook describes first aid. As he passes successively difficult tests to become a Second Class and then a First Class Scout, first aid becomes instinctive with him. By the time he has gone on to win his Merit Badge, he is as steady as any adult.

The Scouts have pioneered in three significant phases of first-aid training. First, they emphasize the importance of helping yourself, since many times an accident victim is alone and far from aid. "If your right hand was blown off," the *Explorer Scout Manual* asks, "could you save your own life with your head and left hand?" This might be a poser to many adults, but the Scouts learn to do it.

Then, because most auto accidents and pedestrian injuries occur after dark, the Scouts study "Blackout First Aid." They learn to apply splints and dressings by the light of the moon or a flashlight. After mastering *that*, daylight first aid seems fairly simple.

Finally, the Scouts practice under extremely realistic conditions, as one father discovered to his discomfiture.

"Just let me go along to camp," he said rashly to his 14-year-old son one day, "and if I'm not able to do everything you kids do, I'll buy a woodman's knife for every fellow in the troop!"

At camp, the father was startled to hear a gunshot. In a near-by field, a hunter lay writhing in pain, blood spurting from one leg.

"Ohhh," cried the father, "this is serious! Get a doctor! The man is bleeding to death!"

His son deftly bound the wound, then called the scoutmaster who nodded approvingly. The "victim" rose unassisted, removing a tube from his trouser leg. From his shirt front he took an atomizer and a bottle of red food-coloring in water. This was the "blood."

Next day, the camp received a large assortment of knives.

In a variety of ingenious ways, with dummies, wax, cold cream, red grease paint and other props, the Scouts simulate all kinds of emergencies, from shock to snake bite, and then treat them. When a boy later comes up against the real thing, he isn't rattled by the victim's appearance.

Despite progress recorded by the Red Cross and the Boy Scouts, there is still much to be done about making America first-aid conscious. All types of accidents caused 100,000 deaths last year, brought temporary disabling injuries to 10,400,000 persons, cost us more than five and a half *billion* dollars.

There are many more head-cracking statistics, but in them you are likely to lose the sense of personal tragedy.

I like to recall my Aunt May and the veteran she was able to save with her prompt first aid. I hate to think how she would have felt if that boy had come home safely from the wars and then, because of her ignorance, had died at the foot of her cellar stairs.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

Twilight of a Gangster: Here is the full, behind-the-scenes story of Al Capone's downfall, told by Elmer L. Irey, former chief of the Intelligence Unit of the Treasury Department. In this story, written exclusively for Coronet, Irey reveals how his T-Men wormed their way into Capone's gang to break up his empire of crime.

100 Great Books for All Time: Illustrated by Sheilah Beckett in rich, full color, this distinctive feature will delight the eye while serving as a valuable guide to the world's great literature.

Duncan Hines — Adventurer in Good Eating: An intimate word-portrait of the man whose books about America's restaurants, inns and dining rooms have influenced the eating habits of a nation.

God Was in My Corner, The Story of My Greatest Fight: Barney Ross's own frank account, written especially for Coronet, of his triumph over his toughest foe: dope! It took courage to win the fight, and equal courage to tell about it with complete honesty. This is a feature you can't afford to miss.

America's Kid Brother: You will recapture the wonder of boyhood, relive all its memories, with the delightful photographs selected by the editors of Coronet for this nostalgic 16-page picture story.

There's Nothing New in Beauty

Milady's "modern" aids to charm are really old stuff!

by **ELLEN PRATHER**

AMERICAN WOMEN spend more than $600,000,000 a year for cosmetics. Add to this the amount they spend in beauty shops and reducing salons, and you're bound to conclude that women just don't want to look like women.

The trouble seems to be that although Nature did a bang-up job in designing hills, trees, oceans and other assorted wonders, the female sex ended up with nothing more spectacular than a couple of ears, two eyes, a nose and mouth, some hair that was inclined to hang down and some unadorned skin. That is why, for several eons, they have been attempting to improve on this drab design. By now, the ideas have about been used up; nearly every modern "beauty aid" had its counterpart in days gone by.

When the girl of today arranges her hair in an elaborate upsweep and keeps it in place with lacquer and jeweled combs, she's not aware that the Warrau Indian women of South America were far ahead of her. They achieved fancy hair-dos by kneading honey into the hair, then plastering it with iridescent fish scales.

Sun-bathing also had its counterpart in a 15th-century Italian fad. Fashionable young ladies of that era used to moon-bathe, as a poet of the period put it, "to thread their hair with beauty."

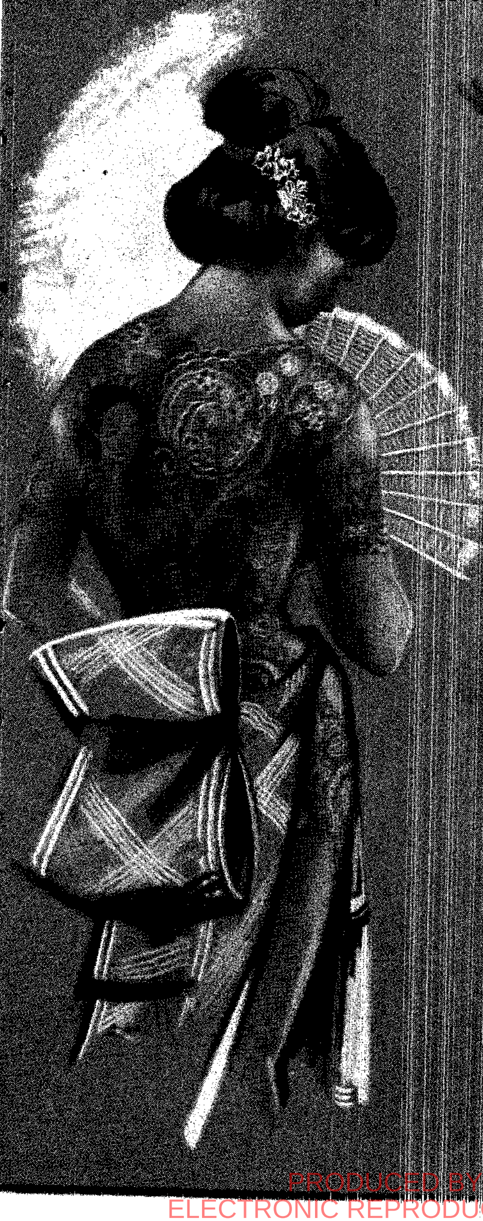
When the modern woman paints her fingernails and toenails a brilliant hue, she's following the lead of the Fellatah women of Africa who dyed their entire fingers and toes bright purple by wrapping them in henna leaves. The up-to-date lady who achieves an artificial sun-tan with leg make-up isn't doing anything new. The primitive pigmy women of the Kalahari Desert changed the color of their skin with smears of antelope blood.

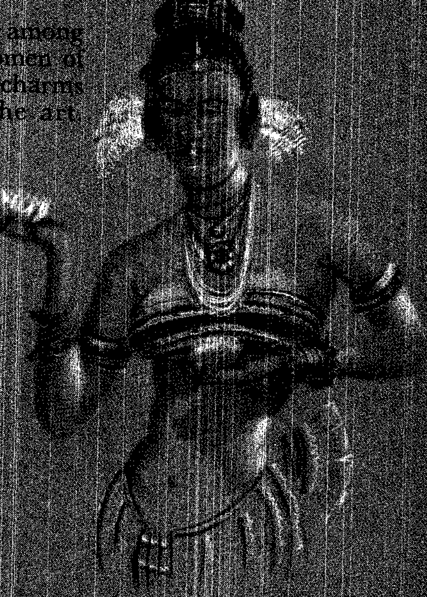
Not so long ago, an explorer opened an ancient Peruvian tomb and found the mummy of a pre-Inca girl who lived more than 1,000 years ago. She had rouged lips and cheeks, plucked eyebrows, bobbed hair and tinted fingernails and toenails. In a woven vanity bag buried with her were a powder puff, tweezers and orangewood stick; and in a compact decorated with feathers were rouge, lipstick and powder.

Which shows that even with beauty aids, there is nothing new under the sun!

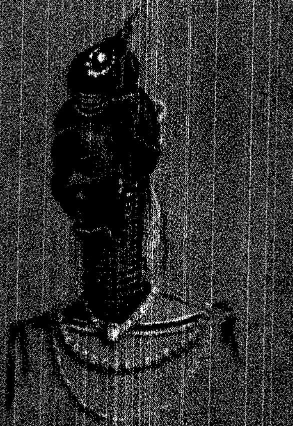
STRANGE BEAUTY CUSTOMS

Tattooing has long been popular among the Japanese, but today only women of the lower classes enhance their charms with intricate examples of the art.

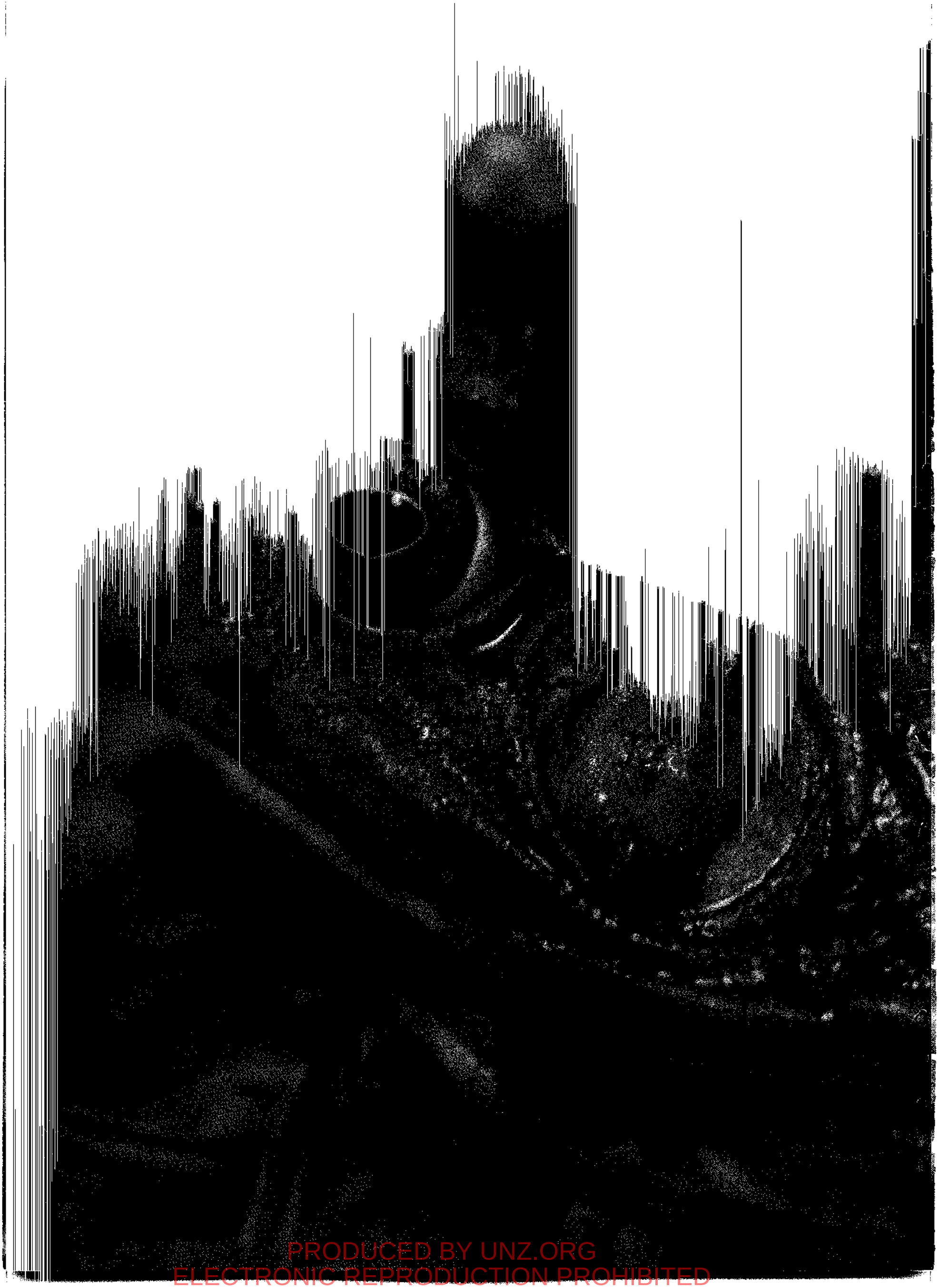


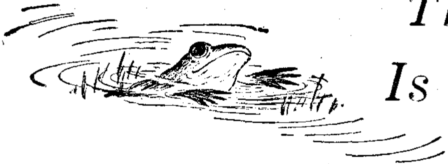


Gems, flowers and bare midriff were beauty tricks of Ceylon women centuries ago.



Brass coils worn around the neck signify wealth among Padaung women in Burma.





The Bullfrog Is No Show-off

by NINA ROGERS

BEHIND AN IMPOSING facade of dignity, certain species of animals, like certain people, conceal an enormous laziness. The grandfatherly old bullfrog, for example, has been characterized as wise, decorous, tranquil. But his indolence is usually overlooked.

Actually, few animals are as reluctant to expend energy as is the bullfrog. Equipped by nature with webbed hind feet and a very effective set of kicking muscles, the bullfrog could, if he chose, go zooming about ponds and lakes with the efficiency of a modern speedboat. But he prefers to spend most of his time quietly suspended in the water, with only his wide, grinning mouth and protuberant eyes appearing above the surface.

On land, his powerful hind legs can carry him 20 times his own length in a single leap. But only infrequently does he bother to exhibit his prowess—probably because it's too much trouble to climb out of the water.

When it's time to eat, the bullfrog doesn't tackle the task very diligently. No chasing of flies and other insects for him. He merely sits or floats in majestic splendor and waits for the food to fly by. Then, with a lightning-like flick of his long tongue, he gathers in his dinner.

Even in the process of changing from egg to tadpole to full-blown frog, the bullfrog refuses to be hurried. Frogs usually prolong this process for two years. And the tadpole, like the adult bullfrog, doesn't bother to do anything during winter months. He just nestles into the mud and hibernates.

Back in 1865, Mark Twain wrote a story called "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." It concerned some particularly energetic frogs who evidently were not loath to devote time and effort to leaping.

Bullfrogs will probably never forgive Twain. Every year now, champion jumpers are routed from their lazy existence in ponds all over the country, transported by ambitious owners to Calaveras County in California, scene of Twain's story, and entered in a jumping contest.

Even so, the bullfrogs resist until the end. For a contest rule permits owners of recalcitrant frogs to prod their entries, if necessary, to get them started.

Looking wise and dignified, a bullfrog indulges in his favorite pastime—taking it easy. Kodachrome by Cy La Tour.

YOU'RE LED BY YOUR NOSE

by **WILFRED WEISS**

You may not even have noticed it, but business is now using scented salesmen in the competition for your money

NINE MEN OUT OF TEN, according to several surveys, will emphatically declare that they don't like scented soaps and lotions. Yet when given an anonymous choice between scented and unscented shaving soap, 90 per cent will choose the former.

That sounds like an example of male coyness, but it is just an instance of the subtle and sometimes capricious way in which you are led by your nose.

The influence was amusingly dramatized by a large group of women who were offered their choice of six pairs of hosiery. Three pairs were of the very best quality. The other three pairs were of service weight and inferior dye, but they had been impregnated with perfume. Four out of five women chose the inferior quality because "they were more sheer and more attractive in color." No one mentioned scent.

Tests like these have convinced businessmen that the nose knows, and so about 150 industries have taken to impregnating products with a variety of subtle but persuasive odors. This power of nasal enticement has boosted the synthetic-scent industry to some $70,000,000 annually.

The products being treated range from baby's rattle, smelling like lemon drops, to sister's two-way stretch, suggesting dewy heather. The synthetic scents include a smoky odor for the wrappings for ham, a floral odor for greeting cards, and a tweedy odor for a bolt of cloth that was never closer to Scotland than Jersey City.

Duck feathers, normally not desirable because of a "gamy" smell, bring as much as goose feathers when treated with a covering odor. A manufacturer stuck with a quantity of out-of-fashion women's underwear managed to sell the entire lot when he scented the boxes with a faint suggestion of roses. A taffy maker boosted sales by sprinkling oil of wintergreen on the boardwalk in front of his concession.

In addition to products which add scent for sales allure, there is a growing field of chemically created items, such as some kinds of artificial rubber and various plastics, which come from the laboratory with a noxious odor and wouldn't get off the counter without an infusion of scent.

But enticing customers is only one facet of odor control. During the war, many fliers downed at sea were saved from death by releasing a chemical which repelled sharks. Now the chemists plan to reverse the action and create a scent which will attract fish.

Another application is in factories where cutting oils, or the rendering of animal products, cause a frightful stench. A pleasant covering odor has increased production and eliminated such minor illnesses as headache and nausea.

Similar ideas for scenting the atmosphere are at least as old as the Bible, but until 15 years ago, when large-scale development of synthetic scents began, they were not commercially practicable. Natural scent oils and fixatives are too expensive for mass-production industries, where prices are controlled by fractions of a penny.

Natural oil of jasmine, for instance, costs about $2,000 a pound. Musk, an essential fixative, is imported from Asia at $45 an ounce. There is also a Louisiana musk which sells for about $40 an ounce. Today, a synthetic jasmine made from coal tar can be produced for $2 a pound, and synthetic musk for $5 a pound.

At the same time, chemists have quickened and simplified the processes. It takes two tons of rose petals to make a pound of attar of roses, which sells for $35 an ounce —not too expensive for perfume but hardly practical for treating kitchen curtains. Today, a synthetic rose scent can be produced from several products for approximately 40 cents an ounce.

The development of some 250 synthetics, which can be combined to create more than 200,000 scents, is the industry's major triumph; but there is still the negative fact that people generally are not conscious of being influenced by odor when they go shopping.

When the strong smell of a certain brand of shoe polish was neutralized, people stopped buying it. A survey disclosed that the public had unconsciously associated the old odor with the polish, and without the odor even a demonstration couldn't convince them that it was the same preparation.

During the war a pharmaceutical company developed a substitute which had the therapeutic values of cod-liver oil, but had practically no odor. The public refused to buy the substitute until a fish odor was added to the product.

While it is certain that in the future we shall have a thoroughly scented world, there is no reason to fear that our noses will be battered out of sensitivity by a battle of odors. Manufacturers will keep scents faint and subtle, because a potent impregnation might defeat its purpose.

In a survey, glue, linoleum and fresh paint were most often cited as unpleasant household smells. Yet there were people who liked these odors. And although most people are repelled by the smell of an auto exhaust, others find it agreeable to the point of intoxication.

In tests to classify and characterize odors, it was found that people can't even agree on the quality of odor. A scent that some classified as pungent was characterized as mellow by others. Nor does the same nose always give the same reaction. A perfume that is tantalizing early in the day may be repellent at nightfall. And after a fit of anger, what was sweet may suddenly smell sour.

And so it goes in the curious world of smells. That's why impregnating odors will be kept at a subtle level, for manufacturers realize that your nose will know the odor is there, even if you don't.

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HOW WE TRAPPED THE LINDBERGH KIDNAPER

by **Elmer L. Irey**

(former Chief of the Intelligence Unit, U. S. Treasury Department)

AND **William J. Slocum**

In the dramatic annals of American crime, perhaps no case has been more talked or written about than the kidnaping in 1931 of the Lindbergh baby. But it has remained for Elmer L. Irey, now retired from the Treasury Department, to throw fresh light on some of the incredible incidents that occurred at the time of the crime and during the months in which Bruno Richard Hauptmann was being tracked to his doom. Here, in reportorial style, are some "inside" stories of the Lindbergh kidnaping, told by a man who, in all modesty, can claim chief credit for breaking the case.

—The Editors

THREE TIMES A GENTLE-voiced Treasury agent named Arthur P. Madden managed to get the floor during three smoky meetings at which Col. Charles A. Lindbergh sat surrounded by police officials from New Jersey and New York City and a coterie of private detectives and gangsters.

Three times they all listened as Madden quietly told them where to find a possible clue that would solve the crime of the century—the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby.

All the meetings were in New York City, and in the few moments it took Madden to outline his plan, he found time to point out that the possible clue lay only half an hour away by car.

Each time Madden spoke, his idea was greeted as sane, sound and worthy of immediate investigation. But it was so obvious and simple, and everybody was so terribly busy at the time, that it was lost in the shuffle, and as a result it took two-and-a-half years to catch Bruno Richard Hauptmann. The task should have taken six weeks.

That was just one of the fantastic frustrations in the manhunt for Hauptmann, a manhunt that was filled with sadistic humans, suicides, murders, hoodlums, and a weird assortment of odd creatures who wandered in and out like clowns in a funeral procession.

Red herrings seemed to fall from

the skies for two-and-a-half years, while the long arm of coincidence swept from the Lindbergh home in Hopewell, New Jersey, to such places as Czechoslovakia and the underworld of Calcutta.

Hauptmann was the guiltiest man I ever knew, yet he would doubtless have gotten off without penalty had not the publicized pipe dreams of Scarface Al Capone forced us into a case in which we had really no business.

I do not doubt that, in time, the law would have caught up with most of our victims—Capone, Huey Long and his gang, Boss Pendergast, "Dutch" Schultz, Waxy Gordon and other illustrious murderers and thieves—but I am certain that Hauptmann, a kidnaper and murderer, would be a free man today had not Colonel Lindbergh succumbed to an ultimatum I was forced to give him one afternoon.

We Treasury agents were in the case only because we had just succeeded in putting Capone in jail for 11 years for income-tax evasion,* and Al found the confinement so irksome that he told Arthur Brisbane, the Hearst columnist, that if he were given his freedom he would have the Lindbergh infant restored to his parents.

Brisbane relayed Al's offer to millions of readers in blaring headlines. The baby's father saw the story, and knowing the part the T-men had played in putting Capone where he was, Lindbergh called his good friend, Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills, to ask for help.

Mills ordered me to Hopewell immediately, and the next day I met with Lindbergh and his close friend, Henry Breckinridge.

THE LINDBERGH HOME in Hopewell when I arrived there resembled headquarters in the midst of a battlefield. Armed guards screened all who entered; police officials from New Jersey and New York City huddled in whispered conferences; an occasional jailbird called, as Manhattan's underworld sent emissaries to see what it could do to recover the kidnaped baby; and in a room sat eight Jersey State Troopers, each hunched over a barrel sorting mail. When these eight had worked eight hours they were succeeded by another crew, and so the hopeless but essential checking on crank letters went on 'round the clock.

Through this turmoil walked Lindbergh — pleasant, stubborn, often gay in an awkward attempt to smash tension, and always in full charge of operations and himself. Mrs. Lindbergh came and went when she was needed to answer a question or fetch a sandwich. I know of no way to describe her magnificent courage.

Lindbergh got down to business with a sentence which few men could say. "Mr. Irey, I wouldn't ask for Capone's release even if . . . if it would save a life."

To meet Lindbergh is to know he has no desire for polite talk, so I told him bluntly, "Capone doesn't know who has the child, Colonel Lindbergh. He is simply trying to get out of jail."

I had brought along our Philadelphia Agent-in-Charge, Arthur

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*Next month in Coronet, Elmer L. Irey will fully reveal, for the first time, his side of the story of what went on behind the scenes when his T-men finally trapped gangster Al Capone for tax evasion, and broke up his empire of crime.

Nichols, and Lindbergh showed us the note left on the window sill the night of March 1. It read:

"Dear Sir:

"Have 50,000$ ready 25,000$ in 20$ bills 15,000$ in 10$ bills and 10,000$ in 5$ bills. After 2-4 days we will inform you where to deliver money. We warn you from making anything public or for notify the police. The child is in got care. Indication for are letters are signature."

The translation of this last sentence was "indication of the validity of letters from us in this signature." The signature was a curious device consisting of an ink blot among three crude circles.

Lindbergh showed us two more letters he had received, obviously from the kidnaper. They assured him that his baby was well, but raised the ransom demand to $70,000 on the grounds that the publicity had forced the kidnapers to take in another partner.

Lindbergh felt there was a good chance of getting his son back and was desperately anxious that no police or civilian interference should bungle things. As an example of the latter, he showed us a note inserted in the Bronx *Home News* by Dr. John F. Condon, 72-year-old eccentric pedagogue, who was volunteering to serve as go-between.

When Nichols and I were leaving, Lindbergh said, "I'm at a complete loss, Mr. Irey. I would like it very much if you folks would stay." I told him we would be delighted to do anything we could.

Next day Dr. Condon got a note from the kidnaper, accepting him as go-between. Condon, known as "Jafsie," immediately drove to Hopewell. He and Colonel Lindbergh decided to follow the kidnaper's instructions and insert an ad, "money is ready," in the New York *American.*

At 7 P.M. on March 12, a taxi driver delivered a note to Condon in his Bronx home.

"We trust you, but we will note come in your haus it is to danger even you can note know if police or secret service is watching you. Take a car and drive to the last subway station from Jerome Ave line 100 feet from the last station on the left seid is a empty frank further stand with a big open porch around, you will find a notise of the porch underneath a stone. This notise will tell you where to find us.

"After ¾ of a houer be on the place, bring the money with you."

Jafsie secured the driving services of his bodyguard, Al Reich. Al was a prize fighter distinguished more for willingness than for triumphs, and he was just one of a long succession of "characters" who wandered in and out of Lindbergh's tragic experience. Al drove Jafsie to the "frank further" stand and found a note:

"Cross the street and follow the fence from the cemetery. Direction to 233 street. I will meet you."

Jafsie followed the fence that bounds the huge Woodlawn Cemetery. At the corner of 233rd and Jerome Avenue, a voice called, "Hey Doktor, hey Doktor!" The man identified himself as "John" and he and Jafsie talked until a cemetery guard approached.

"John" vaulted the fence and ran across the street with Jafsie waddling after him. Jafsie caught up to the man in Van Cortlandt Park and the two sat on a bench. Condon asked for proof that the child was alive and "John" explained that there were five people in the kidnap gang and outlined exactly how the $70,000 ransom was to be divided among them He told Jafsie that the Lindbergh baby was on a boat, a long distance from New York.

"John" and Jafsie talked for several minutes in the cemetery and for half an hour in the park, yet the completely unsatisfactory report of the interview is contained in the preceding paragraph, except that Jafsie did add that "John" was a Scandinavian and that he kept his face hidden.

Condon was a retired New York City schoolteacher who had continued teaching in parochial schools. He was at times brilliant, always honest, and often cantankerous. He had injected himself into the case and became the key man, a position in which he reveled. His lust for publicity was second only to his desire to get the baby back. He was a pest, make no mistake about that, yet he cannot be compared to the phonys who injected themselves into the affair for glory.

I HAD BROUGHT MADDEN in from Chicago and assigned another crack Special Agent, Frank Wilson, to the case, along with the New York Agent-in-Charge, Hugh McQuillen.

Then Frank Bartow of J. P. Morgan & Company told Lindbergh that the Department of Labor was investigating the case and that a Murray Garsson, Special Assistant Secretary of Labor, had been in touch with him (the same Murray Garsson involved with his brother and Representative May in the 1947 war-contracts case).

Garsson claimed that he could solve the case in 48 hours. Lindbergh, always hopeful, phoned his wife at home and told her that Garsson, Bartow and an associate of Garsson's were coming.

At 3 A.M., Garsson arrived. Mrs. Lindbergh, her mother, Mrs Dwight Morrow, and Mrs. Breckinridge had dressed in anticipation of the visit. Garsson strode into the house, loudly insisting that the kidnaping was an inside job. He claimed that any intruder upstairs could easily be heard downstairs where he was talking with the three nervous women.

He ordered Mrs. Lindbergh to go upstairs and walk around to prove his point. Dutifully she did so and when she came downstairs to inquire whether Garsson had heard her, he said, "Oh, I was busy talking, I forgot to listen. Run up and do it again!"

Mrs. Morrow stopped that nonsense, but she wasn't able to stop what followed.

Garsson demanded that all the servants be aroused, and he interviewed them. Betty Gow told him that Lindbergh had twice playfully hidden the child, and Garsson promptly informed the women that he (Lindbergh) had been rehearsing the kidnaping.

He capped the grisly evening by demanding that Mrs. Lindbergh take him to the cellar, where she watched him first poke in the furnace for the child's bones and then open the cesspool to repeat the sickening process. At 7 A.M.

he finally departed, leaving behind three frantic women and several irate but powerless men who dared not throw him out.

Eventually the White House instructed the Department of Labor to withdraw Garsson, but not until he had made two more shattering visits. I am pleased to report that I eventually got Garsson fired.

IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME that Gaston B. Means was engaged in persuading Mrs. Edward McLean of Washington, D. C., to pawn the Hope diamond for $100,000 on the promise that he could get the Lindbergh baby back for that sum. Farther south, in Norfolk, Virginia, John Curtis was preparing to enter the case with his lies that earned him a one-year jail sentence that was later suspended. Means' actions can be understood, since he was just a swindler, but Garsson and Curtis hadn't even that alibi.

The ransom payoff presented to Colonel Lindbergh a variety of problems. First, there was the matter of $70,000 in cash. Mrs. Lindbergh's wealthy parents offered the money, but he refused. Instead, he sold stocks that had cost $350,000 for $70,000, all they would bring in March, 1932.

In our conferences he admitted frankly that the kidnaper had him over a barrel, but he hoped somehow to arrange for proof that he was not being hoaxed. When the terms of exchange were laid down, he must meet them and hope for the best.

Jafsie was talking too much and soon his Bronx home was surrounded by reporters, an obvious handicap because the kidnaper had sent one message by hand and might want to send another. The reporters presented such a problem that we asked the newspapers to withdraw them. They all did, except the *Daily News*. Naturally the other papers returned.

We met at Bartow's home to discuss the problem. Madden asked Bartow if he knew Melvin A. Traylor, president of the First National Bank of Chicago. Bartow said yes, so Madden explained that Traylor knew Robert R. McCormick, owner of the Chicago *Tribune* and a member of the family that controlled the *Daily News*.

It was 2 A.M., but Bartow called Traylor in Chicago, Traylor called McCormick at Aiken, South Carolina, McCormick called his cousin, Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the *Daily News*, and in about an hour Jafsie's home was at last free of reporters.

Condon got his note next day. The writer complained of spending $3 on another sleeping garment for the Lindbergh baby but said the original garment would be sent as proof that the child was in the kidnaper's possession. (It was sent.) Then the monster said that Condon should tell Mrs. Lindbergh her child was well, but that it had been necessary to increase his diet. The note ended with instructions to insert an ad in the *American*, "I accept money is ready."

The money had been stored in a Bronx bank as soon as Condon had been established as intermediary. Lindbergh and his wife had gone on the radio to promise immunity to the kidnaper if the boy was returned, assuring him that he would get no marked bills. That promise brought up a serious crisis.

I told Lindbergh that every bill used for the ransom payment should be listed and a record kept of the serial numbers. Lindbergh argued stubbornly against this suggestion; he did not want to break his promise. It seemed extraordinary ethics to us and I pointed out to the Colonel that if he got his baby back, he could do what he chose about prosecution. But Lindbergh didn't want to break a promise, even to a kidnaper.

NEXT DAY MADDEN got a phone call from a spokesman for Breckinridge. If Madden went to the Morgan office, he was informed, a new set of ransom money would be arranged as we demanded. Madden and Wilson immediately went downtown.

They suggested that half the money, $35,000, be in gold certificates easy to recognize, and that $20,000 be in gold-certificate $50 bills, spectacularly easy to see. The bills should be bound with special string and paper that might be easily identified with portions we would keep.

A dozen different kinds of wood went into making the box to hold the ransom money, and samples of each were also kept. Then 14 clerks worked eight hours compiling a list of 5,150 items of currency which had no two numbers in sequence. The package was then returned to the Bronx bank to await developments.

It was the listing of the bills that resulted in Hauptmann's capture. And it was the same listing, plus the carefully saved pieces of wood, string and paper, that resulted in his conviction. A hundred thousand copies of the serial numbers of the 5,150 bills were printed secretly, and then Wilson tackled the heartbreaking task of getting the banks to force their tellers to heed the printed lists.

On March 29, Lindbergh received a note threatening to raise the ransom to $100,000 unless the kidnaper was paid before April 8. However, the kidnaper gave us no clue as to how the exchange could be effected.

On April 1, a month after the child was taken, came the note we were waiting for. It arrived on Friday and said that the money should be ready Saturday evening, in Condon's possession. The ad was to read "Yes, everything OK" and was to be inserted immediately in the *American* so it would appear Saturday morning.

The ad was inserted and at 7 o'clock Saturday evening a boy handed Jafsie this note:

"Take a car and follow Tremont Ave to the east until you reach the number 3225 east Tremont Ave; it is a nursery Bergen Greenhauses florist.

"There is a table standing outside right on door you find a letter undernead the table covert with stone, read and follow instruction. Don't speak to anyone on the way. If there is a radio alarm for police car, we warn you we have the same equipment. have money in one bundle.

"We give you ¾ of a houer to reach the place."

Lindbergh decided to accompany Condon and the two of them drove immediately to 3225 East Tremont Avenue, which was Bergen's Flower Shop. A note was under the table.

"Cross the street and walk to the next corner and follow Whittemore Ave. to the soud. Take the money with you. Come alone and walk. I will meet you."

Jafsie followed instructions and was met by the same man he had seen at both Woodlawn Cemetery and Van Cortlandt Park. The man again had chosen a cemetery for his business; this time it was St. Raymond's.

Jafsie had left the money in the car and after a brief talk with "John," he returned and got the package which he handed over a hedge. "John" handed back a note which Jafsie had demanded before tendering the money.

"The boy is on boad *Nelly* it is a small boad 28 feet long, two persons on boad. They are innocense. you will find the boad between Horseneck Beach and Gay Head near Elizabeth Island."

Lindbergh and Condon drove immediately to Mrs. Morrow's apartment on East 72nd Street where we were all gathered. First we looked over the note—and then Jafsie spoke. "Well, I talked him out of $20,000!" He was proudly displaying a roll of bills.

Madden, Wilson and I screamed together, "What?"

"Yes, sir. I saved $20,000. Look!"

He held before our horrified eyes 400 fifty-dollar gold certificates—the eye-catching certificates we had pinned our highest hopes on! Now the kidnaper had bills no bigger than gold twenties, and bank tellers get a thousand of them a day. We could have shot the well-meaning old meddler.

Lindbergh was making phone calls to Bridgeport, Connecticut, to secure a plane at dawn so that he could look for the *Nelly*. I called the Coast Guard and they sent ships into the area. Then it was arranged that Breckinridge, Jafsie and I should fly with Lindbergh in the search for the boat.

Lindbergh methodically collected the things a neglected baby might need and, just before we left, he ran upstairs for a bedsheet and tied a milk bottle to it. It would make a perfect signal to Coast Guardsmen if we sighted the *Nelly*.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lindbergh waited in her home in Hopewell. Her husband had arranged to call and tell her the result of the trip through a code word.

We drove through the black night to Bridgeport. Lindbergh was quiet—he had little choice, what with Jafsie reciting Shakespeare and the Bible and chortling about outwitting the kidnaper of the $50 certificates.

As soon as it was light, we took off in the plane. Lindbergh and Breckinridge sat in front, Jafsie and I behind them. The take-off was perfect, for Lindbergh's hands and nerves were under full control. After we had gained altitude, Breckinridge asked to take over the controls, for he, too, was a flier.

As Breckinridge flew, Lindbergh quietly crossed controls and in no time Breckinridge was baffled to find the plane turning right when he wanted to turn left. His amazement amused Lindbergh. It was quite a scene, Breckinridge wondering if he were crazy, and Jafsie yowling the *Song of Solomon*.

When we got in the area described in the note, Lindbergh took over the controls and we dove at every boat, passing alongside to catch the name. I have heard wartime fliers describe hedge-hopping, and that is exactly what we were doing, only we were hopping over swaying masts.

As dusk closed in, we landed at a Long Island club and Lindbergh trudged to a phone to send the sad code word to his wife.

TWO DAYS LATER a ransom bill was passed in a Manhattan bank and discovered in the clearing house three days later. Nobody remembered anything, of course.

Then we released the serial numbers to banks all over the country, with an urgent plea for secrecy. The day after, a Newark newspaper printed every number and the following day every paper in the country followed suit. A clerk had sold the list to the paper. I think he got $5 for it.

On May 11, Colonel Lindbergh was at sea, running down information furnished by the Norfolk shipbuilder, John Curtis, who claimed he had been in radio contact with mysterious Swedes on mysterious ships.

Then another radio message brought the Colonel home. His kidnaped son had been found dead in a patch of woods just five miles from the Hopewell home. Curtis was confessing his hoax in the living room of Lindbergh's home when the Colonel came back from identifying his son's body.

In the summer of 1932, another coincidence spawned one of the red herrings which we were always meeting. Violet Sharpe, an employee in the Lindbergh home, committed suicide as Wilson was waiting downstairs to question her about her actions on the night of the kidnaping.

Her story of having a few beers with a man named "Earnie" hadn't checked, because the "Earnie" she identified proved he and his wife were nowhere in the vicinity. We knew she was shielding another "Earnie," and we knew she hadn't kidnaped the child or had anything to do with it, but we wanted to know why she had lied to us. We still know she was innocent, but we have never been able to find out why she took her life.

After this, Madden returned to Chicago, but Wilson stayed on the case. He begged, threatened and harangued bankers to force their clerks to watch out for the ransom bills. The notes were appearing, but they were being skillfully spread, and every time one of them did show up, the newspapers carried the story.

The map of New York showed a hundred or so pins indicating where the money had been passed and also showed an extremely intriguing blank circle in the Bronx. But meanwhile, circulars in seven languages were distributed all over the world.

In August, 1932, Wilson pleaded with W. O. Woods, Treasurer of the United States, that the Treasury secretly call in and retire certain groups of $5, $10 and $20 bills. Included were the ransom bills. Woods was agreeable, but higher Treasury officials were forced to refuse, explaining that America's financial situation was so precarious at the time that if such a move leaked out, it might start a panic.

On April 6 the following year, Franklin D. Roosevelt solved Wilson's problem by setting May 1, 1933, as the deadline for the recall of all gold certificates.

I doubt if Wilson slept from April 6 to May 1. He sent wires to banks, phoned them, visited them, had more circulars printed. Yet out of it all developed only the biggest red herring of all, and another suicide. And enough coincidences to set Sherlock Holmes on his ear.

First, despite our pleas for extra vigilance, the kidnaper succeeded in exchanging $15,000 in gold certificates a few days before May 1. (Hauptmann's brokerage account proved he invested approximately $15,000 around May 1, 1933.) The Federal Reserve Bank of New York changed $2,980 in gold certificates on May 1, and a rule of that bank required an exchange slip for such transactions. The very next day, the bank reported that the $2,980 was ransom money and that the slip bore the name of J. J. Faulkner, 547 West 149th Street.

There was no J. J. Faulkner at that address nor did anybody remember a person of that name. We already knew that a car stolen a few days before the kidnaping from Lakehurst, New Jersey, had been found across the street from 547 West 147th, shortly after the baby was taken from his bed. Lakehurst is not far from Hopewell.

Wilson discovered in old city directories that a Jane Faulkner had lived at 547 West 147th but had disappeared in 1920. Then he searched marriage records and found that Jane Faulkner had married Carl O. Giessler, a naturalized German, in 1920. Giessler had filled out the marriage form and our experts said that his writing on the certificate seemed the same as on the deposit slip.

We had no trouble finding Giessler, for he was a partner in one of New York's biggest florist establishments. Giessler had a daughter by a previous marriage who was married to Henry C. Liepold, a German-born American citizen. Mrs. Liepold, we were amazed to find, had that very day booked train passage to Canada under an assumed name.

As we were preparing to follow her, another agent uncovered the fact that her husband had lived for three years at 3000 Decatur Avenue, the Bronx. Condon lived less than a block away.

Mrs. Liepold was trailed to Montreal, her baggage was searched and she was followed for a week before being trailed back home. She spent that week very quietly visiting with an old girlhood chum.

Giessler was interviewed and gave a completely satisfactory account of himself, including a denial that he had exchanged the money. He wrote five pages for Wilson, and the experts agreed it was not he who had signed "J. J. Faulkner." Then his son-in-law, Liepold, shot himself dead. . . .

JAFSIE HAD STEADFASTLY denied any resemblance to the ransom receiver in the hundreds of pictures we showed him, but one day he peered at one and said, "You're getting hot, boys! I want to see that man."

That man was Waslov Simek,

who had been convicted for sending extortion letters to Edsel Ford in Detroit. The letters demanded a million dollars and threatened to blind Ford's children unless the money was paid. Simek had been deported to Czechoslovakia, so we traced him around the world. He had been tossed out of Czechoslovakia for arson. Next, he went to Russia, was chased out and went to India. India got too hot and he went on to South America. Then closer to America—Santo Domingo. He was in Santo Domingo a year before the kidnaping, but alas, he had turned honest and was working for a company which proved he was in Santo Domingo the day of the kidnaping. Another herring!

On September 12, 1934, a man bought gasoline at 127th Street and Lexington Avenue, in New York's Harlem. He tendered a $10 bill, and following general custom, the attendant jotted the license number of the car on the bill in case the money should prove to be counterfeit. When the bill cleared through a bank, an alert teller recognized it as a ransom bill.

The police were informed. There was no reason to be sure that the man who passed the bill was the Lindbergh kidnaper, since several such leads had already proved worthless. However, the police checked the license number against the application. They needed only one quick look at the writing on the application and the writing on their photostat of the ransom notes. This was their man—Bruno Richard Hauptmann, 1279 East 222nd Street, the Bronx.

This was 30 months and 12 days after the baby was stolen. It was more than 28 months after Art Madden had said, "The kidnaper has passed money in the Bronx. He mailed many of his notes from the Bronx. He was seen twice in the Bronx. The New York Traffic License Bureau keeps its Bronx registrations in the Bronx County Courthouse, separate from all other boroughs. Couldn't we get a half-dozen bright young ladies to check the ransom writing against the license applications?"

Three times Madden had offered that suggestion. Three times it had been greeted with unanimous approval. Three times it was forgotten. But now it was recalled in a flurry of scarlet faces.

For seven days, Hauptmann was followed every second around the clock. His bank account was investigated, his stock transactions were checked and in a week his life was an open book to us from the day he had set foot on these shores. We knew he had left a criminal record behind in Germany, so we wanted to find out if there had been any accomplices. But in the week that we shadowed him, we neither saw nor heard him do anything that indicated allies.

If his mail was looked into, it was done in the legal manner, which means after it had been dropped into his mailbox. Nothing indicated accomplices, so on September 9, 1934, he was arrested at his home.

Hauptmann sullenly denied knowing anything about the kidnaping or the origin of the ransom bill he had passed for gasoline. As he talked he kept nervously glancing through a window toward his garage. The police went there immediately and returned bearing a box. It was the same box we had carefully constructed in 1932; in it was $14,600 in bills whose serial numbers checked with the list we had compiled at Morgan's.

HAUPTMANN WAS CONVICTED and executed on circumstantial evidence, not the most popular type of evidence in murder trials. But were it not for circumstantial evidence, a man would have been exonerated despite these facts:

1. He had passed ransom money and had $14,600 of it when he was caught.

2. He had kept records of his savings and expenses, which one of our mathematical wizards, Agent William E. Frank, used to prove that Hauptmann had spent or owned $49,950.44 more than he ever earned since coming to America. Like a magician doing the same trick two ways, Frank then proved that after the ransom money was paid, Hauptmann hadn't done an hour's work, yet had managed to handle $49,986 in bank and brokerage accounts, less the $14,600 he had in cash in the box. In other words, Frank came within $49.56 of the $50,000 ransom sum by one method, and within $14 by another.

3. Arthur Kohler, technician from the Bureau of Forestry, proved that part of the wood used to make the kidnap ladder had been cut from a larger piece of lumber found in Hauptmann's attic. Kohler also demonstrated that a plane used to fashion the ladder was identical with one found in Hauptmann's possession.

4. An engineer employed by the firm that had made the nails found in the ladder testified they were identical with those found in a half-empty keg in Hauptmann's attic. He explained that the dies used to stamp nails are changed daily, and the nails in the ladder and those in Hauptmann's home were made the same day.

5. Hauptmann insisted that he had gotten the money from Isidor Fisch, his deceased business associate. The State was able to prove that he had been spending the money two years before he even met Fisch.

6. The handwriting in the ransom note matched Hauptmann's perfectly.

Charles P. Walton, Sr., chairman of the jury that convicted Hauptmann, found it necessary to take a punch at one persistent cameraman who insisted on knowing what had gone on in the jury room. So intense was public interest that Walton issued a statement:

"Finally, after millions of words, here is how we convicted Bruno Richard Hauptmann:

"A ransom note had been left on the window sill of the stolen baby's bedroom. The person or persons who left that note got the baby. How they entered the room and left—by ladder, stairs or balloon—makes no difference; he or they got the baby.

"The person or persons who got the baby got the sleeping garment.

"Some person, a man, gave Dr. Condon the garment in exchange for $50,000.

"That money was recorded by

numbers and all the bills were recorded.

"Hauptmann was caught with $14,000 of those bills.

"A million and a half words did not bury those simple facts. Every circumstance brought out made them clearer.

"As I said in starting, we twelve did only what you millions of readers would have done. We have no regrets. We only wish the whole tragedy had never been."

Colonel Lindbergh's comment was just as positive. He made it to me at the trial and I pass it on as a tribute to the Treasury Department's Intelligence Unit, which saved the Lindbergh tragedy from being even more of a national disgrace. Lindbergh said:

"If it had not been for you fellows, Hauptmann would not now be on trial. Your organization deserves the full credit for his apprehension."

Conversation Stoppers

ROBERT L. RIPLEY of "Believe It or Not" fame owns a home of fabulous content. Unusual items from every nook and cranny of the globe have been assembled there, giving the mansion the appearance of a museum. Through these superfluously bedecked rooms one day Mr. Ripley conducted his friend, Ed Gardner, the irrepressible "Archie" of radio's *Duffy's Tavern.*

Gardner offered no comment on the endless assortment of whatnots until Ripley felt compelled to ask for his reaction. The comedian's eyes swept the great interior and he seemed to be studying the myriad gargoyles, figurines and paraphernalia which choked every room, hall and staircase.

"Tell me, Bob," he finally said, "did you get this joint furnished?"

—JOE BIGELOW

HE HAD HAD JUST about enough of his wife's extravagance, and her latest acquisition in the millinery line made him hopping mad.

"Where," he thundered, "do you think I'm going to get the money to pay for it?"

"Dear," cooed the little woman, "you know I'm not inquisitive."

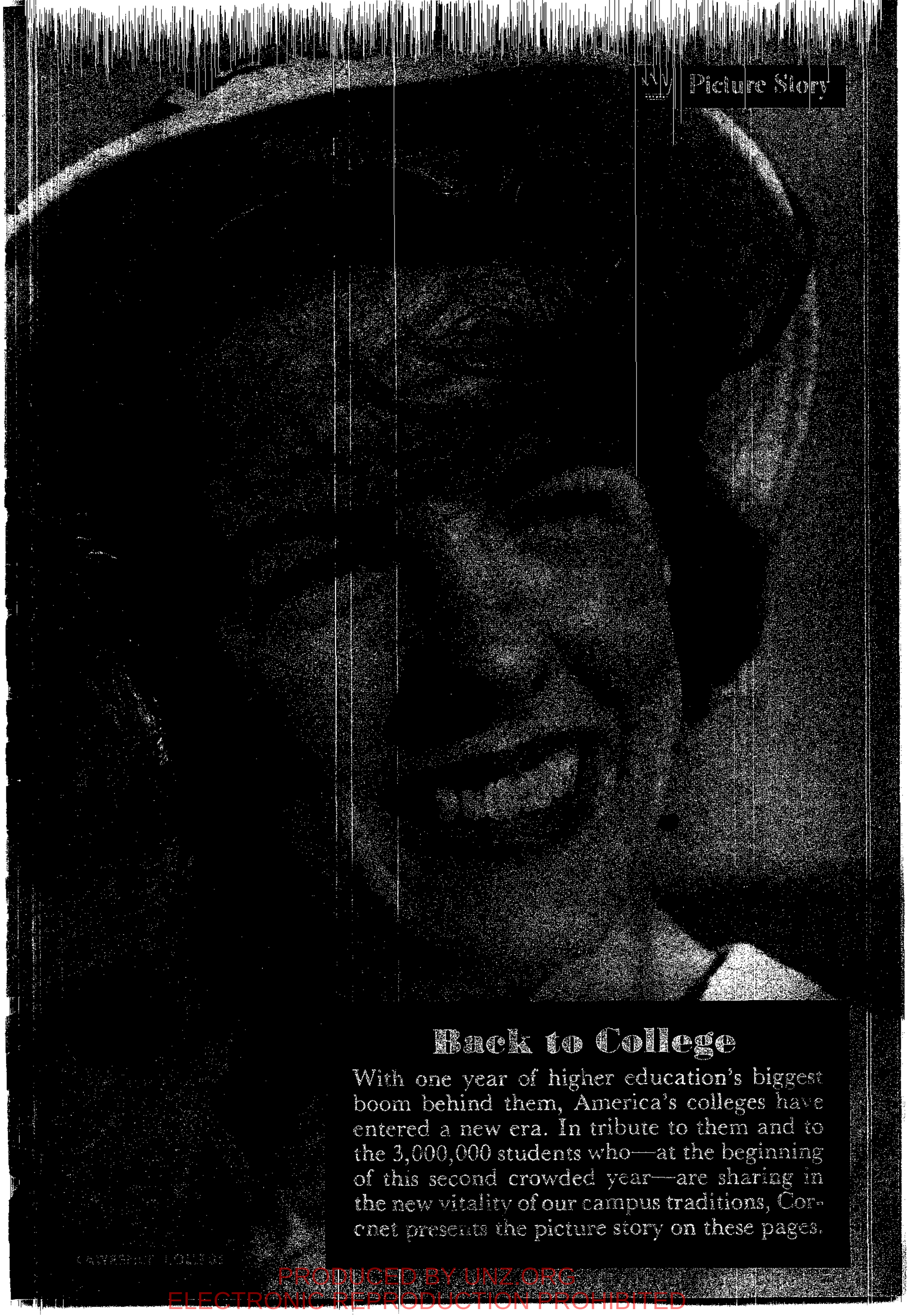
—NED FROBISHER

"THAT DOES IT. Now I've heard everything," exclaimed a telephone company service representative as she replaced the telephone on its base recently.

She had called a customer in the course of business; when a young boy answered, she repeated the called number for verification.

The youngster replied, in dignified tones, "Yes, this is Niagara 1234. And for whom doth the bell toll?"

—*Telephony*



CAMPBELL COLLEGE

Back to College

With one year of higher education's biggest boom behind them, America's colleges have entered a new era. In tribute to them and to the 3,000,000 students who—at the beginning of this second crowded year—are sharing in the new vitality of our campus traditions, Coronet presents the picture story on these pages.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

For 300 years and more the American college has been a center for leisurely learning. For 300 years and more, students have been singing of eternal loyalty to alma mater—to its hallowed, ivy-covered halls.

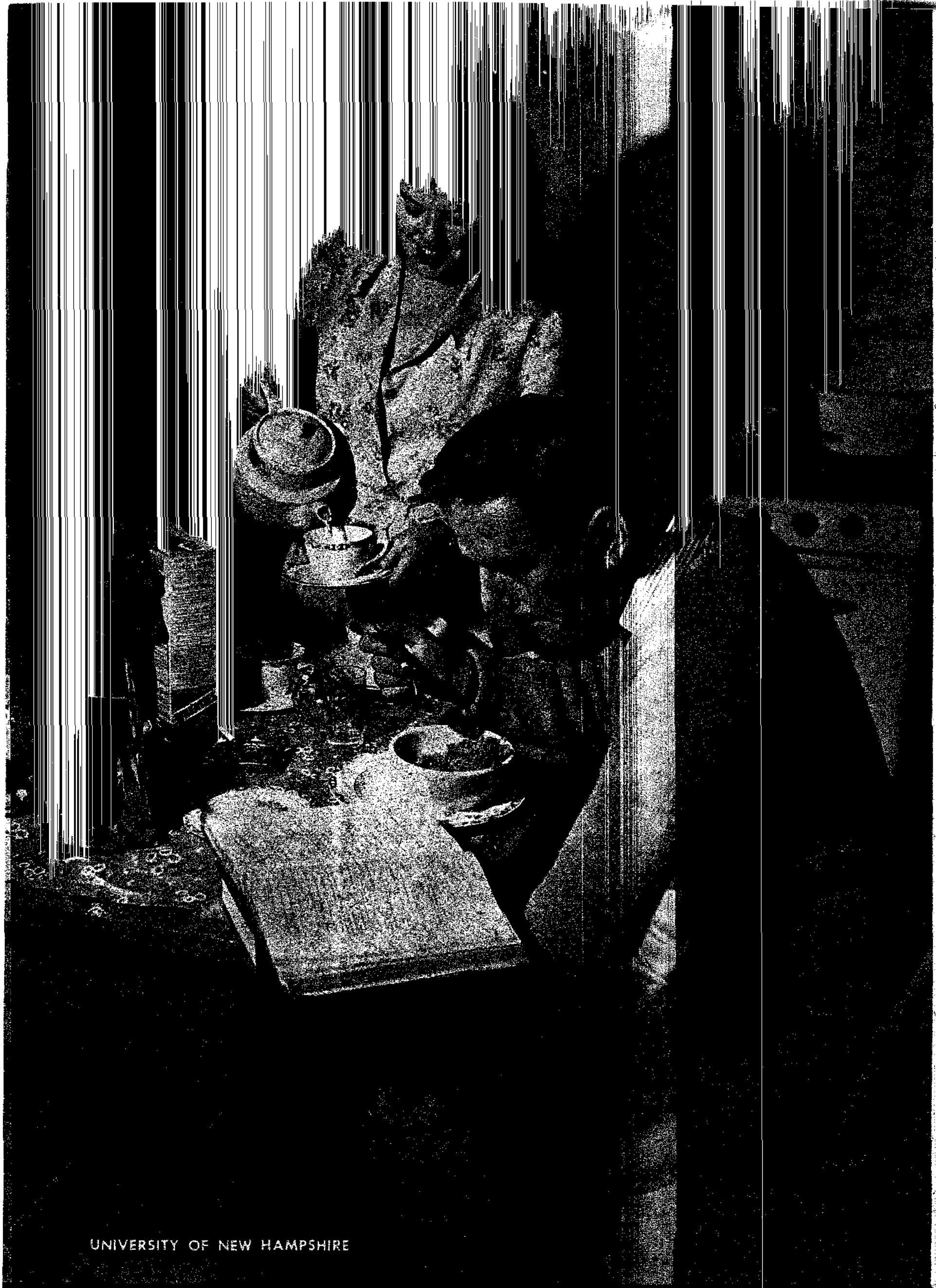
And through these long years of growth, generations of stu
teachers have together built the great traditions of the Ameri
pus—traditions of scholarship and opportunity, of freedom

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

And they were *not* denied. Our colleges had faith in them and made room for almost 2,000,000 new students. The men who had faced death in battle went back to school.

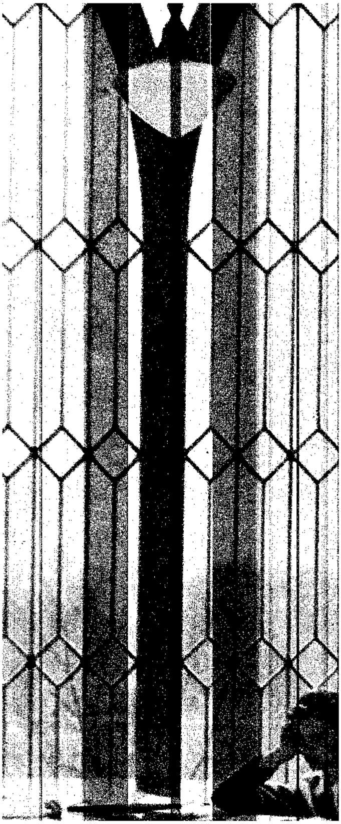
SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

To accommodate this rush of undergraduates, many colleges put up makeshift buildings and added extra hours to the school day, so ex-servicemen could get the education they had missed.



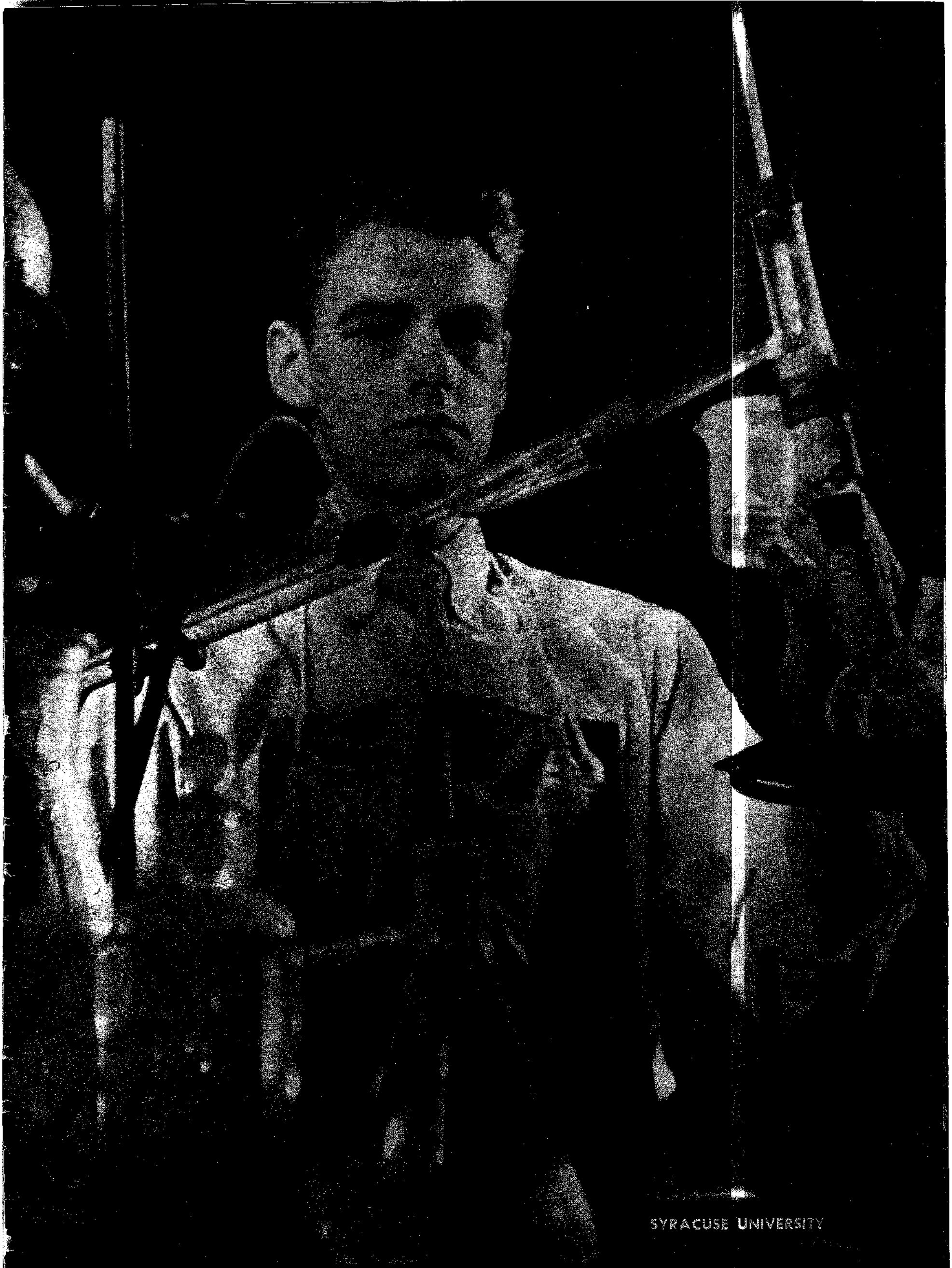
UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

And though many veterans now had wives and children to worry about, they proved to be serious scholars. In just one year of hard work they have raised average college grades to unprecedented heights.



CLARK UNIVERSITY

Today something new has been added to old campus traditions of ease and leisure . . .

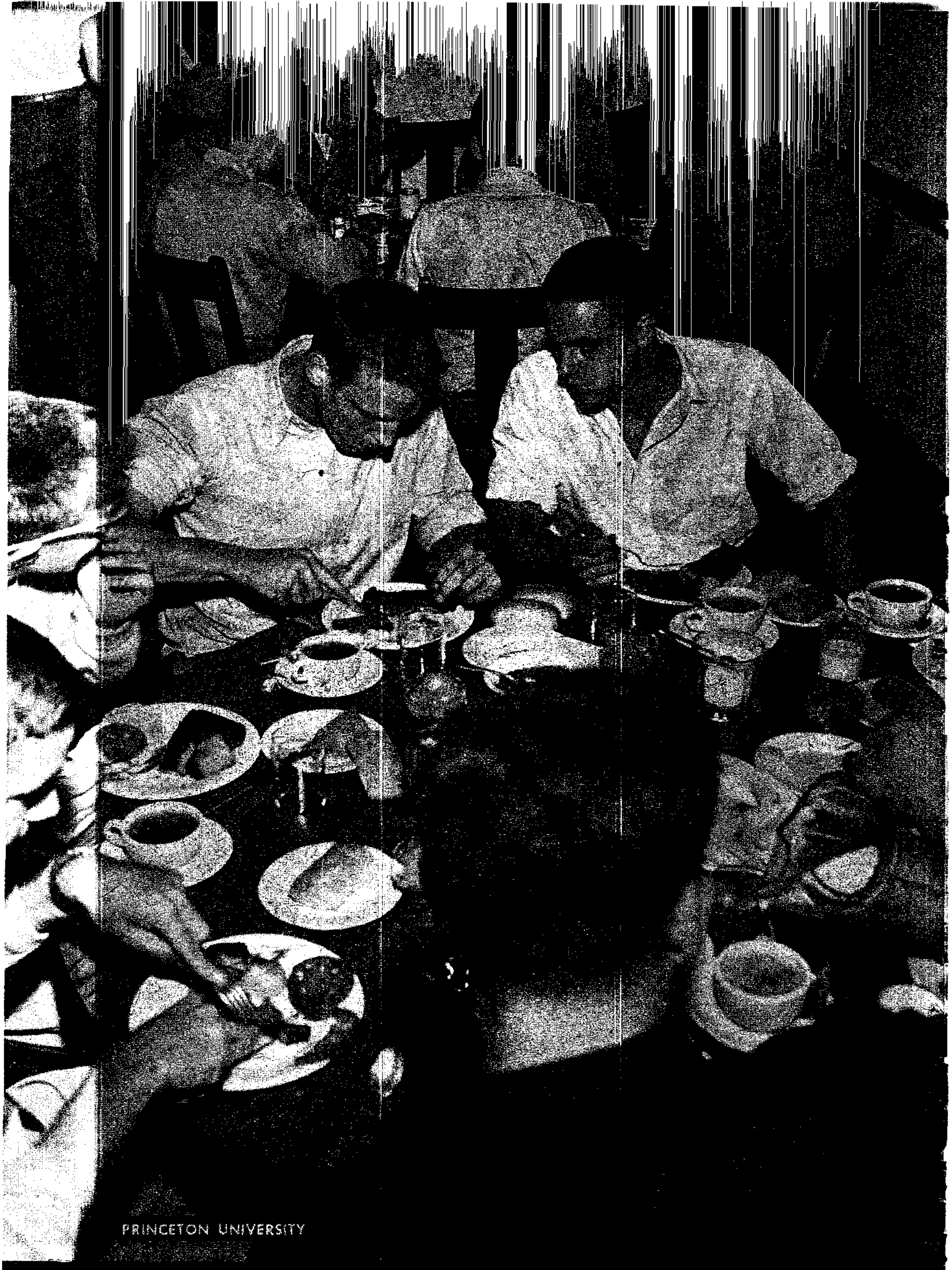


SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

. . . for in place of what once was called the country-club atmosphere of America's colleges, there is now solid determination to make good, to get the most out of school and to make it pay off in security.

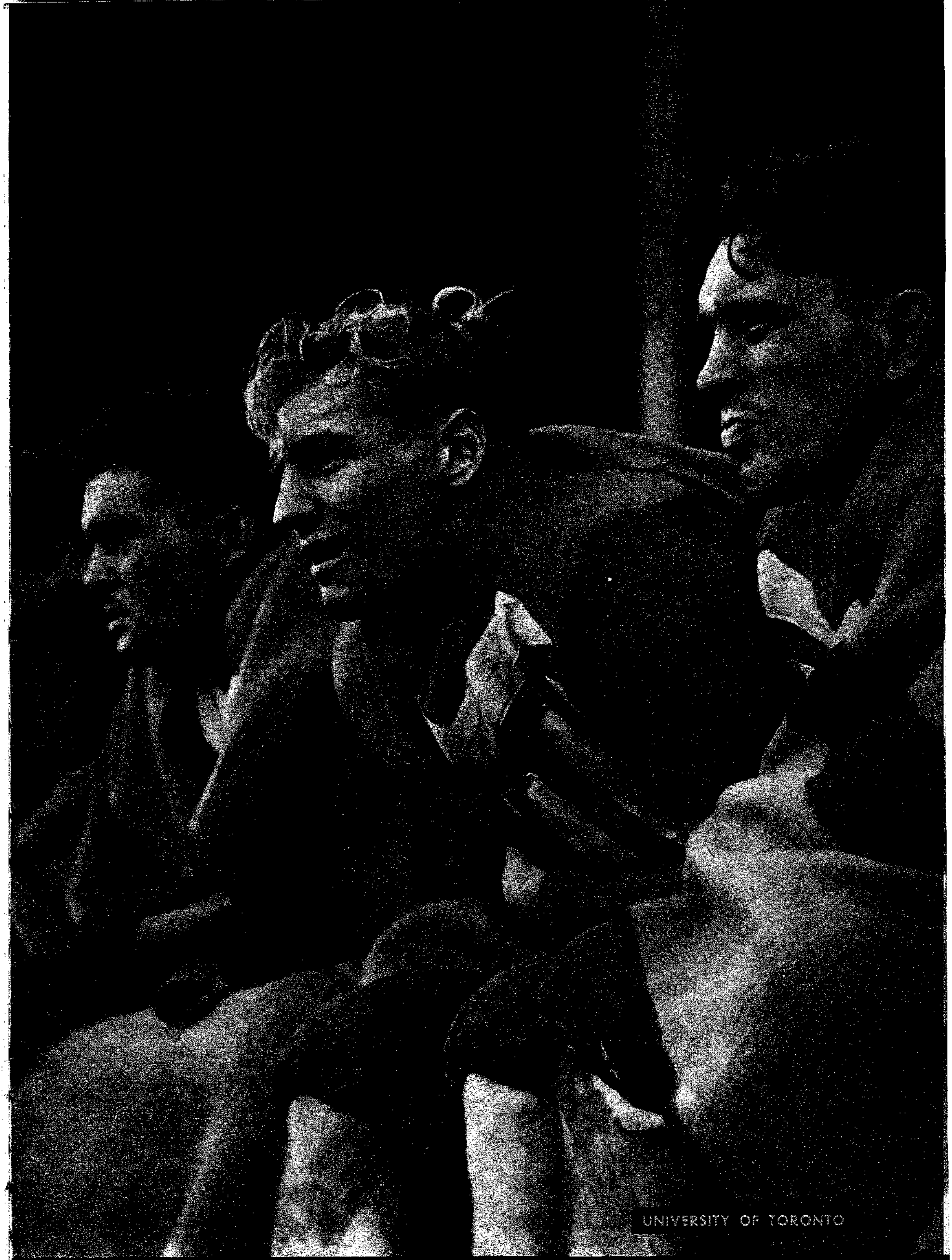
UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

But if former graduates feared that overloaded campuses would dim old traditions of collegiate glamour, they were wrong. Campus life generally is still brimming over with the exuberance of youth.



PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

And one sure sign that the old college spirit still lives is the undiminished attraction of football. Football heroes are still top men on the campus. Training tables are still sacred circles for letter-men . . .



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

. . . and the urge to do or die for alma mater is as strong as ever.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

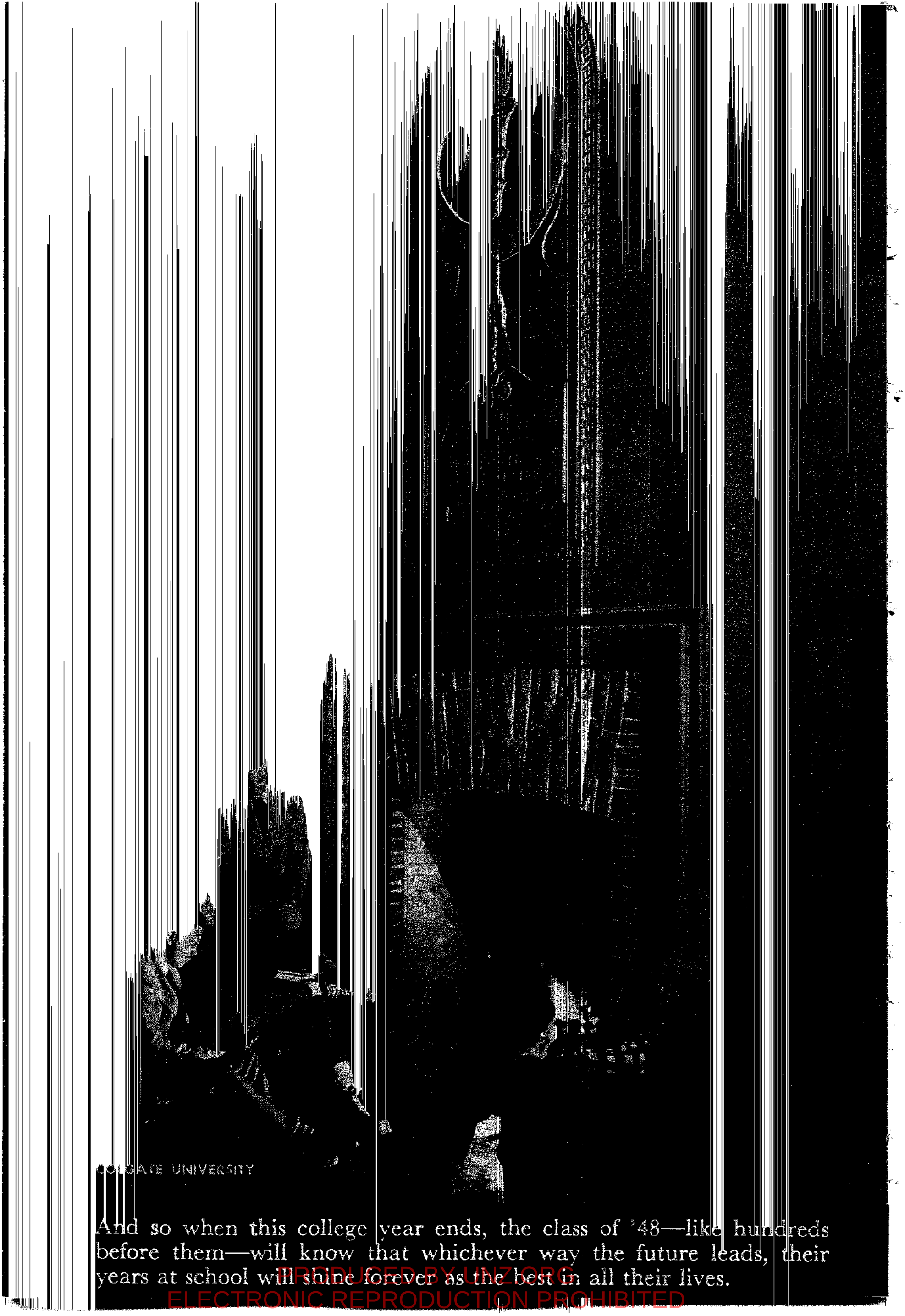
Even the green campuses have not lost their beauty in the rush—and the hallowed halls are still there . . .

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

. . . a senior is still a senior. His rights, privileges and honors are unimpaired. He is the same easy-going, confident, optimistic man-of-the-world he always was . . .

BLACK MOUNTAIN COLLEGE

. . . and busy as they are, professors somehow find time to share their wisdom and learning with youngsters who will never forget.



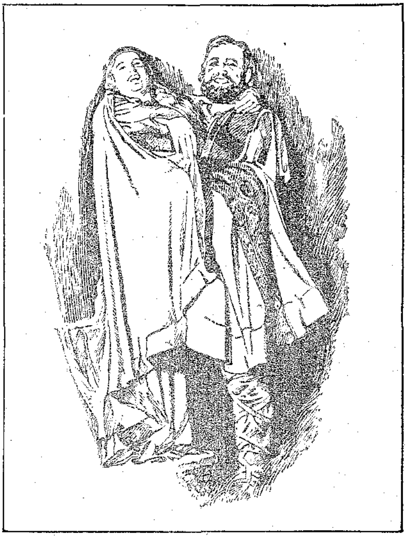
COLGATE UNIVERSITY

And so when this college year ends, the class of '48—like hundreds before them—will know that whichever way the future leads, their years at school will shine forever as the best in all their lives.

THE TRIUMPH OF *Marjorie Lawrence*

Nothing short of death can defeat a real fighter in the battle of life; here, set against the background of the glamorous "Met," is the inspiring story of a gallant woman and great singer whose glorious voice could not be stilled.

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT



THERE'S NO OPERATIC stage quite like New York's "Met." Take the glamour of grand opera, the power of great voices and the drama of the Old World, blend them skillfully under a maestro's touch, and you have the glittering scene where the immortals of music lived their most thrilling moments.

Yet in the Metropolitan's long history, no birth of an operatic star was ever more human, more breathtaking or more inspiring than the sequence of appearances by Marjorie Lawrence, the Australian "tomboy" who had once pitched hay and herded sheep on a ranch in Australia's "Outback" country.

Given a resounding ovation at her Metropolitan debut, she later all but died of infantile paralysis, which suddenly felled her during an operatic rehearsal. Fighting to stage a miraculous comeback, she lived to receive, years later, the frenzied plaudits of opera-goers as she dramatically performed her role from a wheelchair.

It was on December 18, 1935, that the Australian girl singer, fresh from sensational successes in Paris and Monte Carlo, swept onto the Metropolitan stage as Brünhilde in *Die Walküre*. There was no stage fright, no air of the neophyte about her as she brilliantly sang and acted her role. There was power in her voice and drama in her acting. She took the house by storm, and curtain calls brought her back to bow and smile repeatedly.

From that moment onward, she was a star performer on the Metropolitan and other stages. But in 1941, she accepted an invitation to appear in Mexico City; and it was there that tragedy struck on the day of initial rehearsal. The vehicle—strangely enough—was *Die Walküre*. It moved along slowly until the closing tableau, where Brünhilde lies on a divan while protective tongues of flame rise around her.

The scene in rehearsal closed, the Magic Fire music died away—yet the star, instead of rising from her couch, remained still. Members of the cast went to her side, gently shook her, but there was no response. A physician rushed to her side. She had been stricken, lightning-like, by infantile paralysis.

"There is only a slight chance she will live," said specialists. "If she does, she will likely never walk, talk or sing again. . . ."

NOW IT IS THE NIGHT of January 22, 1943. Again we are at the Metropolitan Opera House, this time to hear *Tannhäuser*. A strange atmosphere hovers over the gathering audience, a current of anxiety about something of which the multitude of people is aware, yet about which they can do nothing.

It is a brilliant performance, and the crowd is responsive, but they are tensely awaiting the moment that will write either an epic or a tragedy. The moment arrives—the pause before the dramatic 40-minute Venusberg scene. The crowd holds its breath, clenches its fists. Something must happen!

While the curtain is still down, out of the wings comes a wheelchair, pushed by a man in street clothes. In the chair, in the pink diaphanous draperies of Venus, sits a beautiful young woman, her eyes shining, her head high in regal splendor, her whole being ready to greet a vast, friendly audience. It is the "Bush Girl" from Australia.

The wheelchair is pushed beside a couch. The man gently picks up the paralyzed girl and places her on the divan, then pushes the chair offstage. The curtain goes up. From her reclining position, the great star lifts her magnificent voice once again. As the rich notes roll to the utmost recesses of the vast opera house, the crowd is literally carried along by the beauty of that voice.

The role has been taken and the scene is over. There is a split-second suspense, and then the storm breaks. The applause is deafening, so out before the curtain is pushed the divan, its occupant gleaming with rapture over the ovation. Again and again she returns, until sheer exhaustion ends the plaudits.

Great operatic moments occur but seldom, and this was one of the greatest of all. It was a crowning achievement for Marjorie Lawrence, whose heroic comeback from infantile paralysis parallels that of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who once wrote her:

"Mirrored in your great victory for years to come, those beset with burdens and harassed by handicaps will see the glory and the satisfaction of the good fight—well won. From an old veteran to a young recruit, my message is 'Carry on!' "

Today, America and much of the rest of the world pays tribute to Marjorie Lawrence, praising her voice and her spirit, her courage and her charm. Back of her triumph lies a stirring tale of ambition and ability, which began in a tiny Australian village called Dean's Marsh. Here, Marjorie grew up as a typical native of the "Outback" country. Only one thing set her apart from her playmates—her voice. When she was only five years old, the schoolmaster detected the clear, high notes of an exceptional singer.

At six, Marjorie was starred in a school concert, and her listeners promptly awarded her the title of "Little Melba." Then the local Anglican clergyman gave her music lessons, and at 18 the girl decided on a lifetime musical career.

The city of Melbourne became the first objective; there Marjorie worked as a seamstress to pay for lessons and as a housekeeper in exchange for meals and the use of a piano. For dramatic training she joined a Shakespearean club. In two years she won an operatic contest conducted by the Melbourne *Sun*, and went to Paris to study.

Her rise was meteoric. In 1932, she made her operatic debut at Monte Carlo in *Tannhäuser*. Critics asserted her initial appearance was the greatest "first in Monte Carlo since the days of Caruso and Chaliapin." A year later she swept Paris by storm, stopping the show as Ortrud in *Lohengrin*. Edward Johnson, veteran manager of the Metropolitan, heard her and signed her up for the "world's greatest." Then came the drama of her American debut, and skyrocketing success.

Finally the summer of 1941 rolled around, with the future of the young star gleaming ever more brilliantly—only to be blacked out by infantile paralysis. It was a double blow, because Marjorie was then on her honeymoon, her husband being a New York physician, Dr. Thomas King.

In Mexico City, Dr. King chartered a plane, turned it into a temporary hospital and flew her to the border. Later she went by train to Minneapolis to be treated by another famous Australian woman, Sister Kenny. The latter personally superintended the treatments, and improvement was steady.

Although still flat on her back, Marjorie one day appealed to her husband: "I want a piano." Dr. King secured one, then wrapped her in a blanket and strapped her to a straight-backed chair. Again her hands were resting on a keyboard. She was thrilled.

Providentially, her vocal cords had not been stricken. Note by note she sang a refrain from *Tristan and Isolde*, her voice clear and strong.

"As I sang, I could almost feel the strength flowing back into me," she recalls. "At first five minutes a day, then ten, then fifteen. I did many breathing exercises, and developed a new technique for singing while sitting down. I finally realized I was on my way back."

The Kings went to Florida where Marjorie basked in the sand. On Christmas Day, six months after specialists had indicated that her case was virtually hopeless, she sang at a church service, giving a superb rendition from her wheelchair of *Ave Maria* and *The Lord's Prayer*.

Again at Easter she sang in

church. Within 15 months she appeared on a national radio program. The next step was a Town Hall recital, of which *Variety* said: "Of the dramatic sopranos before the American public today, only Helen Traubel is on the same vocal plane as Miss Lawrence." Finally, there was her great triumph at the Met in *Tannhäuser*.

Miss Lawrence soared to still greater heights. She had appeared in Montreal in June, 1943, as Isolde in *Tristan and Isolde*, a role both lengthy and difficult. She wished to essay the same role at the Metropolitan but the management was reluctant because her seated position would require stage revisions.

Here Marjorie won support of the Grenfell Association of America, which was staging the performance as a benefit for medical mission work in Labrador, and the Met yielded. The ticket line was blocks long, and the acclaim of the critics was enthusiastic.

During the war Miss Lawrence made a four-month tour of the camps, traveling 50,000 miles by ship, train, jeep and plane, singing to as many as 10,000 men outdoors at one time.

The golden-haired soprano always opened her concerts for men of the battlefields with Malotte's setting of *The Lord's Prayer*. She gave them operatic numbers, hymns, *Annie Laurie*, *Waltzing Mathilda*, and once responded smilingly to a lad's request for *Pistol Packin' Mama*.

In her travels Miss Lawrence used a collapsible wheelchair, in which she was hoisted aboard trains and planes "like an old bag of potatoes," as she described it. She never missed a scheduled concert in all her war assignments, and often substituted for other artists who were suffering from colds.

Marjorie Lawrence has a deep religious faith which has helped her more than anything else to pull through. "Pray—and then fight your cause—is my motto," she declares.

Marjorie is confident she will walk again. Deluged with requests for operatic and concert engagements, she feels that the climax of her career lies ahead. Yet no matter what the future may hold, she will never forget the ovation accorded her in a tent-hospital unit, where wounded men cheered her concert.

Only one boy did not clap—he had no hands. Instead he gave Marjorie a bouquet of wild flowers, holding them out between the stumps of his arms.

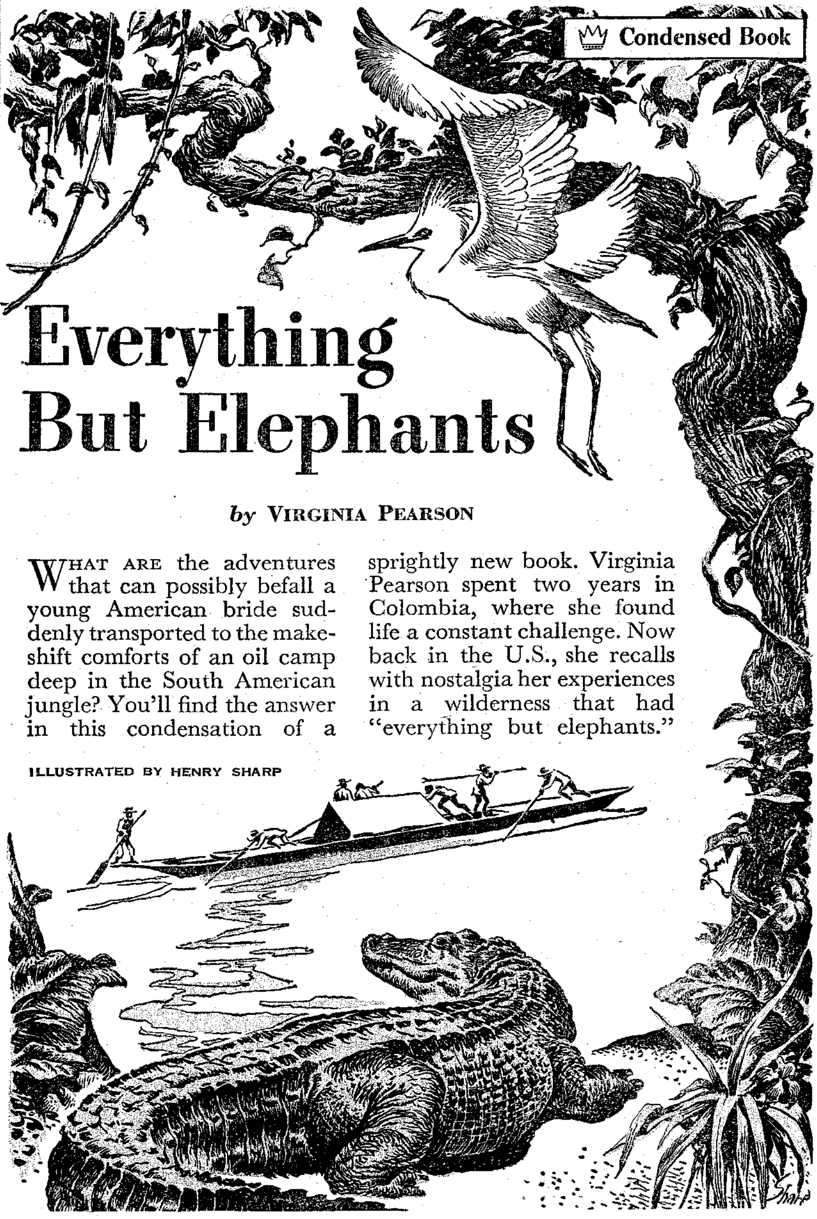
"You in a wheelchair, too?" the crippled star asked him with a sympathetic smile.

"Yep," he said. "But I've lost both my legs as well."

The sting of a bee is 1/32 of an inch long —the other six inches are all imagination.

—STERLING SPARKS

Condensed Book



Everything But Elephants

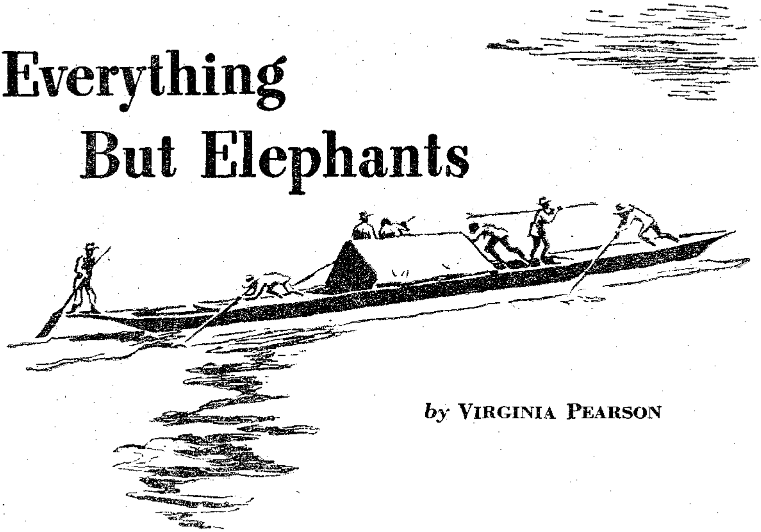
by VIRGINIA PEARSON

WHAT ARE the adventures that can possibly befall a young American bride suddenly transported to the makeshift comforts of an oil camp deep in the South American jungle? You'll find the answer in this condensation of a sprightly new book. Virginia Pearson spent two years in Colombia, where she found life a constant challenge. Now back in the U.S., she recalls with nostalgia her experiences in a wilderness that had "everything but elephants."

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SHARP

Condensed from the book *Everything But Elephants*, published at $2.50 by Whittlesey House, McGraw Hill Book Company, New York N.Y.; copyright 1947 by Virginia Pearson.

Everything But Elephants



by VIRGINIA PEARSON

THE WHOLE THING WAS fantastic. Nothing I'd read about beautiful Colombia had prepared me for such violent extremes and contrasts. One day we'd been living in high style at Barranquilla's luxurious Hotel del Prado. Now, three weeks later, en route to our home in the jungle, we lay upon mosquito-barred cots in a mud hut on the banks of the Magdalena River, glumly waiting for the sun to set.

There was none of the usual happy exchange of impressions and confidences that mark the end of a day; even if my new husband and I had been on speaking terms, I doubt if we had the vocabulary to express our thoughts adequately.

Months ago, back in New York, when Steve had told me about the wonderful offer he'd had to join the medical staff of an American exploratory oil company operating deep in the Colombian jungle, I'd been ecstatic. Aside from the adventure angle, it meant not only that we could be married right away, but also that we'd eat. Young doctors and their wives usually starve for a while before getting established, and when this gilded opportunity came to go to South America (we were to be furnished with a house, food, servants and orchids) we felt jubilant.

The idea of keeping house in the jungle appealed to me. Hadn't I seen movies of British settlements in far-flung outposts? Impeccably clad people sat upon wide verandas, sipping cooling drinks from tall glasses served by soft-spoken house boys. It certainly was far ahead of living in a one-room apartment in the States.

That's what I'd thought. Now, disheveled and dirty, with perspiration bursting out all over me, I longed to claw off my long-sleeved blouse and rip off my stockings. Being muffled to the chin in a stifling hut was almost worse than being chewed alive.

Our honeymoon had started like a Hollywood version of romance in the tropics, but the moment we carried our bedding aboard that Magdalena River boat, things had gone from bad to worse. Two weeks of sweltering on the lumbering stern-wheeler had been a trying experience, but after that we were cramped for four days in a dugout motor-canoe. Still, the tie that binds didn't actually break until the last night, when we pitched our cots in a palm-roofed mud hut and I insisted upon sleeping in my clothes because I'd found a scorpion in my mosquito net.

Steve hadn't reacted the way a bridegroom should. Instead of exclaiming, "Why, my poor darling!" and clasping me to his heart, he'd growled something about not making such an awful fuss. Gnawing at my mind was the horrid suspicion that living in the jungle was going to be a grim business, and unless I stopped being squeamish, I was in for two years of plain hell. The fact that I hadn't had a bath for days and looked a fright didn't help matters either. And on top of that was the worry about Manzana.

What would the company town be like, I wondered. I'd had a mental picture of white houses with high-ceilinged rooms, wide verandas and beautiful gardens, but now as I lay on my cot and stared at the mosquitos swarming outside my net, I began to doubt it. The farther into the interior we'd come, the more primitive conditions became. After two weeks on that miserable river boat we'd debarked at a native town, and instead of the company yacht I'd imagined would take us to Manzana, it had turned out to be a crude canoe, and for the last four days we'd been traveling on it and spending the nights in flea-bitten villages.

Maybe Manzana was like this place. We'd been told it was quite a settlement with 20 Americans, several topflight Colombians, and 150 natives in the colony proper; the oil-drillers had a separate camp inland. The town was off the air-line route and accessible only by water, but it had everything essential to comfort, the Home Office said.

Whose comfort? I thought rebelliously. Well, soon I'd know the worst. Tomorrow afternoon we'd arrive in Manzana. On this cheering thought I fell asleep. . . .

The canoe swerved around a bend of the river, cutting a great swath in the muddy water.

"There it is, mi doctor!" shouted our man Friday, pointing to a cluster of thatch-roofed buildings along the shore. "There lies Manzana!"

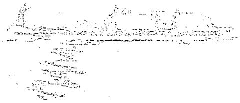
Instinctively I clutched Steve's hand, a queer sick feeling in my stomach. The sun was so dazzling on the water it was hard to see, but as we drew nearer we could distinguish bleak wooden buildings against the emerald-green jungle; farther down the shore was a large settlement of native huts. On a plank wharf, a blurred group of people waved a welcoming salute. Where were my lovely dwellings and lush gardens?

I swallowed hard and glanced at Steve. He was eyeing me anxiously, a worried frown drawing his eyebrows together.

"Pretty awful, isn't it?" he asked.

Suddenly, miraculously, I found

I didn't care. What did it matter how ugly Manzana was! I'd seen something far more important in Steve's eyes, and with that to go on, two years in the jungle wouldn't get the best of me, and that's exactly what I told him.



ONE STIFLING-HOT MORNING a week later I lay in my porch hammock, a slippered foot dangling over one side and a cigarette smoldering between my lax fingers, the perfect picture of a white woman gone to pot in the tropics.

I hadn't. I was merely recuperating from unpacking five trunks, four suitcases, two hatboxes and a packing case filled with everything from books to an electric hair-drier, not to mention a two years' supply of toothpaste, face cream, shaving lotion, toothbrushes, nail polish and heaven knows what.

We liked our house. The sun flooded the veranda all day, the air was fragrant, and we could look across the compound, past the thatch-roofed houses to orchid-decked trees and the beginning of the corduroy road that led to the inland driller's camp. The jungle was beautiful but static, while the river was an ever-changing picture. Canoes laden with fruit glided past, travelers were poled upstream as they have been for centuries; natives, the women in bright dresses, drifted by or stopped for a visit, and most exciting of all was the first glimpse of the mail boat as it swerved around the bend.

We had electric light, running water, a cement shower and four-way ventilation which made the house as airy and cool as a dwelling in the hotlands could be. The living and dining room were part of the wide screened veranda; the sleeping quarters were partitioned off and screened a third of the way down for coolness. It was easy to keep clean. Every morning our houseboy, Miguel, threw buckets of creosote water on the floor, and what didn't go down the cracks was swept out the door with a palm-leaf broom.

I liked everything except the bare bedroom. Two white enameled beds, canopied with mosquito nets, a maple dresser, an open trunk and a straight-backed chair completed the ensemble. Our clothes, protected by cretonne curtains, hung on a pole. Every time I went into the room I gritted my teeth.

"Can't I at least put a ruffle across the window?" I asked Steve.

He shook his head. "We can't go in for frills in the jungle, it just isn't practical."

But if our house had defects, our domestic staff was perfect, and we lived in a style to which we were not accustomed, waited upon by servants who said, "Yes, Your Grace," and "No, Your Grace," and whose manners were more elegant than a diplomat's.

First in importance was Ramoncita, my personal maid, counselor and social arbiter. She came to us the morning after our arrival, a red flower in her dark curls, her ruffled blue calico skirt and white blouse as immaculate as the *alpargatas* on her slim bare feet. Before I had a chance to ask what she wanted, she began in a rush, saying that she was at the command of the so-distinguished señor and señora and it would give her much pleasure if Their Graces would have the amiability to permit her to serve them.

After a week of Ramoncita's ministrations, I began thinking how nice it would be to take her back to the States. She was quick and intelligent, with a joyous nature that made her burst into song as she went about her work.

Miguel, the houseboy, was a present from the gods, too. He was slight, with straight black hair, dark piercing eyes and the faithful heart of an Indian. His special duties were to keep the floor spotless, clean our shoes, run errands and help Ramoncita wait on table. Next came Pastora, the laundress, Alicia, the ironer, and Sammy, the Jamaican Negro, who kept the sawdust sidewalk in front of the house in condition.

This formidable array of servants for a three-room establishment dismayed me. I didn't know how I was going to keep so many hands and feet busy, but that was before I discovered that in Colombia a lady shouldn't even wipe her own nose. Steve groaned, "We'll go nuts with so many people around!"

Our meals, prepared in the main kitchen by an American chef, were brought to us piping hot in enameled containers, and served with ceremony by Miguel and Ramoncita. While we ate, Miguel stood behind Steve's chair and Ramoncita behind mine. If we reached for the cream pitcher, a brown hand got it first and poured until we said enough, and if we stopped eating for a fraction of a second and laid down our knives and forks, swish—off went the plates.

We caught on after a while. If you have to stop for an occasional breath, then your tools must be propped like oars on either side of your plate. That means Hands Off. When you're through, you put them crisscross in the center and that's the signal you've finished.

When the meal was over, Miguel gathered up the dishes and he and Ramoncita carried them away to be washed in the main kitchen, an arrangement any housewife would endorse.

Another thing I found most agreeable was having my hair brushed, my buttons sewed on and my white shoes kept immaculate. These things I have always done for myself quite capably, but when I overheard Pastora telling Alicia that the chief engineer's señora couldn't be Quality because she insisted upon waiting on herself, I yielded without a murmur. Living up to one's servants is a must in Colombia.

All these things were on the plus side, but of course, there were insects in the ointment. The air was never invigorating, and humidity clung like a wet blanket. Little by little my energy oozed away and I developed the disposition of a snapping turtle. Everything deteriorates in the swampy lowlands, including your clothes. Either they mildew and rot, or the ants chew them full of holes.

Once in two weeks, Ramoncita stretched a line and hung our things in the blazing sun. This prevented mold but didn't deter the ants. Other annoyances were lizards skittering across the floor, cockroaches on our hairbrushes and in the bath, and scorpions under the beds.

I loathe sleeping under a net, but in the jungle I welcomed its protection. Many is the night I've stared into the dark, listening to vampire bats pinging against the screens, mysterious rustling sounds on the thatched roof, and bloodcurdling cries from the jungle. We might as well have been in Africa; we had everything but elephants.

However, the social pattern of Manzana suited us admirably. Against the melodramatic setting of purple jungle and golden river, we lived a quiet, pleasant and informal life except when visitors came; then we were plunged into the middle of grand opera with gold-braided generals or high-ranking officials, Jesuit priests or tamed cannibals. At such times the Colombian and American flags were run up, the women shook out their chiffons, the men donned their best white linen suits and we entertained.

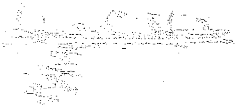
No two days were alike. When we got up in the morning we never knew what would happen before night. Eduardo, the chef's first assistant, might go on a drunken rampage; Sarafina, the siren, acquire another lover; Don Cesar, the mayor, get a stab in the back, or most exciting of all, we might strike an oil gusher.

Each day as it slid off the sunrise onto our doorstep was a surprise package, but the time I liked best was the evening, when we sat in the glow of our lamp, reading or talking quietly.

Every day Pedro, foreman of the yard boys, led an assault against the relentless jungle; left alone, it would engulf our little settlement. Eternal vigilance was the price of our toehold and we battled not only the jungle but its denizens as well. Time after time we tried raising chickens, only to find empty coops and jaguar tracks in the morning; again it was snakes that wiggled off with the prizes. Finally we gave up and imported poultry and eggs from the highlands.

What really made our lives one continual itch were the piume flies and jejenes, a horrid little insect with a vicious bite that raised an egg-sized welt. Smaller than the piume fly, the jejenes got through the finest screens unless the screens were covered with oil. Like whining mendicants they dogged our heels the moment we set foot outdoors; our only sanctuary was our house with its thickly oiled screens.

Manzana undoubtedly had its drawbacks, but for those who like novelty, local color, romance, intrigue and characters, it was an exciting place to live.



MY HUSBAND IS THE he-man type who violently disapproves of women meddling in their mates' business. Even before we'd arrived in Manzana, he'd thundered a decree. Never, never, was I to go snooping around the hospital. This deterred but didn't discourage me; for weeks I'd been watching the peons line up outside the dispen-

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sary door and wondering how I could crash that sacred precinct without flouting the Divine Right of Husbands.

One evening the medical director sat on our veranda enjoying a Shepard's cigarette. (I'd just received a box from a friend.) As he puffed away, he chatted genially.

"Excuse me for talking shop, Mrs. Steve," he said. "We medicos get so absorbed in our patients we can't think of anything else. The peons come to the hospital, an exciting novelty to them, but they have such curious beliefs and are so superstitious, it's hard to cure them." He turned to Steve. "Your wife really should come to the clinic some morning and listen to them, shouldn't she?"

"Why, yes," said Steve.

"I'd love to," I added politely, discreetly lowering my lashes.

The following morning I bounded up the steps to the dispensary. The dreary little room was already crowded, and from the lively tongues and expressions you deduced that this was a pleasurable event. Simon, the lean one-armed foreman of the sawmill, was here; Andreo, the auto washer with his villainous black moustache; Pepe, the dapper Don Juan of the native quarter; José, the Machiavellian rabble-rouser, and scores of others whose faces were unfamiliar.

The moment I entered they rose to a man, smiling and bowing. This was the first time I'd seen so many peons at close range and I was interested to note the diversity of racial strains; Indian, Negro and Spanish predominated, while a few had distinctly Asiatic features.

As I stared in fascination at the peons, I suddenly realized they were returning the compliment. The brisk entrance of the director rescued me from the fish bowl.

"Seat yourselves!" he commanded after he'd acknowledged their chorused *Muy buenos, Señor Doctor*, and instantly, like puppets on a string, they sat down upon the benches. I took a vacant chair and the clinic was officially opened. José came first.

"Hombre, what is that greasy salve on your right arm?"

"Pues, doctor, it is the melted fat of a jaguar; it gives much strength if rubbed in well when the moon is full."

"And you, Andreo, why do you have those green leaves tied around your head?"

"They are very good for curing the pain of the head, mi doctor."

"Next! Open your mouth, Pepe. What have you put on that bad tooth of yours?"

"Nothing but the little pieces from the molar of an alligator. It helps cure the ache."

"And what is the matter with you, Simon?"

"I do not know, doctor. For three days I have drunk the liquid of boiled wasps and iguano legs and it does me no good. I have a pain in the stomach."

One by one the patients were questioned, with equally interesting results. When the clinic was over and those who had serious ailments were told they'd have to go to bed in the ward, they were radiant. What fortune! To lie upon one's bunk all day long was heaven.

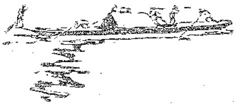
What did it matter if Felipe and

Luis, the attendants, scrubbed the hide off your body, deloused your hair, and the doctors gave you bitter medicine? Food was brought on silver trays, cool drinks were offered, and best of all, the village women, recognizing your importance, showered you with gifts.

The Big Chief took me on a personally conducted tour afterward. Under the long thatched roof were a dispensary, pharmacy, operating room, laboratory, 20-bed ward and four private rooms. Built in the early days when speed was all that mattered, the hospital had sheltered both whites and natives. Now it was used almost exclusively for the peons, the Americans preferring to stay in their homes unless theirs was an operative case.

When I considered how deep in the jungle we were, our only supply line the unreliable Magdalena, I realized what all this meant. Every bit of equipment — microscopes, operating table, surgical instruments, dressings, drugs and sterilizers—had been sent from the States to bulwark us against the pestilence that walketh not only in the darkness, but dogged us in the daytime as well.

The natives were right. The hospital was stupendous.



ANY MAN WHO BRINGS his wife to live in the jungle is either slightly screwy, say the bachelors, or has an unlimited supply of faith, hope and charity. I'd hardly got my hat off when I heard about the woman who nagged her husband into a nervous breakdown, about So-and-so's wife with the predatory instincts, and about the bossy female who tried to run everything.

"You can't blame the women too much," said the chief engineer charitably. "Just sitting day after day with nothing to do must be a hell of an existence. No wonder they play bridge all day, smoke too many cigarettes, gossip and get fat."

I listened wide-eyed. I didn't want to do any of those things or be like that, and above all, I didn't intend to get hippy. I put myself to think, as the Spanish say, there must be some way to lick the tropics. The thing to do was to have a definite objective, plan your day—in other words, really accomplish something.

Determinedly I drew up a set of resolutions: No. 1. Keep in condition. (Do exercises the minute I get up and ride muleback.) No. 2. Teach Ramoncita and Miguel English, and make notes for a book I hoped to write some day. No. 3. Read, study and improve my mind in the evenings.

There now, I thought, a schedule like that ought to do the trick.

For two weeks I rolled on the floor, pounded away at the typewriter, taught R. and M. the alphabet, read Plato's *Republic* and the *Discourses of Epictetus*. After that—well, I inhaled and exhaled gently when I wakened, scribbled a few notes lying in my hammock, abandoned the English lessons, and read light fiction in the evening. So much for rugged resolutions!

Men find it easier to live in the jungle than women. They have

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their jobs to keep them going, but a woman has to be as strong-minded as Carrie Nation or else she's apt to sink into a lethargic state. Usually you could tell how long a woman had lived in Manzana by the number of runs in her stockings. You could tell by other things, too. Pallor, irritability and—hair.

The climate played havoc with woman's crowning glory. Even naturally curly hair soon lost its resilience and hung in damp clumps. A permanent wave lasted two months. We had no beauty salons with skilled operators. We shampooed and finger-waved ourselves, and when we needed a permanent we used a home set.

There were no red fingernails and toenails among the women. This was not a burnt offering on the altar of male prejudice; the lacquer just wouldn't dry. We didn't reveal this to our husbands; we merely sat back and lapped up their compliments on our restraint.

Clothes, always an absorbing topic to women, were sheer excitement to us. When a new female resident arrived, she was eagerly questioned about what They were wearing, but her wardrobe was politely and thoroughly scrutinized, especially if she had left the States in the fall or winter months, for we got tired of summer clothes.

The climate was as devastating to clothes as to human beings. After six months my wardrobe was reduced to a few cotton and linen dresses. Fortunately my riding habits had more stamina; what suffered most were my so-called afternoon frocks.

"Don't worry about that," the women told me. "Order material from Barranquilla and make some new dresses."

Organdy was the best thing to get, they said. It was dainty and cool and laundered well. Manzana had a communal sewing machine, and a month later, with the help of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, I created some ravishing models.

Hats were no problem. We wore Panamas when we rode muleback and carried Chinese parasols for promenading. We used the parasols when it rained, too, as they were waterproof.

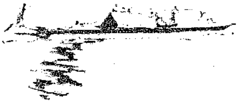
Diversion in camp was a matter of taste. There were those who played cards, chess or backgammon; some liked to ride in the Ford sedans or go by mule to the drillers' village; others preferred to dance to the Victrola on the dining-room porch in the cool of the evening.

Our special bimonthly dances were not only fun, they were morale builders. There is something about a pretty evening gown and perfume that makes a woman feel glamorous, especially if four handsome, white-jacketed young Colombians with red sashes besiege her for dances. For a while she forgets the welts on her legs and the unlovely state of her hair.

With the Americans we laughed, one-stepped, waltzed and did the Conga. With the Colombians we danced the rumba and the tango, and giggled at the fervent compliments whispered in our ears. Ten minutes with a Latin, and the Queen of Sheba can take a back seat!

But there is a great deal more to a Colombian gentleman than mere gallantry. He's a brilliant conversationalist on world topics. If the conversation takes a literary turn, he seems equally at home with English, Italian, French, German, Scandinavian and Russian writers. Most upper-class Colombians are either educated in the States or abroad, or both. They talk familiarly of Paris, London, Rome and New York.

As can be imagined, with a background like that, our caballeros (The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, we called them) lent a cosmopolitan fillip. They made us forget the crude ugliness of the porch, the oiled screens, the unpainted canvas chairs and the Victrola upon the rough-hewn table as we danced, seeing only the dazzling white of a tropical moon. For a few magical hours the veranda was as romantic as a roof garden under the stars.



I LIKE COLOMBIANS. I like them because they're hospitable, warmhearted, generous, speak beautiful Spanish, and from the humblest peon to the most beribboned descendant of a Spanish grandee, they have flavor. Take my Ramoncita. She has so much *sal* (salt) that at times she's even too much for my Tabasco palate.

The fact that I'm a *norteamericana* apparently puts me in the infant class in her eyes. I'm a "small one" who must be watched over and supervised. When I'm dressed in an evening gown and silver slippers, then I become a *Princesita*—a little Princess—the rest of the time she thinks I belong in a perambulator.

What most distresses her is my habit of going to the hospital. Since the day when I wormed myself in, I'd spent lots of time there and now I helped in the dispensary with the records. Steve didn't say a word, but Ramoncita did.

"For why do you work in the hospital?" she scolds. "Well-brought-up young ladies do not work in Colombia."

"Do you think I can sit all day doing nothing? It drives me crazy. I work because I like it!"

Ramoncita shakes her head resignedly, clasping her hands under her white apron.

"Very well, Your Grace. I will not say even the half of one word more. To teach English, a lady of blue blood can do without prejudice, or it is possible to write a book if she must; but to mix herself in indelicate subjects, that, mi señora, is too much."

On one thing she is adamant. I cannot go even next door without my parasol. "The sun will make of you a dried old one," she says. She's right and I know it. This tropical sun will not only shrivel you, it'll knock you down.

But my appearance and conduct are not Ramoncita's only responsibilities. She also sees that I keep informed of everything that happens in Manzana. I know about the private lives of Alicia, Pastora, Paz and Rosario, and every time Pepe roams on Don Cesar's and Alejandro's romantic preserves. These things I learn when I sit in my boudoir and have my hair brushed, and it's much more entertaining than reading movie maga-

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zines in beauty salons. What I don't like is her habit of routing me out of my hammock and taking me to see things stupendous.

For example, I was stretched out and dreamily watching four big black ants dragging a dead cockroach across the floor. Suddenly Ramoncita bounced onto the porch, curls flying.

"Ay, señora!" she exclaimed, ignoring my frown. "Come at once! Miguel has killed a most colossal snake, he encountered it at the beginning of theroad. Elserpientewas gliding so—" she wiggled by way of demonstration—"and he threw his machete, severing the head from the body. Now you can view it without fear, my lady. Come, it is not every day that one can see a serpent so stupendous!"

I know I should take pride in my servants' accomplishments, but snakes just don't appeal to me, no matter how colossal and stupendous. One look at the set of Ramoncita's chin convinced me that resistance was futile, however; so I got up and, praying that my stomach would stay where it belonged, followed her to the little group of peons at the edge of the jungle.

There, glistening in the sun, lay a nauseous, blood-spattered 14-foot reptile. Miguel stood by the chopped-off head, turning it over with his toe. "Ay, hombre! How valiant you are!" exclaimed the spectators admiringly. "Never have we seen a serpent like this one!"

Neither had I, but I departed in a hurry . . .

Miguel has his own brand of salt which at times makes me long to throw something. There was his new pair of shoes from Bucaramanga. Our house had been divinely quiet, the only sound the velvet tread of sandaled feet. Now Miguel hobbled painfully about in great heavy-soled cowhide boots that squeaked at every step. Clump, clump, he went around the house until our nerves were ragged.

"Tell him to take off the damned things!" growled the lord of the manor at last.

I spoke to Miguel later. He looked like a child suddenly deprived of candy. "But, mi señora," he protested, "all my life I have desired shoes like these. It is not the shoes which have the fault, it is I who lack experience in wearing them. Por favor, Your Grace, allow me to accustom myself."

"Very well, Miguel," I said, cowed by the soulful pleading of his black eyes. Then I had what I thought was a real inspiration. "You wear your shoes all day except when serving. El señor doctor cannot bear noise at the table."

"Si, mi señora," he answered dispiritedly. "In the best hotels the waiters always wear shoes, but of course if His Grace is against it . . ." He shrugged.

At dinner that night Miguel wore sandals, his beloved shoes slung around his neck on a string.

Alicia and Pastora have their share of sal, too. Alicia persists in French-pleating everything I own. I tell her that my underwear is very nice, but to please iron my bias skirts flat. She listens politely, eyes downcast. "Yes, Your Grace," she says and continues pleating. Desperately I try another angle.

"Would it not be more easy to

press things without the pleats? This way requires so much time!"

She looks at me in astonishment.

"But, mi señora, time has no importance. What matters is that each thing be done with artistry."

Alicia also has originality. I discovered this when Steve put on white duck pants pressed sideways instead of fore and aft. His roar could have been heard in Barranquilla. I summoned Alicia.

"But I do not understand why His Grace does not like it! I only desired to give a little novelty to his manner of dressing," she said.

Pastora, the Queen of the Tubs, as the Colony calls our efficient laundress, has both salt and pepper. She's the only woman in the native quarter who can run the electric washing machine without putting it out of order. Every morning she walks majestically across the compound to the wash-house, an empty clothesbasket balanced expertly upon her head, a tame squirrel in each hand. Before she begins the day's work she dips her pets in a bucket of water.

"Why do you do that?" I asked one day. She ran a capable black hand over her short kinky hair and smiled broadly.

"Well, you see, my lady, if the animals are wet, they spend the time licking themselves dry and thus they do not eat the house and I can work tranquilly. It is clever, that idea, no?"

It's clever, all right, and so is the way she operates the machine when she's in a good humor. Then the motor hums, the clothes merrily churn, the natives drop by for a chat; but when the Queen of the Tubs is in a black mood, anybody who goes near the place is likely to get a soapy shirt full in the face. Ramoncita tells me it's that trifling Jorge, Pastora's hombre, who's at fault. He makes eyes at all the young women.

But the lower stratum of society hasn't a corner on sal; the upper class has its share, too, and that's what makes living in Colombia so much fun. I got my first taste of it shortly after our arrival when we were invited to dine at one of Barranquilla's most imposing pink stucco mansions.

During a nine-course dinner, two solemn-faced men servants came charging in with Flit guns. We wondered whether this delicate touch was in deference to us or was customary. We learned that well-regulated households are sprayed three times a day and that Colombians couldn't live without "Fleet," as they call it.

After dinner we went to the theater. As I sat down, I glanced at a stout, middle-aged gallant next to me, noting his marvelous hair-do and the way the rear locks were brought forward in a swirl.

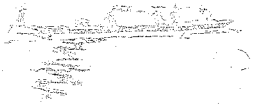
"Would it molest you if I put my elbow upon the arm between us?" asked the señor.

"Certainly not," I answered, charmed by such delicacy. Imagine an American being so considerate! These Latins were wonderful! I beamed upon the gentleman. Soon I was conscious of great heaving sighs; when the lights were lowered an arm touched mine.

"Ah, what happiness!" he breathed.

I don't know just what the next

move was in this game, because I giggled, and a giggle is more deadly than a dagger in the heart. Romance died right there, the offended caballero remaining frigidly aloof for the rest of the evening.



“NEVER MIND THE HEAT,” said the colony soothingly. “The rainy season will soon be here, then we'll be lots cooler.”

I listened skeptically. I was as parched as the hard dry ground, as wilted as the drooping Hearts of Jesus in the vase on my table. Nothing, it seemed, could survive in this inferno very long. Everybody was on the ragged edge, except the Colombian caballeros and the natives, who apparently didn't mind the heat.

In an effort to switch my thoughts, I lay in my hammock and stared at a picture of a snow scene in Vermont tacked on the wall, hoping its placid, chaste beauty would cool my brow. But it was useless. No matter what mental tricks I tried, I just couldn't feel myself plowing through the snow to the red farmhouse up there on the hill.

Then that night, a lovely sound like a multitude of tiny silver bells ringing in the jungle wakened me. Rain! Rain on the palm roofs, rain on the river. Rain, blessed rain! I sat up inside my net cage, gratefully sniffing the cool damp fragrant air, a delicious chill traveling up and down my spine.

The next morning everybody was perky and full of ambition. Steve left early for the drillers' camp, Miguel cleared away the breakfast dishes in record time, and Ramoncita put new laces in my Oxfords, cleaned four pairs of shoes, sewed on buttons and mended a tablecloth. She sang as she worked.

It was a love song, of course. “Good-bye, my beautiful one, at last good-bye. Think of the man who adores you . . .”

Her voice was mournful and slightly off pitch. We got through seven sobbing verses, but when she began another melancholy dirge I protested.

“Ramoncita!”

“You command, Your Grace?”

“I do not like songs of such anguish, they make me sad. Cannot you sing something that makes me laugh? You know, like *Cara Sucia*.”

Dirty Face, Dirty Face
Why do you come here without
washing?
Can it be that your soul
Is as black as your face?

I sang with gusto. Ramoncita opened her eyes wide.

“You like that, mi señora?” incredulously.

“But of course. It is happy, it amuses me.”

My little maid shook her head. These *norteamericanos*, how impossible they were of understanding! Politely she answered:

“Without doubt it is amusing, señora, but we Colombianos prefer songs that move the heart.”

That remark started me thinking. Ramoncita had put her finger on one of the fundamental differences between us and our Latin neighbors. We hate being emotional; our volatile friends love it. They can go on for hours rhapsodizing about their souls and analyzing their reactions. Such frankness amazes and shocks us; we'd choke rather than make similar revelations.

"But what kind of a fiesta is this Thanksgiving?" asked Ramoncita, a puzzled frown pulling her dark eyebrows together. "Never have I heard speak of it."

"Well," I hesitated, finding it hard to explain, "it's a day of giving thanks . . . a sort of religious holiday. Everybody goes to church in the morning and baskets of food are distributed to the poor."

"How pretty!" exclaimed my little maid. "Do you also have the floats with Jesus, María Santisima, San José and the Saints going through the streets . . . and music and flowers . . . and a bullfight in the afternoon?"

Shades of the Pilgrim Fathers! Anything I could say now would sound dull by comparison, but I did my best. Thanksgiving emerged in fancy dress, unrecognizable but artistic. Maybe Ramoncita had done a little embroidering of her own. At any rate, on Thanksgiving morning when I went to breakfast, there was a small warty critter tied to my chair. As I stared, it blinked its red-rimmed eyes.

"Santa María!" I exclaimed. "Where did you get this baby alligator, Ramoncita?" My maid burst out laughing.

"Ay, mi señora, what a face you make! I cannot help laughing!" and off she went in another gale. "Luisito brought it, Your Grace. Yesterday he encountered it on the bank of a river and thought it would give you much pleasure."

Why would little Luis think I'd want an alligator! Of course, this fellow hadn't cut his eyeteeth, yet every time I looked at him I'd see him as he'd be in a year, and it gave me the creeps.

Came a knock at the door. In walked Felipe, looking mightily pleased. Before I could inquire what he wanted, he pulled two tiny squirrels out of his pocket.

"For Your Grace," he smiled, presenting them to me. "A remembrance of the day of thanks."

He'd hardly gone when Luis arrived, a pair of lovebirds perched on his shoulder. Then Don Cesar showed up with Lorita, a handsome scarlet parrot with a white vestee and black topknot. Lorita's language was as vivid as her clothes, and her upbringing was certainly questionable. She reigned until the advent several days later of Mico the monkey, an after-Thanksgiving present from Alejandro.

I was overjoyed. All my life I'd wanted a monkey. But monkeys are wonderful only when they belong to somebody else. Gone was our peaceful home. Mico tore up ten magazines and two photographs, shredded three packages of cigarettes, broke a glass candlestick and pulled out the parakeet's tail feathers as soon as he got on the porch.

"Somebody's got to move out," was Steve's edict. The first to go was Mico. He made a lovely present for George. Ramoncita took the parakeets, Miguel the squirrels, and Sammy went off with Caimoncito, the alligator. Of course, we let it be known that our pets were merely being farmed out . . .

With the exodus of the last of our ménage, we drew a deep breath and said, “Well, that's that. We'll have a little peace around here now.” But we didn't. I came home from a morning's canter and found thousands of visitors on our porch. I was scared. Army ants are no laughing matter. When they go on the march every living creature must flee or be devoured, and the noise of their advance is like crackling fire.

Evidently the shining fluid mass that covered the walls and ceiling at one end of the veranda were *casadores*, a scavenger variety that cleans your house with matchless efficiency. But if you don't get out until they are finished, they'll walk right over you.

I stayed on the sidewalk, watching through the screen until the last casadora vanished from sight. Then I went inside. Never had my house been so immaculate. No New England housewife could have done a more thorough job—and that's the ultimate in compliments.

“Steve,” I called to my husband.

“Yes?” He put down his magazine with a familiar “What now?” expression.

“Next week is Christmas.”

“You sound like Sarah Bernhardt declaiming from the gallows.”

Such flippancy nettled me. I was having nostalgic twinges. For days I'd been thinking about New York, the stores crowded with shoppers, the hurrying throngs along the streets . . . Everybody was having fun and here we were stuck away off in the jungle.

But Christmas didn't mean just getting presents. It meant lots of other things, like softly falling snow, candles twinkling in windows, holly wreaths and mistletoe and triumphant church bells chiming *Come All Ye Faithful*. That was Christmas. Try as you might, you couldn't work up much enthusiasm for it here, the setting was all wrong.

It turned out to be a blistering day, but exercise has to be kept up Sundays and holidays, Christmas included. If only I could shovel snow and then go coasting, I thought, but it was silly to torment myself thinking about such things—it only made me hotter.

When Steve and I went out to breakfast, Ramoncita and Miguel chirped “Feliz Navidad, Your Graces.” Aside from that, the day began as usual, except that we had waffles instead of fried eggs. As I ate, I looked at R. and M., wondering what they thought about this kind of Christmas. Then I remembered that Latin countries don't make much of a to-do. People go to the Mass of the Rooster before dawn and then the day fizzles out. No Christmas tree, no stockings, no company for dinner, no nothing. Maybe R. and M. would enjoy hearing how we celebrated in the States. I'd tell them as soon as Steve left for the hospital.

My audience was goggle-eyed when I finished. Never have I spoken before more appreciative listeners. Gratified, I left them happily coasting on the hill on brand-new sleds as I stepped into my sleigh and rode off through whirling snowflakes. The temperature went back to 110 in the shade before I got very far, and after an hour's muleback ride I gave up and went home.

I got the surprise of my life when I opened the screen door. Our drab little porch had been transformed into a verdant bower. Palm trees stood on either side of the entrance; vines hung in deep scallops; chairs, tables, pictures and hammock were entwined with green; laurel wreaths adorned the bedroom doors; and scarlet orchids were massed in the center of the dining-room table with the words "Feliz Navidad" spelled out in small ferns.

A ludicrous pair of long lumpy stockings hanging from a shelf and the jubilant appearance of the two perpetrators saved me from the sniffles. I laughed and clapped my hands with them.

"It is exactly like your home in Nueva York, isn't it, mi señora?" inquired Ramoncita happily.

"Exactly, with but one little difference."

"Si?" Anxiously Miguel and Ramoncita looked at me.

"Never have I had Merry Christmas written in ferns on my table."

This was the signal for more rejoicing. We couldn't have been gayer if we'd drunk a gallon of eggnog apiece. Steve arrived and got intoxicated too. We scarcely sobered up in time to dress for dinner, served for this occasion in the main dining room.

It was a wonderful meal. The turkey was roasted to perfection, the dressing had raisins in it, the cranberry jelly added a touch of color, and the pumpkin pie melted in your mouth. Best of all, everybody wore a Christmas face. This was Christmas, Merry Christmas.

And it was merry until 3 P. M. One of the drillers had a bad appendix and had to be rushed to the hospital. The medical director was in Bogota; so Steve had to be the surgeon and Dr. Fred his assistant.

I never dreamed I'd get mixed up in it. I went along only to fetch and carry, but I ended up at the head of the operating table, an ether mask in one hand and a can in the other.

Steve and Dr. Fred came in from the scrub room, dripping arms held high, ready to slip into sterile gowns. Gingerly I tied the strings, then sat upon my stool and listened carefully as Steve explained just what I was to do.

It was very simple, he said. You hold the mask over the patient's nose and mouth with your left hand, and with your right you pour on the ether, drop by drop—very slowly, of course, and at the same time you keep track of his pulse by pressing his left temple.

When the patient was lifted to the table, I was as coldly professional as the eminent doctors who stood like temple priests in skullcaps, masks and gowns.

"Start the anesthetic." The surgeon's crisp words splintered the stillness. The anesthetist obeyed, carefully tilting the ether can over the patient's mask. Silently the drops fell.

by Virginia Pearson

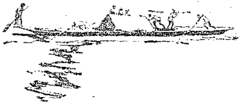
"One, two, three, four," she counted the heartbeat aloud, her eyes glued to the wrist watch pinned to the end of the table. "Pulse strong, good quality," she added tonelessly.

Intently the surgeon watched and listened, then—"All right, Fred."

I never saw such teamwork and perfect timing. Steve made the incisions, Fred sponged and clamped on the forceps, the appendix was located, pulled out, tied, snipped off, placed in a small enamel basin, then—"Stop the anesthetic!" Now the hole was sewed over, then gauze pads and a big dressing. "Strap on the adhesive . . . Well, we're finished! It wasn't so tough, was it?"

At the carol singing that evening on the dining-room porch I sang lustily. I was happy. It had been a glorious Christmas. Everybody was saying, "Isn't she simply wonderful, Steve?"

Of course I wasn't fool enough to delude myself into thinking I'd given the anesthetic. Steve gave it. I knew that. His the brain, mine the hands. Anybody with two cents' worth of gray matter would know that. Or would they? Maybe I was being too modest. By the time we left the party I felt qualified to give both plain and fancy anesthetics.



I BOUNCED OUT OF bed one morning, feeling particularly frisky. I didn't know why I felt so happy, today was just like any other day. Miguel and Ramoncita were busy with breakfast on the porch, Steve was in the shower, Pastora strolled across the compound, clothesbasket balanced upon her head, iguanas were taking their morning dip, ants paraded along the sawdust walk, and from the kitchen came the delicious aroma of good Colombian coffee and the high-pitched laughter of the serving boys.

Today was just like any other day . . . No, it wasn't! I remembered now. Home! We were going home! One month from today we'd be starting for the coast. No wonder I was so happy.

Steve had told me the news last night. The doctor who was to replace him had actually left New York. My first reaction had been one of hilarious joy. I just didn't see how I could wait even a few weeks, but as the days passed I began thinking: well, soon I won't be having any more rides through the jungle. No more veranda dances, no more visits to the company store, no more chats with His Honor, the mayor, or Pastora, or Alicia, or Sammy, and worst of all, no Ramoncita to dress, supervise, instruct and scold me. When I thought of these things I blew my nose.

Steve was having nostalgic twinges, too. I'd catch him walking through the hospital with that I'll-never-see-this-again expression in his eyes. Hardest of all to leave was our little house where we'd lived, moved and had our being for nearly two years.

But once the big packing boxes were on the porch and I began stripping the shelves, walls, tables and dresser, I felt even worse. Ramoncita's continual sniveling didn't help any. She stood by watching every move with the hurt look of a wounded animal in her eyes. Not a book or a picture would she hand me. How I would have liked to take both Miguel and Ramoncita home with us. We talked and talked about it, but finally decided it was a mad idea, they'd never be happy.

The day preceding our departure was a *dia de fiesta* with all the trimmings; bullfight, dinner party and a dance in the evening. But first came the farewell gifts from our many friends.

Carlos, the sawmill foreman, presented me with an elaborately carved gourd; the hospital boys, Luis and Felipe, a many-colored hammock; Pedro, the garage mechanic, a large bunch of egrets; the kitchen boys, silver and gold guacamaya quills; Pastora, a necklace of polished red seeds; Miguel, a gay pair of *alparagatas*, bright red hand-painted posies on the toes, and Ramoncita, a white blouse she'd embroidered herself. All the natives had a little present for Her Grace. As someone once said, there is no generosity like that of the very poor. I went home with full arms and a full heart.

At the dinner and dance that evening on the veranda—transformed by trailing vines and Japanese lanterns—everyone was very gay and I tried to be as vivacious as the others, but deep down inside I was wondering if ever again I'd find such wonderful friends.

George topped the evening with a huge frosted cake and a fruit punch, and at midnight we gathered around the bowl toasting each other. Then someone started singing *Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot.* If there's anything that makes me tearily sentimental, it's that song; it simply does me in. Only a ripsnorting stream of profanity from Lorita's lily lips (Luis had accidentally jolted her cage) and Don Cesar's own interpretation of *The Star Spangled Banner*, played with élan and considerable originality by the string orchestra, saved the party from getting drippy.

A few days later, we stood at the rail of our homebound ship, watching the red tile roofs and brilliant-hued buildings of Barranquilla fade from sight into the immensity of blue sky and water. We had learned a great deal in Colombia, Steve and I. We had learned understanding, appreciation and tolerance of other nationalities and other ways of life.

"Roses of the garden die," says a Colombian proverb, "but roses of the heart live forever."

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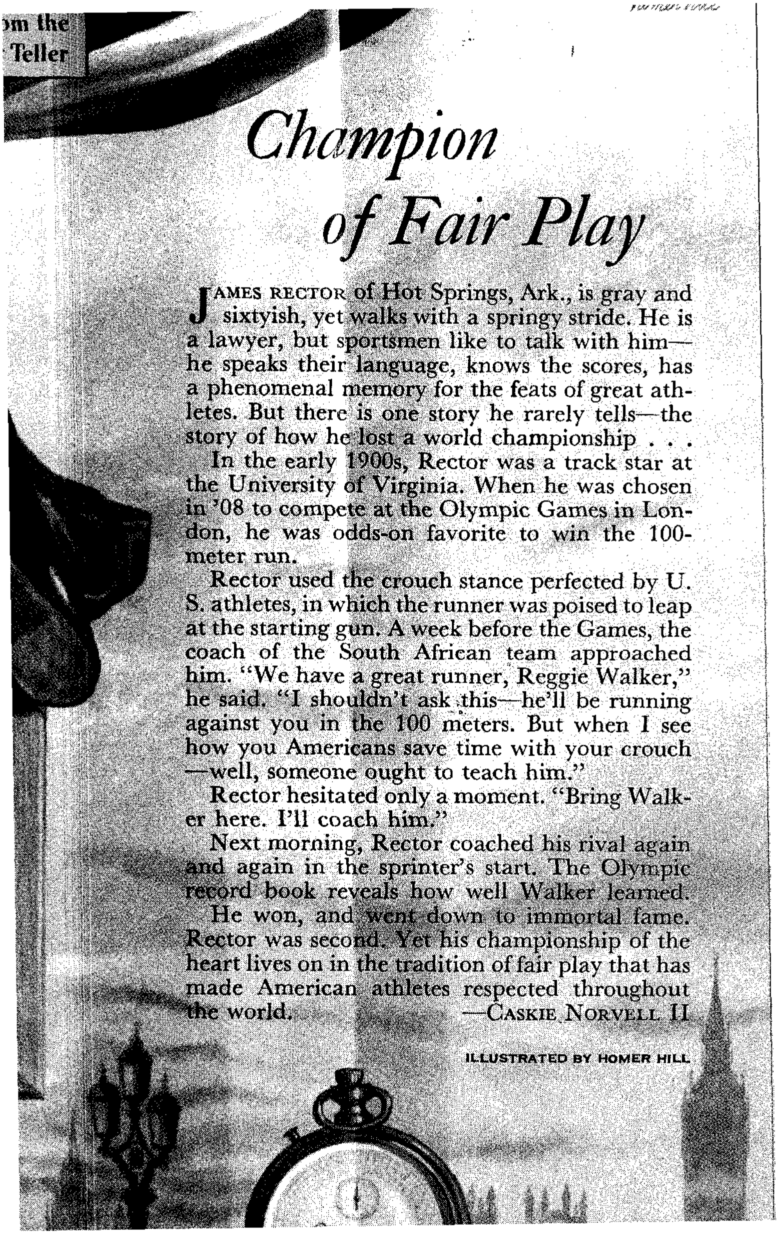
This Month's Cover: The outside of Carnegie Hall in New York City is the scene of Howard Forsberg's painting for Coronet's October cover, and the violinist on the poster is Fritz Kreisler. The mother and son, however, are Chicagoans, and they're really mother and son—Mrs. Fuller C. Duke and eight-year-old Terry, one of 11 children in the Duke family and a third-grader at Our Lady of Lourdes school. The power of suggestion, which the mother is obviously exerting upon the boy with considerable emphasis, seems to work: Mrs. Duke reports that ever since he posed for Forsberg, young Terry has been hankering for a violin!



Champion of Fair Play

James Rector of Hot Springs, Ark., is gray and sixtyish, yet walks with a springy stride. He is a lawyer, but sportsmen like to talk with him—he speaks their language, knows the scores, has a phenomenal memory for the feats of great athletes. But there is one story he rarely tells—the story of how he lost a world championship . . .

In the early 1900s, Rector was a track star at the University of Virginia. When he was chosen in '08 to compete at the Olympic Games in London, he was odds-on favorite to win the 100-meter run.

Rector used the crouch stance perfected by U. S. athletes, in which the runner was poised to leap at the starting gun. A week before the Games, the coach of the South African team approached him. "We have a great runner, Reggie Walker," he said. "I shouldn't ask this—he'll be running against you in the 100 meters. But when I see how you Americans save time with your crouch—well, someone ought to teach him."

Rector hesitated only a moment. "Bring Walker here. I'll coach him."

Next morning, Rector coached his rival again and again in the sprinter's start. The Olympic record book reveals how well Walker learned. He won, and went down to immortal fame. Rector was second. Yet his championship of the heart lives on in the tradition of fair play that has made American athletes respected throughout the world. —Caskie Norvell II

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Portrait of a Perfect Hostess*

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Prudential Family Hour

IT ISN'T always easy to amuse all the guests at a house party, but the CORONET Game Book has solved the problem on more than one occasion. My friends and I have a lot of fun solving the different quizzes and puzzles. I don't know how many of you use the CORONET Game Book, but I do know that in addition to that particular section, CORONET offers every member of the family something that appeals to him or to her, regardless of age or interests. I'd really like to sing about CORONET—the Game Book, the Picture Stories and all.

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